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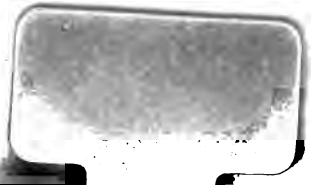

THE

CHRISTIAN CORRESPONDENT:

LETTERS,

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL,

BY

EMINENT PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES;

EXEMPLIFYING THE

FRUITS OF HOLY LIVING, AND THE BLESSEDNESS OF HOLY DYING.

WITH A PRELIMINARY ESSAY BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

"His letters," say they, "are weighty and powerful.—Such as we are in word, by letters when we are absent, such will we be also in deed when we are present."—2 Cor. x. 10, 11.

—

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

—

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM BALL,

ALDINE CHAMBERS,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

—

1837.

167.

LONDON:

JOSEPH RICKERBY, PRINTER,
SHERBOURN LANE.

ADVERTISEMENT BY THE EDITOR.

THE merit of having originated the following work is to be ascribed to Mr. Montgomery. The selection and arrangement of the materials were intrusted to the present writer, who must therefore be considered responsible, if the execution should be thought in any respect unworthy of the design. At the same time, the editor must declare that he has done his best to render the defects of the work as few and *unimportant as possible;* and, upon the whole, he trusts, that as the original idea was excellent, the execution will be found such as not wholly to discredit it.

To show that all diligence has been used to make the work as *complete as possible,* it may be sufficient to state that the Letters have been selected from considerably more than one hundred different writers; and that the selection has involved, in some cases a regular perusal,

and in all cases a careful inspection of not less than forty volumes of correspondence, and several hundred volumes of religious biography. In many cases the examination of ponderous works was unrewarded by the addition of even a single letter. The value, therefore, of such a work can be appreciated only by those who will bear in mind that they are here presented, in a narrow compass, with the results of a very protracted, tedious, and widely extended research.

Some readers may perhaps be surprised to find a few letters, which they may recollect to have read with pleasure, omitted. It is of course impossible, nor could it answer any good purpose, to enter into the various reasons which determined the editor in his admission or rejection of materials. All that he asks of the reader, is, that he will not lightly believe that the rejection of any thing really good was without a reason, which in the editor's eyes appeared sufficient. Sometimes, for example, he might think that he possessed a sufficient quantity of still more excellent matter from the same author; sometimes, that he had already given to that department of the work in which the rejected letter would fall as much space as could well be afforded. In not a few instances it was found that letters

which are interesting enough in the biographical works in which they occur, were so deeply imbedded in the narrative as to render it impossible to transfer them without tearing away a considerable part of the works themselves, or at least without accompanying them with a body of notes and comments strangely disproportioned to the matter which it was the object to illustrate. To have simply transplanted them would have been to destroy them. Where, however, a few short notes were considered sufficient to render the letters perfectly intelligible, such explanatory notes have been subjoined, and the letters retained.

Some readers may at first be disposed to consider the letters in some particular sections too numerous; as for example, the letters "of consolation and condolence," and the letters "administering spiritual counsel, encouragement, reproof," &c. The editor can only say, that if they will but carefully inspect those letters, he believes they will with him be astonished, not that the same sentiment should be frequently repeated, (which is of course inevitable,) but that the modes of treating the same subjects should, after all, be so diversified. Never before was he so struck with the fulness, rich-

ness, and variety of the topics of consolation, which Christianity administers in sorrow, temptation, and perplexity; or with the different aspects under which differently constituted minds will view circumstances precisely similar.

Upon the whole, it is believed that the Christian can be placed in very few circumstances of life, whether of sorrow or temptation, of prosperity or adversity, without seeing in these volumes how some of the wisest and holiest of men have *felt*, or *acted*, or *thought*, in circumstances closely resembling their own.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WRITERS.

Joseph Addison.
Queen Ann Boleyn.
John Bradford.
Bishop Burnet.
Bishop Bedell.
Bishop Bull.
Bishop Berkeley.
Hon. Robert Boyle.
Hon. T. Belcher.
Sir Thomas Browne.
Rev. Richard Baxter.
Rev. J. Barker.
Dr. Beattie.
Dr. Claudius Buchanan.
Rev. David Brainerd.
Archbishop Cranmer.
William Cecil, Lord Burleigh.
Dr. Wm. Chillingworth.
Dr. Cotton.
Principal Campbell.
William Cowper.
Rev. Richard Cecil.
Rev. Dr. Carey.
Dr. Donne.
Daniel De Foe.
Dr. Doddridge.
Mrs. Doddridge.
Bishop Earle.
John Evelyn.
Rev. John Eliot.
President Jonathan Edwards.
Lady Anne Fanshawe.
Dr. Fitzwilliam.
Rev. Andrew Fuller.
Lady Jane Grey.
Archbishop Grindal.
Bishop Gibson.
Rev. Bernard Gilpin.
Colonel Gardiner.
Archbishop Herring.
Archbishop Hort.
Bishop Hall.
Bishop Hooper.
Bishop Heber.
Bishop Hough.
Bishop Horne.
Sir M. Hale.
Rev. Richard Hooker.
Rev. George Herbert.
Rev. John Howe.
Dr. W. Hammond.
Rev. T. Halyburton.

Rev. Philip Henry.
Rev. Matthew Henry.
Rev. N. Heywood.
Rev. James Hervey.
John Howard.
Rev. Robert Hall.
Mrs. S. Huntington.
Bishop Jebb.
Rev. W. Jones.
Dr. Johnson.
Rev. A. Judson.
John Knox.
Alexander Knox.
Bishop Latimer.
Robert, Earl of Leicester.
Archbishop Leighton.
Lord Lyttleton.
Dr. Lightfoot.
John Locke.
Dr. Henry More.
Rev. Wm. Mompesson.
Mrs. Hannah More.
Rev. Henry Martyn.
Rev. John Newton.
Rev. S. Newell.
Mrs. Newell.
Rev. John Owen.
Rev. Job Orton.
Queen Catherine Parr.
John Philpot.
William Penn.
Dr. Pye.
Bishop Ridley.
Lady Rachel Russell.
Sir Walter Raleigh.
Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick.
Dr. Rundle.
Rev. S. Rutherford.
Rev. R. Robinson.
Mrs. Rowe.
Bishop Sherlock.
Archbishop Secker.
Sir Henry Sidney.
Laurence Saunders.
Duchess of Somerset.
Rev. C. F. Schwartz.
Dr. Stonehouse.
Rev. T. Scott.
Rev. John Scott.
William Tyndall.
Bishop Jeremy Taylor.
Archbishop Tillotson.
Rev. Augustus Toplady.
Archbishop Usher.
Bishop Warburton.
Sir Henry Wotton.
Rev. I. Watts.
Dr. Isaac Watts.
Rev. Geo. Whitfield.
Rev. John Wesley.
Henry Kirke White.
Dr. E. Young.

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PRELIMINARY ESSAY:

ON LETTER WRITING.

One of the most innocent and exquisite pleasures of this life is that of hearing from an absent friend. When we are suddenly reminded by a letter of one who is dear to us, and see our name in the well-known hand on the direction, a flash of delight pervades the whole frame; the heart beats with expectation while the seal is being broken, and as the sheet is unfolded, goes forth in full benevolence to meet the heart of the writer in the perusal of its contents. An epistolary correspondence between intimate and endeared connexions is a spiritual communion, in which minds alone seem to mingle, and, unembarrassed by the bodily presence, converse with a freedom, a fervour, and an eloquence rarely excited, and perhaps never more felicitously indulged, in personal intercourse. Hence the chief charm of a letter, if the term may be so applied, is its *individuality*, as a message from one whom we love or esteem, according to the degree of kin or congeni-

ality between us, sent expressly on an errand of kindness to ourselves. The consciousness that it was written *to* and *for* him, gives the receiver a paramount interest in its existence, as well as in its disclosures. To him, therefore, it becomes an object of affection; and none but himself, however some others may sympathize with the feelings, can enter into it with the same degree of ineffable emotion;—*that* indeed is "a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not."

It follows, that by far the greater proportion of letters which are most welcomed and valued by those to whom they are addressed, would be read with comparative indifference by all beside; for the familiar epistles of very few, and that only from the peculiar circumstances of the parties, can be so lively, touching, and original as to afford universal entertainment or instruction. Of late years, it has become common to publish, rather voluminously, the private correspondence of persons distinguished in their day and in their circle, though soon to be distinguished no longer amidst the crowds that have preceded, and the crowds that are following,

"Of names illustrious, born to be forgot."

In most of these instances, a tithe would have been more creditable to the author, and more acceptable to the public, than the whole harvest of "thoughts," which might well have been left in the quiet and be-

neficent course of nature to "perish" with those who conceived them, and those to whom they were uttered at the time, in the place and on the occasions that called them forth, and made them precious. Of very few, then, among the few, whose relics of this kind are worth preserving, *all* that can be rescued from oblivion is permanently valuable; for, in the majority of cases, it is principally so because of its rarity; that which does remain, being so little in comparison with what is irrecoverably lost: for example, the single letter of the younger Cato to Cicero, admirable and characteristic as it is of that extraordinary man. Even of the mightiest and most gifted of mankind, the heroes or the writers of history and poetry, the private letters of not more than one or two in an age would bear publication in multitude and bulk, like Cowper's, any more than their sayings would bear repetition, without satiety through excess, like Johnson's.

Several British authors have been so indiscreet as to favour the world with their own confidential letters; but probably not one has advanced his reputation by the breach of faith which such a betrayal (from vain or mercenary motives) of personal and family concerns must involve. The case is widely different, when literary adepts have been in the practice of writing essays on set subjects to their correspondents, with the secret or avowed purpose of benefiting the world by their epistolary lucubra-

tions,—which might as well have been directed to one as to another of their acquaintance, or indeed to *nobody*, except *every body;* for the latter of whom, in fact, they were properly intended. Such compositions (many of them excellent in their kind) must therefore be regarded as regular treatises, not less skilfully devised and elaborately executed than the most stately of their literary works.

In letter-writing, when the heart is earnestly engaged, the first thoughts in the first words are usually the best; for it is thoughts, not words, that are to be communicated; and meaning, not manner, which is mainly to be aimed at. The ideas that rise, and thicken as they rise, in a mind full and overflowing with its subject, voluntarily embody themselves in language the most easy and appropriate; yet are they so delicate and evanescent, that, unless caught in their first forms, they soon lose their character and distinctness, blend with each other, and from being strikingly simple in succession, become inextricably complex in association, on account of their multiplicity and affinity. The thoughts that occur in letter-writing will not stay to be questioned; they must be taken at their word, or instantly dismissed. They are like odours from "a bank of violets;"—a breath—and away. He that would revel on the fragrance by scenting it hard and long, will feel that its deliciousness has eluded him; he may taste it again and again for a moment, but

he might as well attempt to catch the rainbow, and hold it, as longer to inhale and detain the subtle and volatile sweetness. He who once hesitates amidst the flow of fresh feelings and their spontaneous expression, becomes unawares bewildered; and must either resolutely disengage himself by darting right forward through the throng of materials, to recover the freedom of his pen, or he must patiently select, arrange, and array them, as in a premeditated exercise of his mind on a given theme.

As the sweetest sensation communicable by a letter can only be once enjoyed, and that in perfection by him alone to whom it was addressed,—like a *pleasure of hope* suddenly realized, though it may be often renewed with less exalting, but more enduring delight as a *pleasure of memory*,—so the gratification which may be experienced by strangers who peruse epistolary memorials of the distant or the dead, and of course are but partially interested in their contents, must be peculiar in its kind, and greatly different from that of the writers and receivers. To the latter every thing included is important; the common-place passages, topics, and allusions, often being most so, because these come home to their bosoms and business; their hopes and their happiness; their possessions, prospects, relationships; all that they are, and all that they hold in connexion with their kindred, their friends, and their neighbours; and, at the same time, being more or

less implicated with the ordinary course of things,—especially those things that come to all men, in one form or another. But by strangers, the value of letters never designed for themselves, is estimated according to the knowledge, which, from other sources than personal acquaintanceship, they have acquired of the parties, as distinguished in some way above the multitude among whom they lived; which knowledge has awakened the very natural and laudable desire to learn more about them individually than can be obtained from report, tradition, or record, concerning their deeds or their studies, as those may have been performed, or these matured for public use, if not for the public good. What is real from the lips, the pens, or the hearts of the illustrious of past ages, is incomparably more attractive and affecting than all that can be put into their mouths in tragedy, romance, or even history, when history (as too often it has done) acts the part of tragedy, or utters the language of romance. The speeches, the brief, blunt speeches of generals to their armies, in ancient times, if they could have been transmitted to posterity, would have been far better (in the sense now under consideration) than the eloquent harangues which their chroniclers have made for them. No man can think another man's thoughts, except through that man's own words; much less express them as he himself would have done, from general and abstract knowledge, necessarily imperfect, of what

they were, according to rumour or conjecture. How is it that the minutest incidents related by an eye-and-ear witness, especially concerning his own experience, his labours, privations, and sufferings, on foreign travel, in sickness, perils, difficulties of any kind, among barbarians, like the cannibals of New Zealand, or semi-civilized neutrals, like the Hindoos —how comes it that these are much more impressive and soul-stirring to his audience, on missionary occasions, for example, from his own mouth, by the living voice, ranging through all its modulations, aided by his animated looks, and their momentary changes; his manner, emphasis, action, and even his dialect, being each personal, peculiar, and according with the influence of the subject on himself—how comes it that the minutest incidents thus told, are much more affecting and impressive upon his auditors, than finished, comprehensive, and symmetrical details of greater matters, when read from an official report, or delivered, however vividly and glowingly, by a professional speaker, who may have derived them from hearsay, or digested them from original documents? The reason is a plain one;—the first is reality, the second is representation—in its relative effect upon the mind of the hearer or the reader. The bodily presence of the agent makes more difference than can be easily explained; but every one has felt it, and it needs no explanation.

It is natural to covet acquaintance with one

whom we admire for the splendour of his talents, his pre-eminence in virtue, or the strangeness of his fortunes; but, as we cannot have this with the dead of past generations, we may come nearest to them in the relics of their familiar correspondence with contemporaries,—distinct individuals, among whom they lived and moved, and with them formed the members of a certain limited society. Now, it is little circumstances, on little occasions, which exhibit us to each other as we identically are. Men of eminence live, it may be said, in glass-houses,—under the eyes, within the hearing, and subject to the judgment of all the world; surrounded as it were with a *human omnipresence*, which often influences them more than even the acknowledged, but too-little-regarded omnipresence of Deity, connected as the latter is with omniscience. We would not dare to do in the sight of a child what we fear not to do before God our Creator, our Sovereign and our Judge. Yet others are like *our*-selves, too much occupied with *them*-selves to think a twentieth part so much about us as we are apt to imagine, either for good or evil; but God never for a moment suspends his inspection, or overlooks the smallest of our actions, as amenable to his eternal and righteous laws. Oh! what manner of men would we be, if we rightly apprehended the fact, that we live more in the presence of the Almighty than our own. We forget our very existence during one-third of our time in sleep;

during another large portion, though broad awake, too many of us forget ourselves strangely, in the moral sense of that phrase; and through most of the remainder, the best among us do so virtually in the mechanical routine of daily occupations. How few and brief, then, are the intervals in which we *remember* either ourselves or our Creator, as living, moving, and having our being in Him, who never takes his eye from us, for one moment, from that which gave us birth to that which brings us death!

To return to that fear of man which operates so much more powerfully than the fear of God in this fallen world—not on public characters only, but upon the meanest of the multitude—when men compose books (for to professional literature we now principally refer, in contradistinction to epistolary effusions of present thought for present use,) they address themselves to imaginary readers, not less than Demosthenes did to imaginary hearers, while he was declaiming to the waves of the sea, coming in-shore with a spring-tide. Hence, wrought up to whatever pitch of enthusiasm they may be by their subject, and however eloquent, energetic, and impassioned they may become, there is no personal affection, no actual sympathy, either felt or demanded, except in doubtful anticipation at a future day, or even at a day, when they themselves shall be dust and ashes. To authors as authors, the living, beyond the range of their acquaintance, are as the

dead or the unborn; and (taking poets and romancers for examples) they are as much the inventors of their *readers to come* as of their *heroes that are;* the former, at the time, being to the authors themselves as ideal as the latter will be to those readers when they *do* come, in their proper persons. The Greek orator reasoned and remonstrated, soothed, inflamed, and threatened the deaf surges as his future auditors, under every aspect, and change of storm and calm, in which they represented the versatile Athenians; nay, his "prophetic soul" went beyond his countrymen and contemporaries,—his admirers in our own age, as well as in every other, were included among the very individuals, which, in his mind, composed the multitude of all posterity, to whom his words of thunder, and his thoughts of lightning were sent forth, with the express intent to be seen, and heard, and felt to the world's end. Yet he knew all the while that neither winds nor waters, though both were audible and motionary, either listened or regarded him, any more than the eternal rocks or the shifting sands before his eyes, and beneath his feet. Had he thought *only* of these, as sands, rocks, waters, winds, no mental excitement or bodily exertion could have wrought him up to "the tempest, torrent, and whirlwind of passion," with which he expostulated them, or, in the height of that commotion, could have enabled him to "beget a temperance that gave it smoothness." Very different in

degree—in degree only, not in kind—were the feelings which at once awed and emboldened him, when he stood before his fellow-citizens themselves; ten thousand silent faces turned upon him; anon, as many tongues, sometimes in consonance, sometimes in contradiction, murmuring or applauding, as he pleased or exasperated this portion or that, or the whole of the assembly, while, appealing to the soul of the vast body before him, he cast the entire burthen of his plea upon the aggregate rather than upon the units that composed it; till, with all the energy of arm and eye and voice and mind, (each speaking in its own intelligible language, to the corresponding sense or sympathy of every one of his hearers,) he carried his cause by storm, and with

> "Resistless eloquence,
> Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
> Shook the' arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne." (1)

Then, as in contending with the billows he had in imagination the turbulence of the people, and ceased not for their uproar, so, when contending with the people, he remembered the billows, and yielded not to their clamours, raged they never so furiously, regarding them but as the water-floods when they lift up their voices.

Here the orator was the public man, and the auditory his public; both parties, under excitement

(1) *Parad. Regained*, Book iv.

yet restraint of the scene in which they were associated, were acting in characters beyond themselves, and on a stage above that of ordinary life. The moment the assembly broke up, there was no longer either multitude or declaimer. Each individual returned into himself alone,—disintegrated from the body of which he had just now been a living member, pervaded while it existed by its universal spirit. That spirit departing at the close of the occasion, the factitious body necessarily resolved into its original elements. Demosthenes descending from his stand, became as other men, in intercourse with whom he acted and conversed like one of the rest. Yet there followed him into retirement, and accompanied him amidst the occurrences of every day, a trail of that glory which had seemed to surround his very person, while it overwhelmed beholders, during the splendid exhibition of those prerogatives of genius which rendered him superior to them all. A man's public character being formed upon his private, the latter, by reaction, must be more or less modified by the former, and bear its impress in all things.

Every man living may be distinguished from every other, not only by his features, his stature, or his shape, but he may also be recognized by a number of minute incidents connected with his personal appearance, without any part of *himself* being seen; for instance, which one of our acquaintance may not be known by his gait? The form, which, at a

distance, may be taken for his while at rest, is almost infallibly ascertained to be so, as soon as it is in motion, by the quick combination in the spectator's mind of a multitude of indescribable circumstances which make up his apparent identity. Again, when we meet a stranger by the way, or follow one a few hundred yards till we can conveniently pass him,—if his countenance, (caught at a glimpse,) his carriage, his dress, or his walk, happen to strike us at first sight, we instantly cast about to discover from these tokens his character, temper, rank in life, profession, and one or more of fifty fanciful suggestions that spring up, voluntarily or involuntarily, (for either term will fit the ineffable process,) at the moment when speculation begins. Dr. Johnson said of Edmund Burke, that "if you stood under an archway with him, for shelter during a shower, you would perceive before it was past, that you were in company with no ordinary man;" not, surely, because he would talk for five minutes with a stranger as he declaimed in the senate, wrote on the sublime and beautiful, conversed at the Literary Club, or as he sported his marvellous wit and sallies of imagination in the circles of the gay, the courtly, and the fair,—of which, with all the severity and grandeur of his genius, he was ever the delight and the glory,—but because, while he spoke like a common man on common things, he would be known by the cast of his thought,—the dialect of his mind, (if

the phrase be allowable,) so that his casual associate under the shed, would say within himself when they parted,—"this is not one *of* the million, but one *in* a million, for his speech bewrayeth him."

Men whom we honour in the greatness of their deeds, or in the power of their words, we are glad to meet under any circumstances that shall make us better acquainted with them in their social relationships, their personal experiences, their individual affections, as these may be traced in private life, than we can possibly know them from common fame, friendly or hostile partiality, or the defectiveness of historical details. Now through no documentary medium whatever can any of our fellow-creatures, and least of all the most exalted ones, be so well or so profitably known as from their epistolary remains.

In these we recognize the minds of our friends, as we know their persons, without seeing their faces, by familiarity with their gait, carriage, dress, shape, tone of voice, or even their shadows; and in these, too, we endeavour to find out the minds of strangers, (rarely without success,) as by the aforementioned tokens, when they attract our curiosity for the first time, we try to make out their private history.

"Sayings and Doings," however honestly or ably recorded, are rarely or never accurately presented; the latter in recital are no more the originals than portraits are flesh and blood faces, and, as of one face a thousand portraits may be executed, all suffi-

ciently like the original to be recognized, yet each as different from all the rest as from that original itself,—so, in recording a fact, each narrator must give his own view of it, which, though correct to himself, is imperfect or redundant to every other who attempts, from *his* own impression of it, to describe the same. It follows of necessity, that the most which can be said of these discrepant accounts is, that they are all, more or less, according to the reality,—but not one perfectly so. With respect to "Sayings," they are even more injured in repetition than "Doings" are in representation, because the beauty, the power, the wit, the moral of these transient forms of thought depends so much upon the curious or happy collocation of words, as well as the tone, look, and manner with which they were delivered at the time, the place, and under the circumstances attendant,—that the smallest change, defect, or omission of any of these, may maim the sense, quench the spirit, break the spell of the whole. To prove how differently men hear words spoken most deliberately in their presence, and how differently they report even what they hear alike, let any one compare the notes of the examination of a witness on oath, at a trial even for life and death, by two of the most skilful and practised short-hand writers, and he will be surprised at the variations of phraseology employed by them, in putting down the plainest questions and answers; and when these become

subtle or involved, as they frequently are,—though the meaning, conveyed by each, be substantially preserved; yet the weight of evidence involved in the two readings of it may be exceedingly unequal, especially upon the minds of persons liable under the best circumstances to be differently affected by the same exhibition of the same thing, and much more so when there is the minutest verbal discordance between two vouchers.

The *memorabilia* of conversations must be far less authentic than such testimonies in courts of justice; and if few men can fix on the spot, and at the instant when they are pronounced, the exact words of these, much less can any ordinary hearer report afterwards the unpremeditated expressions which drop from the most eloquent lips in private company, prompted by sudden circumstances, and uttered under momentary excitement, however brilliant or emphatic they may be. Boswell's inimitable records,—not reminiscences, for they were systematically noted down at the time,—of Dr. Johnson's oracular responses, when consulted by the humble worshippers of his talents on subjects calculated to call forth his splendid sarcasms, may be pleaded against this arraignment of the universal corps of retailers of great men's fine things; but, independent of the peculiar style in which Dr. Johnson was wont to converse as well as to compose, and which possessed something of the advantage of verse, from

its rhythms, and cadences, to identify the sentiments with the verbiage in which they were clothed,—it must be remembered, that he was one in a thousand among eminent scholars and writers, of whom few are remarkable for readiness of speech in the arena of conversational gymnastics; and that of a thousand Johnsons, only one has had a Boswell to be to him, as a table-talker, what Homer was to Achilles, as a warrior.

Now, in confidential epistolary correspondence, people are more really themselves than in any other way of exercising their faculties in reference to their fellow-creatures; and these memorials have the advantage, not only of being

"Warm from the heart and faithful to its fires,"

but they are positive acts, not mere records; and the revealing of the writers in their real characters, though, perhaps, as imperceptible, is yet as gradual and manifest at comparative intervals, as any of the operations of nature throughout the animal or vegetable kingdoms, in the growth of what is palpable, and the development of what is concealed. In spring-time, the *green* comes out of the ground, like the suffusion of a blush over a beautiful countenance; we see not where it begins, we detect it not in the process, nor know we where it ends; yet, under our very eyes, it steals out, spreads abroad, and deepens all over the landscape. It is a visible and progres-

sive effect from an invisible cause. We examine it not in detail—for that would require an eye which could see the grass grow; but we simply admire it in the impression which it makes upon our bodily senses and our intellectual perception of what is yet "good," as God pronounced all his works to be, when they came from his creative hand. This is the reverse of all the efforts of art, especially in that art which is the nearest of kin to nature. In painting, the process is everywhere discernible in strokes, dots, tints, and outlines, which, how delicately soever touched or harmoniously combined, show decidedly where the hand of taste has been employed to produce the ideal of the real,—the shadows of substances. Of all the phenomena of the year in its infancy, flowerless verdure is the most exquisite and evanescent; here there is neither line nor limit; the hue is not laid on; it emanates from beneath, and is the counterpart of the pure blue of the firmament, after the stars have disappeared, and the sun is yet unrisen. In the renovated green of the earth, equally refreshing to the sight, and exhilarating to the spirits, we anticipate the flowers (already germinating under our feet) in their future existence, and their certain succession, as the seasons advance. Thus, in familiar epistles, the style is of one *ground-colour*, (the colour of the writer's mind),—and his intellect, affections, and moral feelings; his tastes, habits, humours, and singularities,—all that is com-

mon to all, and all that is peculiar to himself; in a word, his inmost soul, in the exhibition of its multiform powers and capabilities, comes out of the blank sheet, when the symbols of his thoughts are inscribed upon it, as the herbs and plants, for beauty or for use, spontaneously spring up from the soil in their due order and array.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has said, that "all the attitudes of children are graceful;" and it may be added, that all the utterances of children are natural; yet in both cases this is true only when they move from the impulse of pure feeling, and speak words which they well understand, and mean to be understood by their playmates, without the consciousness of being observed by their elders. But the moment a child becomes aware that an admiring or a censorious eye is upon its actions, or that its pretty babble, beautifully broken and always right-accented, is listened to with applause, as something clever from lips so small,—the grace and simplicity both of motion and speech are gone, and it begins to *act* a part, which however inartificial, because it knows not art, is yet so capital a lesson of art, that thenceforward it will need no teacher but itself to go on to perfection. This, of course, refers to children who are advanced beyond mere infancy. Now, in like manner, as all the attitudes of children are graceful and all their utterances natural,—so, in after life, though habit, our second nature, may, in most things, have super-

seded the first, yet this will resume the ascendancy whenever we act, speak, think, or feel for ourselves, as though there were no witness and would be no censor of our proceedings. When, therefore, without either restraint or compulsion, we communicate with friends whom we love as ourselves, we relapse imperceptibly into unsophisticated childhood; every thing is done with the ease, simplicity, and freedom that become the occasion.

Why are the letters of women, for the most part, more frank and agreeable than those of men? Because—except in the artificial circles of life, or when perverted by false sentimentality—they present the first fruits of their thoughts in the first forms of language that occur in the conception of them. Their opinions are as naturally expressed on paper as their genuine features are represented in their mirrors, when they snatch a passing look to see themselves just as they are,—that is, just as they ought to be,—before they join the family dinner-table, or sit down in the ring at the fire-side:—not as they are compelled to appear among the live statues (as formal as marble and as cold) of visiting acquaintance in a set party; or to move in the whirl of that limbo of vanity, a ball-room, amidst the more vivacious automata, that seem to have every thing belonging to humanity about them, except souls. The better sex, where they give their confidence at all, give it heartily. Hence they

are far more ingenuous, and therefore far more delightful correspondents than most of those who call themselves the lords of the creation, but who are never more so than when they condescend to become women and children in letter-writing; that is, when they give expression to their feelings with the innocent hilarity of the one, and the full flow of soul and affection of the other.

The beauty, then, and excellence of letters consists in their being really mirrors of the writers' minds, showing them more as they are than they can be seen through any other medium accessible to those who are not of their own kindred or near connexions. For though any two men may be as much alike as two blades of grass are, yet since they cannot be more so, some difference must be observable between them; for no two blades of grass have ever been found, which might not easily be distinguished asunder when laid together. Nicely to discern, and minutely to compare the differences and resemblances between individual specimens of a power so fearfully and wonderfully made as the mind of man, and the spirit within him, to which the breath of the Almighty has given understanding, is one of the most marvellous operations of that mind itself, in its soundest state and happiest moods. It follows, that the greatest minds must furnish the richest materials for such exercises and contemplations; and of these, it may be said, letters supply most of the *desiderata*,

which other sources of information have left to be deplored, just in proportion as they have exhibited the public actions of their subjects so strikingly as to excite our curiosity to learn what they were in the bosoms of their families; nor there only, but in their own bosoms.—The friendly correspondence of the illustrious of past ages introduces us into the privacy of their "inner man." In the freedom of such intercourse, when they poured out their joys and their sorrows, their wishes and their wants, their fears, their infirmities, and their hopes,—they showed themselves as men of like passions with ourselves, engaged in the business, the cares and the charities of ordinary life; at the same time, by glimpses and allusions, unconsciously disclosing the inmost secrets of their hearts, so that, after the lapse of centuries, they may be seen, not only as they desired to appear, or even as they did appear to their every-day, incurious acquaintance, but as they actually WERE, *in* themselves, and *to* themselves. The familiar letters of such personages—known only by the imperfect sketches of history, the overcharged portraits drawn of them by biographers, or (if men of science and literature) by their elaborate intellectual performances,—have an interest exceedingly attractive, and afford intelligence concerning them, not only gratifying to innocent curiosity, but delightfully and practically instructive to those among us, who love to study human nature in its elements

and eccentricities,—its general correspondences and its individual varieties;—when mind is compared with mind in the contemplation of others, and each brought to the test of our own, so far as self-knowledge, experience, and observation enable us to judge with candour, impartiality, and intelligence, on subjects so delicate, complex, and diversified in every instance from every other.

No trace, however slight and otherwise insignificant, of a once-existent fellow-being will be viewed without some touch of sympathy, by the man to whom nothing human can be indifferent. An autograph in an old book, what reflections—and oh! how melancholy sweet, if we dare to indulge them—will the sight of it not awaken concerning its former possessor, of whom the few uncouth letters that spell his name are, perhaps, the sole memorials on the face of the earth!—till, where his eye has looked, where his hand has moved, we see him, as it were, eye to eye, and shake hands with him over the page, across the gulf of ages that have passed since he was personally on the spot (in reference to the written leaf before us) where we stand, and where, too, what we are now reading will, probably, be read by "the child that is unborn;"—read, when of us who are thus moralizing over it, not even a memorial so small and precarious as this may remain to tell some living, dying mortal like ourselves, a generation or two hence, that we have been like him, and that he must

soon become like one of us. Portraits, however, which give distinct representations of the dead, the absent, and the unknown, more immediately excite interest and gratify curiosity with the multitude of beholders, than autographs, which appeal rather to the refined and imaginative few, while the former at once strike the senses, and furnish matter-of-fact images of the originals, to those who never could create ideal ones in reveries of retrospective thought. Confidential letters are in every word of them mental autographs, and in their contents mental portraits,—the sign-manual cannot be forged in the former; the resemblance cannot be mistaken in the latter. Epistles, indeed, as portraits, may neither be full-lengths, nor, so far as they go, highly finished; they may be nothing more than fragments or sketches, yet the pencil that traced them was infallible—every touch is truth, and every tint nature; and the fidelity of the outline to the few features thus delineated is so perfect, that imagination can well and easily fill up the details, especially where (as in the cases now under consideration) there are other materials to supply the deficiency, or rather the deficiency of which is supplied by these materials,—such as the records of their achievements, adventures, or performances in science or literature, sufficiently stimulant to have made us anxious to obtain more intimate knowledge concerning them as men among men. Every trace of every individual human being

who has ever lived among the hundreds of thousands of millions who *have been* and *are not*, inhabitants of this globe,—yet each of whom exists somewhere in spiritual identity,—makes an appeal, a pathetic one, to something within our own nature, which, for a moment at least, makes our "bowels yearn over him" as a "brother." And so it ought to be with us, seeing that we ourselves are experiencing, as he did before us, all the vicissitudes of "the common lot," and are at the same time hastening to that mysterious intermediate state of beatitude or suffering on which he has long ago entered. How much more intensely attractive and interesting, then, must be any token or symbol of one who has outlived that oblivion, which is the natural death of every generation in its turn, with few and far between exceptions,—either by his own superiority over his contemporaries, or having been immortalized by association with the master-spirits of his age, or who, by the rarest but least coveted felicity of all, has bequeathed to posterity some relic, small but exquisite, to show that it must have had a human author, though who he was no register can tell;—

"All but the song has pass'd away:"

as is the case with many an old and once-famed minstrel, who has left national melodies, like Sibylline leaves, driven to and fro by the winds, to be revered as oracles, and to exercise a mysterious in-

fluence over the destinies as well as the character of a whole people. If England can boast of some of these, Scotland may be proud of many, and (unless her living poets fable) Ireland of not a few.

Every incident about a letter has something connected with the past, the future, the unseen, the unknown; things the most simple and natural, that touch the tenderest, the sweetest sympathies of our common souls; and things the most awful, mysterious, and sublime, which awaken "the thoughts that travel through eternity," the "feelings that lie too deep for tears." To a letter belong,—taking it under the most usual circumstances which give birth to documents of this kind,—*a name, a place, an occasion,* and a *date*.—What is *the name?* That by which an insulated individual (the writer) was known on earth from all his contemporaries; and that by which (speaking after the manner of men) he will be summoned to appear at the bar of God, in the day of judgment, to give an account of the deeds done in the body.—What is *the place?* The locality, where he dwelt for a season, where generations had died before, and generations will live after him, to the end of time.—What is the *occasion?* One of those daily occurrences, the things that happen to all; of which, in the bulk, we think almost nothing, but which, to each in turn, when the particular application falls upon himself, his family, his friends, his countrymen, or any class of persons

to whom he is affectionately allied, or generously attached, may be of more pressing importance while it lasts, than any thing else in the world.—What is *the date?* A visible memorial of one of the days of the years of man on the earth, perhaps the only existing register of that particular day, which came in its course, and went, when its errand was accomplished, whither all the days, and years, and ages of time, depart in peace, to await the arrival of that day, when its account must be given in before the tribunal of the Judge of quick and dead. The date of such an undistinguished day is also a visible memorial of all that happened within the course of its twenty-four hours to every living man, including whatever he did, or said, or thought, or felt, or suffered. It is more than this; it is a memorial of all that was enjoyed in heaven, endured in hell, or transacted throughout the whole universe of God, in his providence, and in his grace, by Himself or by his creatures; and it is the memorial of a day, which has left upon every day that has succeeded, or shall follow it to the end, eternal influences, which, however unappreciably small or great to finite minds, are yet distinctly estimated by Him, to whom all things are known in their beginnings, connexions, and issues.

This may be deemed reverie and hallucination by "economists and calculators," who busy themselves wholly with things present and passing; but that man has within him powers and faculties unawakened

and unapprehended, who cannot thus, by association, connect himself with all created beings and intelligences, especially those of his own species, of whom he can gain any knowledge by research on earth, or revelation from heaven; through all the things that are seen discerning tokens and traces of things that are not seen; feeling, meanwhile, that the dignity and value of the former must be precisely in proportion to the relationship which they bear to the latter; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

Letters, in one respect at least, of all other documents, best exhibit the subjects which called them forth, because they affect to exhibit nothing, being themselves as much "part and parcel" of the occupation of life as the exercise of speech itself is in conversation. But they have this advantage over oral intercourse, that much may be written which cannot be spoken, and much will be read with submission which would not be listened to with patience. Besides, what is written is more condensed, more impressive, more permanent, more distinctly stated, and more vividly remembered, than when it is delivered through the rapid interchange of thoughts in discourse, which must be of necessity loose, digressive, and irregular. It is true, that in conversation more may be communicated for immediate use, by the reciprocation of opinions, arguments, and expla-

nations on the spot, and at the moment; yet the few silent words, in small compass, addressed to the eye, penetrate more deeply, and abide more influentially in the mind than the many fluent and fugitive audible ones, that pass with the breath which utters them, leaving very imperfect vestiges in the memory,—recollections like those of the forms and colours of the clouds of yesterday. Written words, on the contrary, like stars in their diversified configurations, remain unchanged and unchangeable symbols of fixed and definite meanings; the shapes of the letters of the alphabet that compose them, their collocation in sentences, the places which they occupy on the page, their division into paragraphs, with other minute accidents,—all these become mnemonics of the contents of the epistle.

When a man undertakes to be his own biographer, he places himself in a very difficult and perilous situation. Before he can gain credit for one honourable motive, every sinister one that can be imagined will probably be laid to his account; and in a very few instances can he hope to obtain from his judges that impartiality in hearing his story, which they require of him in relating it. This narrow-minded jealousy arises from that pride of heart which almost every man tolerates in himself, and persecutes in all beside; it is the beam in his own eye, which, instead of blinding him as it ought, seems to quicken his sight in searching out the mote

in his brother's eye. This species of history, on the ground of some peculiar advantages which it possesses, and because it is seldom fraught with danger, except to the author himself, ought to be treated with more indulgence that it generally experiences. Whatever a man says of himself is genuine ; whether it be true or false it is equally his own. Even in hypocrisy he is no hypocrite, for deceit then is natural ; if he assumes a virtue which he has not, he exposes a vice which he has ; if he pretends to talents which he does not possess, he disproves his claim by the inability with which he asserts it. One part of his character he may conceal, but the very act of concealment betrays another ; if he cover his breast with both his hands, he may be showing us that they are not clean ; if he turns away his head to hide his face, perhaps he is discovering to us his baldness behind. Let him represent himself as he will, we shall see him more nearly as he is than any other man could have represented him. This consideration alone goes far towards counterbalancing the few objections that may be urged against auto-biography ; for, practise as he may upon our good-nature, or presume as he will upon our credulity, the general fidelity or falsehood of the author's own statements can be more correctly ascertained than those of any stranger concerning him can be either established or refuted.

A man's genuine auto-biography, however, must

be sought for in his friendly and confidential correspondence; in letters written on all kinds of occasions, in all moods of his mind, and intended for the eyes of none but those who could at once understand their slightest allusions as well as their minutest details;—on subjects real, not imaginary, but which were specially interesting, congenial, or familiar to both parties, referring to their modes of life, rank in society, family connexions, personal circumstances; —all these being more or less illustrative of the language, manners and customs, style of conversation, state of literature, science, politics, religion, law, commerce, arts, and manufactures; in a word, the prevalent occupations, amusements, and pursuits of the people, the country, and the age to which he belonged; as well as exhibiting his own peculiar habits, tastes, and dispositions.

Letters, moreover, are side-lights to history; marginal notes or running commentaries on the universal volume of man as he is, as he was, and as he ever will be,—the same in essentials, though infinitely modified in the external manifestation of these, by the form of government and society, the degree of intelligence and virtue, or of ignorance and profligacy, under which the individuals of his species, singly or in masses, have been born and grown up to the utmost stature, which, according to their varied circumstances, they could attain, as immortal spirits dwelling in mortal bodies, during a course of three score

years and ten. How much have the annals of our own country been enlarged and enriched, within the last fifty years, from the hidden treasures of family papers, and personal memoirs of public agents in the great events of their times, composed by themselves for the use of their children and posterity; but especially, how much have those annals been elucidated by the private and even secret correspondence of such characters, which, after having been long locked up in cabinets and libraries, inaccessible to general research, have recently been given out, either in bulk to the public indiscriminately, or submitted to the inspection of enlightened men like Fox and Mackintosh, who have undertaken to rescue important portions of our national history from the discreditable obscurity, and even obloquy, under which they had been left by the negligence, prejudice, or incapacity of former chroniclers! But, if letters be thus auxiliaries to history, as history refers to man, the perpetual inhabitant of every region of the globe, they are distinct chapters in his family-history; auto-biographical sketches of men, individually or in companionship with others in domestic life. Princes, warriors, statesmen, patriots, philosophers, poets, artists,—people of every rank in society, every diversity of employment, and every degree of mental power and cultivation,—all, in this kind of inter-communion, show themselves of the same blood, complexion, and spirit, with their countrymen and

contemporaries, as well as kindred to the whole species in those general qualities which distinguish man, whether civilized or savage, from the brutes that perish. Bruce, in Abyssinia, says, "I heard the sky-lark singing at Massuah the same notes as in England." So man, in the abstract, speaks every where the same language, notwithstanding the confusion of Babel, and the countless multiplication of cognate, yet strange tongues, which followed the spread of the builders all over the face of the earth. The language of the heart,—man's true mother-tongue!—that is, the language of the affections, is literally translatable from one dialect into another, wherever it has been embodied in fixed vocal sounds, or their alphabetical signs. Akin to the delight and surprise which Bruce experienced, when he heard the sky-lark in Abyssinia singing the same notes as in England, is the pleasure which we feel, when in bosom-intercourse with their friends, we find the venerable and the illustrious, the great and the good, among our forefathers, speaking this universal language of the heart, in our own vernacular tongue; at the same time reviving within ourselves those very emotions, enjoyments, and sympathies which were among the most precious of our own experiences, and are cherished with the most endeared of our recollections. It was not merely the unexpectedness and strangeness of hearing in a far-land the song of the most common of English birds,

that affected the traveller with a joy which the same notes had never awakened in him before, when he heard them every day; it was because that song, those "same notes," carried him home in the spirit to his own land, renewed the days of his youth, restored the countenances of the friends whom he had left behind, and caused him to anticipate the happy meeting which he hoped to have with them on his return; when he should sit down, in the peace of old age, on the spot where he was born, and where he hoped to be buried, beloved in life, and honoured after death, as one, who had been a public benefactor, by the fruits of his labours, perils, sufferings, and discoveries. In reading the epistles of those who have been so long our elders, or were so far our superiors, we not only become more intimately acquainted with them, but more nearly allied to them; and, while we rejoice to find, that, as in the elements of our common humanity, they were in all respects like ourselves,—through the consciousness of that equality, we are enabled in no mean degree, to rise, sympathetically at least, towards the standard of their moral or intellectual pre-eminence. At the same time, such discoveries of them are well calculated to keep us humble in our own esteem; for, if the letters of the most exalted personages bring them down to our level in the ordinary affairs of life, and occasionally lift us out of ourselves towards their elevation, yet the tone and style of these un-

affected compositions will always correspond with their high qualities; and passages of peculiar force will frequently elicit evidence of how far they are in reality above us in things the most excellent. Casual expressions, incidental sentiments, fall from their pens, in the fervour of spiritual communion with their dearest connexions, which reveal in a moment, and perhaps but for a moment, all the beauty or grandeur of the writer's character; like those magnaminous replies, on great emergencies, when the whole soul of a hero or a martyr has revealed itself in a word of rebuke, admonition, or encouragement to faint-hearted attendants. Cæsar, when in imminent peril of being foundered in a storm at sea, chid the cowardice of the captain of the vessel, by exclaiming to him, "Fear not; your vessel carries Cæsar and his fortunes." Pompey, when embarking in a tempest, on a voyage to bring corn from Sicily, to supply the wants of his famishing fellow-citizens, on being urged to wait for more favourable weather, replied:— "It is necessary that I should go, but it is not necessary that I should live." There cannot be a question which was the nobler sentiment in these two cases, though each was perfectly in keeping with the character of the man, as well as splendidly contrasting them with each other. It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that, though Pompey had here, as at the battle of Dyrrachium, the advantage of his rival,

on most occasions, Cæsar showed as much superiority over him as he did in the field of Pharsalia.

In perusing the correspondence of eminent men, especially of that class from whose letters the following volumes have been principally compiled, no ordinary course of contemplation is suggested by their multifarious contents, on occasions when the circumstances either of the authors or their friends were of more or less importance to their present or future welfare in both worlds. What feelings, in hearts long blended with the clods of the valley, have been infused or awakened, transported or excruciated, by the perusal of passages, of which the full meaning could only be understood by its association with a thousand personal or family interests, the whole train of which was put in motion by a simple reference to one of the least of them! In such instances the allusions obscurest to us, must have been among the most intelligible and emphatic to the parties. Such, for example, are St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh," and his "baptized for the dead;"—phrases, on which criticism may be exercised in vain till doom's-day, in quest of the interpretation, for want of that previous knowledge of certain facts, which the Corinthian church undoubtedly possessed, because no small stress is laid upon the latter, (1 Cor. xv. 29,) in the apostle's wonderful array of arguments and illustrations, to establish one

of the most essential articles of Christian faith—the resurrection of the body; while the former (2 Cor. xii. 7, 9) is connected with another of the most mysterious events in the whole compass of sacred Scripture, and which befel the writer himself;—that of an individual, to whom appear to have been revealed some of the secrets of the invisible world, without the power of communicating to any other human being a conception of them. The letters here collected for the benefit of the Christian public, in their revival may reproduce, on the minds of their modern readers, a measure of those benign and fructifying influences, which they conveyed to the minds of the persons to whom they were addressed on the special occasions which originated them. What those influences were may be readily understood from the internal evidence of each; what the issues were, that day will make manifest when nothing secret shall be any longer hidden. The contents of some, at least, of these records of friendship on earth, may be talked of at this hour in eternity, and the destinies of immortals may have been decided by the convictions or consolations which they carried from the hand of the writer to that of the receiver. Such miracles of mercy, we know, have been wrought by Him who doeth all things according to the counsel of his own will, through the instrumentality of letters. A simple phrase in one has pierced like a two-edged sword, to the dividing asunder of soul

and spirit in a reprobate, till then invulnerable and unassailable by reason or argument. A single word in another has alarmed a dead conscience, with a sound like that of the last trumpet, and quickened it to a foretaste of the horrors of awaking from the dust of the earth to the resurrection of damnation: while, in a third, a touch of tenderness, where reproach had been deserved and expected, has broken in pieces that hardest rock in the universe,—the heart of stone, and caused streams of contrition to flow forth, like the waters of Marah, too bitter to be drunk, till a branch from the tree of life was thrown into the current, and "the waters were made sweet." (Exod. xv. 23, 25.) The everlasting salvation or perdition of some, now in the intermediate state of bliss or suffering between death and judgment, will, according to analogy and probability, in the end of all things, be proved to have been biassed, if not determined, by the effect of writings of this description,—by familiar letters, correctional or seductive; and the present re-appearance of several in the following collection, after long intervals, like the spirits of the writers themselves, walking abroad, and communing with the living as they did with their departed correspondents, may be expected to have the happy result among their readers of this generation, of turning some to righteousness.

The limits prescribed for the present essay prohibit the introduction of such examples from the most

celebrated epistolary collections, both ancient and modern, with which the writer had purposed to justify and illustrate the foregoing remarks. He will, therefore, confine himself to three brief extracts from a volume,—a very small one, and little known,—consisting of letters addressed by the great Earl of Chatham to his nephew, Lord Camelford, at College, for the direction of his studies, as preparatory to the distinguished part which the noble guardian hoped his young relative would be qualified as well as called upon to take in future life. The entire character of Chatham himself was never fully developed, till this little auxiliary came in aid of history, and taught us, in the lessons which the mighty statesman addressed to his nephew, what he himself was in youth, and by what course of learning, industry, perseverance, and self-government, he formed himself into the man that he afterwards became,—the glory of his own land, which he made "the glory of all lands." His purpose in this correspondence was evidently to engraft himself upon his nephew, and cause another Chatham to grow out of a Camelford. The experiment, if it did not fail, was rendered abortive in the sequel; but the fault was not with the guardian, he had done his duty.

These unpretending compositions, while they exhibit in their lofty bearing, in their severe and classic spirit, on subjects of importance, the native magnanimity and the refined taste of the noble author,—

manifest, likewise, the most graceful condescension on lesser topics, and breathe such cordial kindness towards his juvenile charge, that the reader is surprised to find the statesman, whom before he only knew in the majesty and grandeur of his public character, to be as amiable, gentle, and affectionate as every man ought to be in the most august and responsible of human relationships. Chatham was but the uncle and guardian of young Camelford, yet mark with what delicacy and tenderness, " in the joy of his heart," he announces to his nephew an event which made him personally a father to a new object of his future love and solicitude.—" I have the pleasure to acquaint you with the glad tidings of the Hayes, (his residence). Lady Hester was safely delivered this morning of a son. She and the child are as well as possible, and the father in the joy of his heart. It is no small addition to my happiness that you will share it with me. A father must form some wishes for his child as soon as it is born, and I will make mine, that he may live to make as good use of life as one that shall be nameless is now doing at Cambridge. *Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?*"

As a patriot, (his most perfect character,) see how he disdained plausible falsehood, grounded upon the perversion of partial truth.—"*Omne solum forti patria est.* How dangerous to frail man is such an aphorism! What fatal casuistry is it big with!

How many a villain might, and has masked himself in this saying of illustrious exiles, while he was in fact dissolving all the nearest and dearest ties that hold society together, and spurning at all laws divine and human. How easy the transition from this political to some impious ecclesiastical maxims! This maxim has supported some great and good men under the persecution of faction and party-injustice, and taught them to prefer an hospitable retreat in a foreign land to an unnatural mother-country. Some such may be found in ancient times; in our own country also some such, as Algernon Sidney, Ludlow, and a few others. But, if all soils are alike to the brave and virtuous, so may all characters and modes of worship be; that is, all will be equally neglected and violated. Instead of every soil being his country, he will have no one for his country; he will be the forlorn outcast of mankind."

On the subject of religion, which is the main burthen of the letters composing "*The Christian Correspondent*," the testimony of Chatham is perfectly in consistence with his whole conduct both public and private. In a letter dated *Bath, January* 14, 1754, after advising him to associate in general with men much older than himself, for the purpose of improvement during his stay at the University; scholars, when he could have such, but always men of decent and honourable lives, he proceeds to instruct him how to behave towards "certain unhappy young

gentlemen," whom the nephew has described as trying to entangle him in the snares of revelry, and ridiculing him if he would not join their parties,—the high-minded uncle expresses himself a little too much (as probably every courtier of that day would have done) according to the worldly wisdom of Lord Chesterfield, thus: "Let your behaviour to them be manly and easy: decline their parties with civility; retort their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good breeding: if they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter them in return for the neglect of these; and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease as your inward estimation of them is full of pity, mixed with *contempt*." He goes on:—"I come now to that part of the advice I have to offer you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn;—I mean, the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man; the noblest sentiment of your heart is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of men's virtues? If it be, the highest benefactor deserves the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise; *ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit*.—If a man wants this virtue when there

are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures whose utmost gifts are poor compared to those he daily receives from his never-failing Almighty friend. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," is big with the deepest wisdom. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and an upright heart, that is understanding." This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not; nay, I must add of this religious wisdom, "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace," whatever your young gentlemen of pleasure think of * * * and * * * a tainted health and a battered constitution. *Hold fast, therefore, by this sheet-anchor of happiness —religion:* you will often want it in the times of most danger, the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as preciously as you will fly with abhorrence and contempt, from superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature; the two latter the degradation and disgrace of it. Remember the essence of religion is a heart void of offence towards God and man; not subtle speculative opinions, but an active vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were so fine that I must give them to you:—*Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque recessus mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*—PERSIUS, *Sat.* ii."

Here is Chatham himself fearlessly unbosomed;—pride, dignity, frankness, and utter abhorrence of whatever he considered unworthy of a man of high honour and stern integrity. The words and sentiments in the abstract are unexceptionable, (indeed most of them are admirable,) but how imperfect appears to have been his knowledge of the gospel; at least how defective is his exposition of scriptural truth, the truth as it is in Jesus;—Jesus, who is not so much as named throughout the whole exhortation, earnest and impressive as it is! Chatham, in this last extract alone, is seen at full length, as the scholar, the courtier, the man of the world, the religionist after the manner of his fathers;—a character noble and splendid, but formed rather after Greek and Roman models, than Jewish or Christian exemplars.

But there is a volume, in which no small number of letters by eminent personages are preserved, which, from the hour when they were penned and till the end of time, have had, and will continue to have, a moral influence over millions upon millions of readers. The oldest epistle in existence may be found there; and it is one, which, if there were no other example of the incalculable importance of this species of thought embodied, and followed by action into everlasting consequences, would stand a dreadful memorial of a wicked deed and a righteous retribution; as a warning to every one who devises evil

against his neighbour, and trusts the secret of his soul (while he would fain hide it from his own conscience) to this fugitive, but in the instance alluded to, *imperishable* vehicle of communication with the heart of another, to enlist him to become an accomplice or a perpetrator of the meditated crime. This is the letter; the preceding context is well known, and needs not repetition here.—"And it came to pass in the morning, that David wrote a letter to Joab, *and sent it by the hand of Uriah;* and he wrote in the letter, saying;—*Set ye Uriah in the fore-front of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die.*" 2 Samuel, xi. 14, 15. The sequel is equally familiar. This was the sin; what was the judgment? The repentance and pardon of the offender are, indeed, happily for himself and mercifully for us, recorded; but the sentence pronounced was not remitted in one tittle of its terrible particulars: it is executing even at this day upon the memory of him who has been in his sepulchre three thousand years; and the seal of it is thus superscribed, "*Thou didst it secretly, but I will do this thing before all Israel and before the sun.*" Yes, and while Israel remains upon the face of the earth, in the character of the rejected, as once the chosen people of God, now scattered abroad among all nations, as formerly separated from them; —and so long as the sun shall shine in the firmament, revealing the works of darkness;—so long

shall the sin of David be known throughout the world, and the faithfulness of God in the penalty inflicted upon him for it be promulgated. It will never cease to be repeated in every language, into which the words of eternal life shall be translated, "*Thou didst it secretly, but I will do this thing before all Israel and before the sun.*" There are few pages in the Bible, save those which describe the betrayal, abandonment, denial, and crucifixion of the Son of God, so fearful to read as the few paragraphs which relate the story connected with this brief letter. How ought we to tremble to permit a sinful imagination to escape from our pen in the false security of confidential correspondence, lest it should have interminable issues!

It is remarkable, that the very *next*, even the second letter in point of date, which has been handed down to us, perpetuates the infamy of a deed, if not of equally aggravated atrocity, nor contrived with such self-deceiving subtlety to avoid detection, yet of the most hideous wickedness, disdaining disguise, and reckless of justice. In the first book of Kings, chapter xxi. we read, "She (Jezebel) wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal, and sent them unto the elders, and to the nobles that were in his city, dwelling with Naboth.—And she wrote in the letters, saying, Proclaim a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people. And set two men of Belial before him, to bear witness against

him, saying, Thou didst blaspheme God and the king.—And then carry him out, and stone him that he may die."—Who will despise the day of *(these)* small things, if such sometimes be their power and their results?

But we turn to letters of another kind, in the same volume. It has pleased God, in his wisdom and condescension, to communicate the greater part of the didactic records of his will, under the gospel-dispensation, in a series of epistles, (exhibiting all the features and peculiarities of frank, cordial, and desultory correspondence,) by "holy men of God, who wrote as they were inspired by the Holy Ghost." Through every paragraph of these, though all were equally inspired by the same Spirit, and intended for the edification of the church universal, through all ages and in all lands,—may be traced the features and peculiarities of the writers themselves, as well as the differing circumstances and characters of the particular churches, or the insulated individuals to whom the originals were directed. The accounts of Paul, Peter, John, and James, found in the Evangelists and in the Acts of the Apostles, need only be compared with the style, sentiments, strain of thought, and mode of arguing, exhorting, instructing, or persuading, employed by each, to authenticate these epistles in connexion with the names to which they are ascribed. There is a consonance between what they are respectively represented to have been, spoken, or

done, in the sacred narratives, and what we learn of them by these sacred transcripts of their own minds; —proof-impressions, they may be styled, of their personal characters, both constitutional and intellectual. The prompt, straight-forward and sententious plainness of speech, which distinguished the discourses of Peter to the people, and marked also his appeals to the Jewish council, when, on two occasions, he stood before them, accused of "the good deed done to the impotent man," and afterwards "obeying God rather than men;"—these are strikingly contrasted with the quiet, consolatory, affectionate tenderness of "the disciple whom Jesus loved," with whom, in the work of the ministry, as in their race to the sepulchre on the morning of the resurrection, he appears to have been intimately associated. John, in his three unique Epistles, is as much what we infer he must have been from his own Gospel, as Peter, after his conversion, came forth from the siftings of Satan, the readiest, if not the boldest confessor of the Master whom he had denied; and, when mellowed by age and tempered by experience, not less fervent in spirit and nervous in expression, as the writer of two Epistles, singularly rich in aphorisms of divine wisdom, which supply, in proportion to the brevity of the compositions themselves, an extraordinary number of preaching texts.

Paul is equally contrasted with James. Of the latter, little is stated either in the Gospels or in the Acts

of the apostles; but as the head of the church at Jerusalem,—presuming *that* James to have been the writer of "the General Epistle,"—this admirable composition is worthy of "the wisdom" described in it, which "is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy:"—"and *the fruit*," it is added, "of *righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.*" This wisdom was signally displayed, when, as moderator of the college of the apostles, on the difficult question in dispute between the Jew and Gentile converts, after hearing the appeal of Paul and Barnabas, and the respective opinions of his brethren, James gave sentence;—"that we trouble them not, which from among the Gentiles have turned unto God.—But, that we write unto them, that they abstain from idols, and from fornication, and from things strangled, and from blood." Here, after having manifested "the wisdom which is from above," in the argument preceding this quotation, he exemplifies the axiom connected with his own description of that heavenly quality,—"the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace to them that make peace;"—for by this wise decision he sowed in peace, and the Christian church thenceforward reaped "the fruits of righteousness." Thus he *made* peace.

There cannot be two opinions, whether the Epistles of Paul the apostle do or do not, in all their charac-

teristics, exhibit the characteristics of the man himself,—such as he had been before his conversion, and as he remained afterwards, modified only so as to present different aspects of the same physical temperament and mental faculties, according to the external circumstances, the influencing passions, and the religious principles, under which he acted in those two different states of mind and heart. If a letter, under his own hand, after the martyrdom of Stephen, had been preserved, addressed to one of his friends among the Pharisees, wherein he had described at length the heresy, as he deemed it, of the fanatic; the fervent courage of the confessor, while he stood before the council; (when "all that sat there, looking steadfastly upon him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel;") the holy meekness and devout rapture, with which he beheld heaven opened above him, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and, finally, when amidst the storm of stones which was demolishing his earthly tabernacle, the kneeling martyr, like his crucified Lord, into whose hands he commended his spirit, prayed for his murderers with his last breath;—had such a letter of the "young man, whose name was Saul, at whose feet the witnesses laid down their clothes," on that occasion, been preserved, no doubt we might have traced in it precisely the same elements of human nature, in the same combination, as appear ennobled, expanded and sanctified throughout the numerous Epistles

which were written by the apostle, at different stages of advancing life, till the time, when "the young man Saul" had become "such an one as Paul the aged, and (then) also a prisoner of Jesus Christ." In such an epistle, it may be presumed, that the same style of impetuous eloquence and complicated argument, which he afterwards used in defence of the gospel, would have been employed,—O how impotently!—to expose *its* impotence, by the zealot, who, having been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and well instructed also in the speculations of pagan philosophers, was in the situation to consider it, with the Greek "foolishness," and with the Jew to find it "a stumbling-block."

Two or three points of contrast and comparison will show that "Saul the persecutor," and "Paul the apostle," were the same person; with this sole difference, that in the latter character, he had "put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts," and had "put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Eph. iv. 22, 24.

"*Saul*, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest,—and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, *whether they were men or women*, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem." Acts, ix.

1, 2.—He says of himself, "*I persecuted this way unto death, binding* and *delivering into prisons, both men and women.*" Acts, xxii. 3, 4.—"I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth,—which thing I also did in Jerusalem; and *many of the saints* did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them.—And I punished them *oft* in every synagogue, and *compelled them to blaspheme*, and being *exceedingly mad* against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities." Acts, xxvi. 9, 11.—"Lord, thou knowest that I *imprisoned and beat* in every synagogue them that believed on thee." Acts, xxii. 19.

And what in the sequel, when it had pleased God to reveal his Son in him, became this volunteer-officer of the holy inquisition at Jerusalem? Hear, in the first place, what was foretold for him by "the Lord, even Jesus, who had appeared to him by the way," when Ananias hesitated to visit the penitent in his affliction:—"I will show him how great things he must *suffer* for my name's sake." Acts ix. 16.—And so it was; he who had *done* "many things against the name of Jesus of Nazareth;" inflicted bonds, stripes, and imprisonment upon many of his disciples, and when others were put to death gave his voice against them,—*he* became, in comparison with all other witnesses of the truth, "in *labours*

more abundant, in *stripes* above measure, in *prisons* more frequent, in *deaths oft;*" &c. 2 Cor. xi. 23, 27. —He who had compelled the weak in the faith to *blaspheme* that holy name by which they were called, says to the church which he himself had planted at Corinth, "I determined not to *know any thing* among you, save *Jesus Christ*, and *Him crucified.*" 1 Cor. ii. 2.—"God forbid, that *I* should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Gal. vi. 14.—"What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart; for I am ready not to be *bound* only, but also to *die* at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Acts, xxi. 13.—Once more, he who "being exceedingly mad against the disciples of Christ, persecuted them even unto strange cities," in his Epistle to the Romans thus exclaims,—"Who shall separate *us* from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?—Nay, in all these things *we* are more than conquerors through Him that loved us! —For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come;—nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate *us* from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. viii. 35, 39.

In these and many similar passages, the earnestness, ardour, and intensity of determination with

which Saul made havoc of the church, "*entering into every house*, and haling men and women, committed them to prison,"—are manifested in the zeal, devotion, self-denial, and self-sacrifice, wherewith he afterwards preached the faith which he had once destroyed; when, according to his testimony before the elders of Ephesus, who were the witnesses of its truth, he (served) "the Lord with all humility of mind and *with many tears* and temptations, which befel (him) by lying in wait of the Jews:—and how (he) kept back nothing that was profitable unto (them,) but showed (them) and taught (them) publicly, and *from house to house*,—repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." —"Watch, therefore," he adds, "and remember, that, by the space of three years, I ceased not to *warn every one*, by *night and day*, with *tears*."

In the first and last phrases of the foregoing quotations, the most remarkable trait of the apostle's disposition, of which only the stern and violent energies had been previously exemplified, comes forth in all the tenderness of natural affection, hallowed by the grace of God, and constrained by the love of Christ. In every one of his Epistles (corroborative of the fact on which so much stress has been laid in the foregoing pages,) this last and loveliest feature of the writer's character, is continually showing itself, and revealing "the hidden man of the heart." "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ,

yet have ye not many fathers, for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the gospel." 1 Cor. iv. 15. —Alluding to the wholesome severity with which he had been compelled, on the former occasion to address the Corinthians, he says:—" Moreover I call God for a record upon my soul, that to spare you I came not as yet unto Corinth;—not that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy." 2 Cor. i. 23, 24.—" For out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote unto you with many tears; not that ye should be grieved, but that ye might know the love which I have more abundantly unto you." 2 Cor. ii. 4.—" Ye are in our hearts to die and live with you." 2 Cor. vii. 3.—To the Galatians he writes; " My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you." Gal. iv. 19. " Ye know how, through infirmity of the flesh, I preached the gospel unto you at first;—and my temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not, nor rejected; but received me as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus:—where is, then, the blessedness ye spake of? for I bear you record, that, if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me; am I, therefore, become your enemy because I tell you the truth." Gal. iv. 13, 16.—To the Philippians:— " Therefore, my brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and my crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved." Phil. iv. 1.—Again: " If there

be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies:—fulfil ye my joy, that ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind." Phil. ii. 1, 2.—And, lastly, to the Thessalonians:—" Yourselves, brethren, know our entrance in among you, that it was not in vain:—we were bold in our God to speak unto you the gospel of God, with much contention;—not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts;—nor of men sought we glory, neither of you, nor yet of others, when we might have been burthensome, as the apostles of Christ;—but we were gentle among you, even as (a nursing mother) cherisheth her children;—so being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted to you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us;—ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe;—as ye know how we exhorted, and comforted, and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children;—that ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you to his kingdom and glory." 1 Thes. ii. 1, 12.

Now be it observed, that the style, manner, and matter of all the Epistles of this great apostle, are of the nature of unpremeditated thought, springing up, multiplying and branching out, and digressing, at great length occasionally, yet always returning to

the main subject, at the point from which the argument or illustration diverged. And this is the radical principle of all good letter-writing;—a variety of topics, not necessarily concatenated, are to be touched upon in turn, or as one suggests another, when a person sits down with a full heart, and the pen of a ready writer, to body forth his ideas as rapidly as, consistently with clearness and simplicity, they can be committed to visible forms. Such honour hath the Holy Spirit of God put upon this humblest and least pretending kind of literature: in which almost every individual, who has learned the best use of his fingers, appears, at one time or another, as an author.

In the last book of the New Testament, there are *seven epistles to the seven churches of Asia*, dictated by Him, who announces himself as "Alpha and Omega, the first and the last." These crown and complete the scripture-exhibitions of the character of the Redeemer of the world, of whom, in every stage of his sojourn on earth, it must be said, "Never man spake like this man." And, as in Him, during his deepest humiliation here, dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, so, in his glorified humanity, when he appeared to his servant John, in the Isle of Patmos, He commanded him to indite these epistles in language becoming Him "who is the faithful witness, the first-begotten from the dead, the Prince of the

kings of the earth;"—language as perfectly corresponding with his Mediatorial dignity, as the varying modes of speech, formerly employed by Him, were suited precisely to the various characters which he bore from time to time, whether,—when He was tempted of the devil in the wilderness, instructing the people by his public discourses, conversing with his disciples in private, rebuking the Scribes and Pharisees on special provocation, offering his high-priestly intercession, on the eve of his passion, agonizing in the garden of Gethsemane, answering with the majesty of meekness his revilers and persecutors, or on the cross praying for his murderers, comforting his mother, and the beloved disciple, pardoning the penitent malefactor, and though, in that hour and power of darkness, crying out, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" yet with his expiring breath giving such evidence of his divinity, that the heathen centurion who witnessed the catastrophe, was compelled to exclaim, "*Truly this was the Son of God.*"—The mind of man could not have invented such a character as our Saviour in the various aspects in which he was seen on earth, nor have put language into his lips to sustain each distinctly, and all consistently, (as in the instances above recapitulated,) from the first few words recorded to have been spoken by him, in reply to the mild remonstrance of his mother, when "the child Jesus" was found in

the temple among the doctors, hearing and asking them questions—"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—to the style of eternity in which He writes by the hand of John to the angels of the seven churches alluded to—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but (his) words (in these Epistles) shall not pass away."

Of the present publication, it need only be said, that among its diversified contents are presented beautiful and affecting examples of letters by martyrs and confessors; nobles, statesmen, and judges; eminent prelates, divines, and ministers of various evangelical denominations;—Ladies of high as well as humble birth, distinguished by the virtues and graces peculiarly becoming their sex and adorning it;—celebrated patriots, philosophers, poets, and Christians of all classes, who have been successively the glory and defence of our country, from the sixteenth century to the present time. The work was undertaken upon a hint suggested by the writer of this Preliminary Essay, that a collection of such letters, wherein might be found devout sentiments, scriptural precepts, wise counsels, or affectionate exhortations, with proofs of individual personal experience of the power of religion,—would, undoubtedly, be a valuable, and ought to be an acceptable gift to the Christian public.

These volumes, having been compiled with great care and diligent research, may be safely recommended to "all sorts and conditions of men,"—either for regular consecutive perusal, or for brief reference, when a few minutes are thrown upon their hands; such as most persons have occasionally, though not many know how to employ them to advantage. "*Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost,*" was the command of our Saviour, even after he had been multiplying bread as He brake it, to feed thousands in the wilderness. There are no "*fragments*" so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment, and yet can waste years. In spare intervals, then, let the "CHRISTIAN CORRESPONDENT" be consulted, at whatever page the eye may first light upon; for open where he may, the reader will at once find himself in company with one of the excellent of the earth; and not merely admitted to a formal audience as in his published works or official memoirs, but received on familiar and confidential terms into his house, his closet, and his heart. He who cannot profit by such a participation of "the communion of Saints," may be assured that the first defect is in himself, however justly he may presume, that the plan here attempted might have been better executed.—It only remains for the present writer to wish the spirited Proprietors, and their accomplished Editor, good success in the name of the Lord.

J. M.

Sheffield, Jan. 2, 1837.

PART I.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

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SECTION I.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FAITH; OR STRIKING EXAMPLES OF CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE AND RESIGNATION.—LETTERS WRITTEN UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES OF SEVERE SUFFERING AND AFFLICTION; AS IN PRISON, UNDER PERSECUTION, IN THE IMMEDIATE PROSPECT OF MARTYRDOM, &c. &c.

LETTER I.

LADY JANE GREY to her FATHER, on the morning of the 9th of February, 1554, the day first fixed for her execution. It was afterwards deferred to the 12th.

FATHER,

ALTHOUGH it hath pleased God to hasten my death by you, by whom my life should rather have been lengthened; yet can I so patiently take it, that I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woful days, than if all the world had been given unto my possessions, with life

lengthened at my own will; and, albeit, I am very well assured of your impatient dolours, redoubled many ways, both in bewailing your own woe, and especially, as I am informed, my woful state; yet, my dear father, if I may without offence rejoice in my own mishap, herein I may account myself blessed, that, washing my hands with the innocence of my fact, my guiltless blood may cry before the Lord—Mercy to the innocent!

And yet, (though I must needs acknowledge that, being constrained, and, as you know well enough, continually assayed, yet in taking upon me I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended the queen and her laws;) do I assuredly trust that this my offence towards God is so much the less, in that, being in so royal estate as I was, mine enforced honour blended never with mine innocent heart. And thus, good father, I have opened unto you the state wherein I at present stand. My death at hand, although to you, perhaps, it may seem woful, yet to me there is nothing that can be more welcome, than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure, with Christ our Saviour; in whose stedfast faith, if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father, the Lord, that hitherto hath strengthened you, so continue to keep you, that at the last we may meet in heaven with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

I am,

Your obedient daughter till death,

JANE DUDLEY.

LETTER II.

LADY JANE GREY to her sister, LADY CATHARINE, written in a blank leaf of her Greek Testament, the night before she suffered.

I HAVE here sent you, good sister Catharine, a book, which although it be not outwardly rimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the laws of the Lord: it is his testament and last will, (which he bequeathed unto us wretches,) which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy; and if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest desire to follow it, shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live, and learn you to die; it shall win you more than you should have gained by the possession of your woful father's lands. For as if God had prospered him you should have inherited his lands, so if you apply diligently to this book, trying to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither thief shall steal, neither yet the moth corrupt.

Desire with David, good sister, to understand the law of the Lord God. Live still to die, that you, by death, may purchase eternal life, or after your death enjoy the life purchased you by Christ's death. And trust not that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life; for as soon, if God call, the young goeth as the old. Labour always

to learn to die. Deny the world, defy the devil, and despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, and yet despair not; be steady in faith, and yet presume not; and desire with St. Paul, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, with whom, even in death, there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking; lest, when death cometh, and stealeth upon you like a thief in the night, you, with the evil servant, be found sleeping; and lest, for lack of oil, you be found like the five foolish women, and like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then ye be cast out from the marriage.

Resist, as I trust you do; and seeing you have the name of a Christian, as near as you can, follow the steps of your Master, Christ, and take up your cross, lay your sins on his back, and always embrace him. And as touching my death, rejoice as I do, good sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption. For I am assured, that I shall, for losing of a mortal life, find an immortal felicity; the which I pray God grant you, and send you of his grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith, from the which, in God's name, I exhort you that you never swerve, neither for hope of life, nor for fear of death; for if you will deny his truth to lengthen your life, God will deny you and shorten your days. And if you will cleave unto him, he will prolong your days to your comfort and his glory; to the which glory God bring me now, and

you hereafter, when it pleases him to call you. Fare you well, good sister, and put your only trust in God, who only must help you.

LETTER III.

JOHN BRADFORD to CRANMER, RIDLEY, and LATIMER, shortly before he suffered.

To my dear Fathers, Dr. CRANMER, Dr. RIDLEY, and Dr. LATIMER,

JESUS Emmanuel. My dear fathers in the Lord, I beseech God, our sweet Father, through Christ, to make perfect the good he hath begun in us all.

I had thought that all your staves had stood next the door, but now it is otherwise perceived. Our dear brother Rogers hath broken the ice valiantly; and this day, I think, or to-morrow at the uttermost, hearty Hooper, sincere Saunders, and trusty Taylor, end their course and receive their crown. The next am I, which hourly look for the porter to open for me the gates after them, to enter into the desired rest. God forgive me mine unthankfulness for this exceeding great mercy, that amongst so many thousands it pleaseth his mercy to choose me to be one in whom he will suffer; for although it is most true that I justly suffer, for I have been a great hypocrite and a grievous sinner—the Lord pardon me! yea, he hath done it; he hath done it indeed:—yet what evil hath *he* done? Christ, whom the prelates

persecute; his verity, which they hate in me, hath done no evil, nor deserveth death; therefore ought I most heartily to rejoice of this dignation,(1) and tender kindness of the Lord towards me, which uses this remedy for my sin, as a testimonial of his testament, to his glory, to my everlasting comfort, to the edifying of his church, and to the overthrowing of antichrist and his kingdom. Oh, what am I, Lord! that thou shouldest thus magnify me, so vile a man and miserable as I always have been? Is this thy wont, to send for such a wretch, and a hypocrite as I have been, in a fiery chariot, as thou didst for Elias? Oh dear fathers! be thankful for me, and pray for me, that I still may be found worthy in whom the Lord would sanctify his holy name. And for your part, make you ready: for we are but your gentlemen-ushers. The marriage of the Lamb is prepared; come unto the marriage. I now go to leave my flesh there where I received it.(2) . . . .

For my farewell, therefore, I write and send this unto you, trusting shortly to see you, where we shall never be separated: in the mean season, I will not cease, as I have done, to commend you to our Father in heaven; and I must heartily pray every one of you, that you would do so by me. You know now I have most need; but faithful is God, which will not suffer us to be tempted above our strength. He never did it hitherto, nor now, and I am assured he never will. He is on my right-

(1) Honour;—more literally, the being considered worthy.

(2) Lancashire.

hand, therefore I shall not fall. Wherefore my heart shall rejoice; for he shall not leave my soul in hell, neither shall suffer me, his holy one, by his grace in Christ, to see corruption. Out of prison, in haste, looking for the tormentor, the 8th of February, 1555. JOHN BRADFORD.

LETTER IV.

JOHN BRADFORD from prison, shortly before his martyrdom.

To my well-beloved in the Lord, W—— P——.

GRACE and peace from God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear brother, God most justly has cast me now into a dungeon, but much better than I deserve; wherein I see no man but my keeper, nor can see any except they come to me. Something in the earth my lodging is,(1) which is an example and memorial of my earthly affections, which God, I trust, will mortify; and of my sepulchre, whereunto I trust my Lord God will bring me in peace, in his good time. In the mean season, may he give me patience, lively hope, and his good Spirit. I pray you, pray for me; for the prayer of the godly, if it be fervent, worketh much with God. I thank my God my common disease troubles me less than when I was abroad, which teaches me the merciful providence of God toward me. Use

(1) His dungeon was partly under-ground.

true and hearty prayer, and you shall perceive God at length will declare himself to see, where now many think he sleepeth. Out of the Tower, by the Lord's prisoner,

JOHN BRADFORD.

LETTER V.

JOHN BRADFORD to MRS. ANN WARCUP. Under the same circumstances.

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, for his Christ's sake, increase in us faith, by which we may more and more see what glory and honour is reposed and safely kept in heaven for all them that believe with the heart, and confess Christ and his truth with the mouth.

My dearly beloved, I remember that once heretofore I wrote unto you a farewell upon conjecture, but now I write my farewell to you in this life, indeed upon certain knowledge. My staff standeth at the door. I continually look for the sheriff to come for me, and I thank God I am ready for him. Now go I to practise that which I have preached; now am I climbing up the hill—it will cause me to puff and to blow before I come to the cliff. The hill is steep and high; my breath is short, my strength is feeble; pray, therefore, to the Lord for me, that as I have now, through his goodness, even almost come to the top, I may by

his grace be strengthened, not to rest till I come where I should be. Oh, loving Lord! put out thy hand and draw me unto thee; for no man cometh but he whom the Father draweth. See, my dearly beloved, God's loving mercy; he knoweth my short breath and great weakness. As he sent a fiery chariot for Elijah, so sends he one for me; for by fire my dross must be purified, that I may be fine gold in his sight! O, unthankful wretch that I am! Lord, do thou forgive my unthankfulness. Indeed I confess (right dear to me in the Lord) that my sins have deserved hell-fire, much more than this fire. But lo, so loving is my Lord, that he converteth the remedy for my sins, the punishment for my transgressions, into a testimonial of his truth, and a testification of his truth, which the prelates persecute in me, and not my sins; therefore they persecute not me, but Christ in me, who, I doubt not, will take my part unto the very end.

Oh! that I had a heart so open that it could receive, as I should do, this great benefit and unspeakable dignity, which God my Father offereth to me. Now pray for me, my dearly beloved, pray for me, that I may never shrink. I shall never shrink, I hope: I trust in the Lord I shall never shrink; for he that always has taken my part, I am assured will not leave me when I have most need, for his truth and mercy's sake. O Lord help me! Into thy hands I commend me wholly. In the Lord is my trust; I care not what man can do unto me. My dearly beloved, say you amen, and

come after, if so God call you. Be not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, but keep company with him still. He will never leave you; but in the midst of temptation, will give you an outscape, to make you able to bear the brunt. Use hearty prayer; reverently read and hear God's word; put it in practice; look for the cross; lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh; know that the death of God's saints is precious in his sight; be joyful in the Lord; pray for the mitigation of God's heavy displeasure upon our country. God keep us for ever; God bless us with his spiritual blessings in Christ. And thus I bid you farewell for ever in this present life. Pray for me, pray for me. God make perfect his good work begun in me. Out of prison, the 7th of February. Yours in the Lord,

JOHN BRADFORD.

LETTER VI.

JOHN BRADFORD'S last farewell to his MOTHER, just before his martyrdom.

GOD'S mercy and peace in Christ, be more and more perceived of us.

My most dear mother, in the bowels of Christ I heartily pray and beseech you to be thankful for me unto God, who now thus takes me unto himself. I die not, my good mother, as a thief,

a murderer, an adulterer; but I die as a witness of Christ, his gospel, and truth, which hitherto I have confessed, I thank God, as well by preaching as by imprisonment; and now, even presently, I shall most willingly confirm the same by fire. I acknowledge that God might most justly take me hence simply for my sins, which are many, great, and grievous; but the Lord, for his mercy in Christ, hath pardoned them all, I hope; but now, dear mother, he takes me hence, by this death, as a confessor and witness, that the religion taught by Christ Jesus, the prophets, and the apostles, is God's truth. The prelates do persecute in me Christ, whom they hate, and his truth, which they may not abide, because their works are evil, and may not abide the truth and light, lest men should see their darkness. Therefore, my good and most dear mother, give thanks for me to God, that he has made the fruit of your womb to be a witness of his glory; and attend to the truth, which, I thank God for it, I have truly taught out of the pulpit at Manchester. Use often and continual prayer to God the Father, through Christ; hearken, as you may, to the Scriptures; serve God after his word, and not after custom; beware of the Romish religion in England; defile not yourself with it; carry Christ's cross, as he shall lay it upon your back; forgive them that kill me; pray for them, for they know not what they do; commit my cause to God our Father; be mindful of both your daughters, to help them as you can.

I send all my writings to you, by my brother

Roger; do with them as you will, because I cannot as I would. He can tell you more of my mind. I have nothing to give you or leave behind me for you; only I pray God my Father, for his Christ's sake, to bless you and keep you from evil. May he give you patience, may he make you thankful, for me, and for yourself, that he will take your child to witness his verity; wherein I confess to the whole world that I die and depart this life, in hope of one much better, which I look for at the hands of God my Father, through the merits of his dear Son, Jesus Christ.

Thus, my dear mother, I take my last farewell of you in this life; beseeching the Almighty and eternal Father, by Christ, to grant us to meet in the life to come, where we shall give him continual thanks and praise for ever and ever. Out of prison, the 24th of June, 1555.

Your son in the Lord,

JOHN BRADFORD.

LETTER VII.

JOHN BRADFORD to AUGUSTINE BERNEHER, respecting the preparation for his martyrdom.

To mine own good Augustine. Dear brother Augustine, I cannot but be beholden to you in my need, and therefore I write as I do. Come hither (1)

(1) To the Poultry Compter.

betimes, I pray you, in the morning, and use so to do; for then I think you shall speak with me. Also, come late in the evening, and let me know whether in the day-time I may send for you. Pray Walsh to steal you in, as I hope he will do. If he bring you in, then shall this which follows not need; but I write this doubting the worst:—First, desire my man William to make all things ready for me, for I am persuaded I shall go into Lancashire there to be burned, howbeit they say I must first go to the Fleet. Then desire him to hearken early in the morning whether I am not conveyed away before men be aware. Also, I pray you, desire Robert Harrington, who I hope will go with me, to look for that journey. Visit often my dear sister, and although I cannot now write unto her, as I would, (for all things are more strange here, and the case more and more perilous,) yet tell her that I am careful for her; desire her to be of good comfort—God shall give us to meet in his kingdom. In the mean season I will pray for her as my dearest sister. Of truth I never did love her half so well as I now do: and yet I love her not half so well as I would do; she is a true daughter of Abraham. I pray thee heartily be joyful, my good brother, and desire all my friends so to be; for I thank God, I feel a greater benefit than all the bishops in England can take from me. Praise God and pray for me, mine own dear heart in the Lord, whom I hope I shall never forget.

Your poor brother in the Lord,

JOHN BRADFORD.

LETTER VIII.

JOHN BRADFORD to LADY VANE.—"Death swallowed up in victory." Written in prison after his condemnation.

OUR dear and most meek Father always be with us, for his Christ's sake, and guide us as his children for ever.

Your comfortable and necessary letters last sent to me, right worshipful and dearly beloved, deserve at my hands, as your other benefits have done, that which I cannot give. May the Lord my God recompense you, as he can and will, undoubtedly. Now am I going to my good Father and your Father; now am I going to my Christ and your Christ; now am I going to my home and your home. I go before, but you shall follow: howbeit, when or which way, I know not; the Lord knoweth. Unto his providence and will commend yourself, for it cannot but come to pass, and there is nothing so good to us as it is. Happy were we that ever we were born, that God might set forth his glory by us, howsoever he does it. Though I am led, as was said to Peter, whither I would not, yet give thanks with me and for me, that it pleases my Father thus to lead me. I have deserved, yea, even since I came into this prison, many a shameful death: such and so great are my ingratitude and sins. But, lo, the tender kindness of my Father corrects me as a child and son, making the remedy for my sins an occasion for his glory, a

witnessing of his truth, a confirmation of his true religion, heretofore set forth and preached by me; wherein, good madam, persist, and you shall be safe. Be not ashamed of it now, for though it seems to be overcome, yet by suffering it overcometh, that God's wisdom, which is foolishness to the world, and God's power, which is weakness to the reason of man, may triumph and confound that which the world thinks wise and mighty. Now I begin to be Christ's disciple: now I begin to be fashioned like to my Master in suffering, that I may be so in reigning. Now I for ever take my farewell of you in this life. Now I commend myself into the hands of my Father, by whose providence I came into this world, by whose providence I have been kept in this world, and by whose providence I depart hence. And as his providence is towards me, so doubt you not but it is towards you, though not in such sort exteriorly, yet in such love, solicitude, and carefulness for you, interiorly. God, our God, and Father of mercy, for the blood of his Christ, wash away all our sins, comfort his church, strengthen the weak, convert, or confound, as may make most to his glory, his enemies, and be with us Emmanuel for ever.

In haste, out of prison, the 5th of February, 1555.

JOHN BRADFORD.

LETTER IX.

BISHOP RIDLEY to MASTER WEST, formerly his Chaplain, in reply to a letter, in which the latter had told him, he must either turn or die. (1)

I WISH you grace in God and love of the truth, without which, truly established in men's hearts by the mighty hand of Almighty God, it is no more possible to stand by the truth in Christ in time of trouble, than it is for the wax to abide the heat of the fire.

Sir, know this, that I am, blessed be God! persuaded that this world is but transitory; and as St. John saith, "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof." I am persuaded Christ's words are true: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." And I believe that no earthly creature shall be saved, whom the Redeemer and Saviour of the world shall deny before his Father. The Lord grant that this may be so grafted, established, and fixed in my heart, that neither things present, nor to come, high nor low, life nor death, be able to remove me thence.

It is a goodly wish, that you wish me deeply to consider things pertaining unto God's glory: but

(1) West had recanted after Queen Mary's accession. He died before Ridley; it is said, and apparently with good reason, that his death was hastened by remorse of conscience.

if you had wished also, that neither fear of death, nor hope of worldly prosperity, should hinder me from maintaining God's word and his truth, which is his glory and true honour, it would have liked me well. You desire me for God's sake to remember myself. Indeed, sir, now it is time so to do; for, so far as I can perceive, no less danger is before me than the loss both of my body and soul; and, I think, then, it is time for a man to awake, if any thing will awake him. He that will not fear him, that threatens to cast both body and soul into everlasting fire, whom will he fear? With this fear, O Lord! fasten thou together our frail flesh, that we never swerve from thy laws. You say, you have made much suit for me. God grant, that you have not in suing for my worldly deliverance, impaired and hindered the furtherance of God's word and his truth. . . .

I like very well your plain speaking, wherein you say, "I must either agree or die;" and, I think, that you mean of the bodily death, which is common both to the good and bad. *Sir, I know I must die, whether I agree or not.* But what folly were it then to make such an agreement, by which I could never escape this death, which is common to all, and should also incur the guilt of death and eternal damnation! Lord, grant that I may utterly abhor and detest this damnable agreement so long as I live.

And because, I dare say, you wrote from friendship unto me this short, earnest advertisement; and, I think, verily wishing me to live, and not to

die, therefore, bearing towards you in my heart no less love in God, than you do to me in the world, I say unto you, in the word of the Lord—and what I say to you, I say to all my friends and lovers in God—that if you do not confess and maintain to your power and knowledge, that which is grounded upon God's word, but will either, for fear or gain of the world, shrink and play the apostate, indeed you shall die the death—you know what I mean. And I beseech you all, my true friends and lovers in God, remember what I say, for this may be the last time, peradventure, that ever I shall write unto you.

From Bocardo, in Oxford, the 8th day of April, 1555.

NICHOLAS RIDLEY.

LETTER X.

From JEREMY TAYLOR, after the loss of two hopeful children, to J. EVELYN, Esq.

DEAR SIR, February 22, 1657.

I KNOW you will either excuse or acquit, or at least pardon me that I have so long seemingly neglected to make a return to your so kind and friendly letter; when I shall tell you that I have passed through a great cloud which hath wetted me deeper than the skin. It hath pleased God to send the small-pox and fevers among my children; and I have, since I received your last, buried two sweet,

hopeful boys; and have now but one son left, whom I intend, if it please God, to bring up to London before Easter, and then I hope to wait upon you, and by your sweet conversation and other divertisements, if not to alleviate my sorrow, yet, at least, to entertain myself, and keep me from too intense and actual thinkings of my trouble. Dear sir, will you do so much for me as to beg my pardon of Mr. Thurland, that I have yet made no return to him for his so friendly letter and expressions. Sir, you see there is too much matter to make excuse: my sorrow will at least render me an object of every good man's pity and commiseration. But, for myself, I bless God, I have observed and felt so much mercy in this angry dispensation of God, that I am almost transported; I am sure, highly pleased with thinking how infinitely sweet his mercies are, when his judgments are so gracious. Sir, there are many particulars in your letter which I would fain have answered; but, still, my little sadnesses intervene, and will yet suffer me to write nothing else, but that I beg your prayers, and that you will still own me to be,

Dear and honoured Sir,

Your very affectionate friend and hearty servant,

JEREMY TAYLOR.

LETTER XI.

PHILIP HENRY to his WIFE; from prison.

DEAR HEART,

I CONTINUE very well at present,—thanks be to God!—and feel nothing yet of the inconveniences of a prison. We are better accommodated, as I acquainted you in my last, than we could have expected, though we must pay for it. Just now, six ministers, nonconformists, are brought in hither from Lancashire, more than before; so far are we from enlargement. But our times are in God's hand, who hath sent us hither, I am confident, for good, though how, or which way, or wherein, I know not; but "*He is faithful who hath promised.*" My chamber-fellows and I differ something in our apprehensions of things past, which will not be helped; but for the *unseen things* that are to come, that are eternal, we are all one. Our afternoons, till late, are filled with visitants, who love us and wish us well, and are kind to us; but we cannot do with them what we would.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Wenlock was to see me yesterday, and brought me a bottle of wine. I bestow all of that kind in common with my companions, strangers here. Let me hear from you how you do, and the children, as oft as you can. Love to Matthew. Our guards change every hour, which makes it so very hard to come to us. I would gladly see him;

but when, or how, I know not. I think there is little danger of any harm to him here, if there be none at home on his return. Love to Sarah and Eleanor, and to all the rest. Do what you can to get to heaven yourselves, and to help one another thither. Prepare for further sufferings, to which it may be these things are but the preamble; but all is well that ends everlastingly well. Thanks for all your love and faithfulness to me, and patience with me; the Lord will reward it.

I am, most entirely, and most affectionately, thine, P. H.

LETTER XII.

DR. OWEN to CHARLES FLEETWOOD, Esq. A few hours before his death.

DEAR SIR,

ALTHOUGH I am not able to write one word myself, yet I am very desirous to speak one word more to you in this world, and do it by the hand of my wife. The continuance of your entire kindness, knowing what it is accompanied withal, is not only greatly valued by me, but will be a refreshment to me, as it is even in my dying hour. I am going to him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. The passage is very irksome and wearisome, through strong

pains of various sorts, which are all issued in an intermitting fever. All things were provided to carry me to London to-day, according to the advice of my physicians; but we are all disappointed by my utter disability to undertake the journey. I am leaving the ship of the church in a storm; but whilst the great Pilot is in it, the loss of a poor underrower will be inconsiderable. Live and pray, and hope, and wait patiently and do not despond; the promise stands invincible, that he will never leave us, nor forsake us. I am greatly afflicted at the distempers of your dear lady; the good Lord stand by her and support and deliver her. My affectionate respects to her, and the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency: I rest upon it, that you do so, and am,

Your's entirely,

August 22, 1683. (1) J. OWEN.

LETTER XIII.

ROBERT RICH, Earl of Warwick, to CROMWELL, in reply to a letter of condolence on the loss of a near relative.

MY LORD, 11th March, 1658.

MY pen and my heart were ever your Lordship's servants; now they are become your debtors. This

(1) The Doctor died on the 24th of August.

paper cannot enough confess my obligation, and much less discharge it, for your seasonable and sympathizing letters, which (besides the value they derive from so worthy a hand) express such faithful affections, and administer such Christian advice, as renders them beyond measure welcome and dear to me. And, although my heaviness and distraction of thoughts persuades me rather to peruse those excellent lines than to answer them, and to take relief from them rather than to make a return to them, yet I must not be so indulgent to mine own sorrows, as to lose this opportunity of being thankful to your lordship for so great a favour. My Lord, I dare not be insensible of that hand which hath laid a very sharp and awaking affliction upon me; but we may not be so presumptuous as to make choice of our own rod, or, so much as in thought, to detract from or diminish the justice, and wisdom, and goodness of God in those hard events, which must all stand inviolable, when millions of such worms as I am are gone to dust. I must need say, I have lost a dear and comfortable relation, one in whom I had much determined my affections and lodged my hopes, which are now rebuked and withered by a hasty and early death; but my property in him was inferior to his who hath taken him, and I must rest my heart in his proceedings, making it my care and suit that those evils which cannot be averted may be sanctified. In order to which I desire, from this one sad instance, to argue the whole world of vanity and variableness. Alas! what a staff of reed are these things, which have

no stay in themselves, and therefore can give none to us. They witness their own impotency, and themselves admonish us to pitch our rest above this sphere of changeable mortality, and to cast anchor in heaven, while we can find no hold at all on earth. Assuredly he that will have and hold a right tranquillity, must found it in a sweet fruition of God, which whosoever wants may be secure, but cannot be quiet. My lord, all this is but a broken echo of your pious counsel, which gives such ease to my oppressed mind, that I can scarce forbid my pen being tedious. Only it remembers your lordship's many weighty and noble employments, which, together with your prudent, heroic, and honourable managery of them, I do here congratulate as well as my grief will give me leave. Others' goodness is their own; yours is a whole country's, yea, three kingdoms', for which you justly possess interest and renown with wise and good men: virtue is a thousand escutcheons. Go on my lord; go on happily, to love religion, to exemplify it. May your lordship long continue an instrument of use, a pattern of virtue, and a precedent of glory. This is the inward and affectionate prayer of,

My, Lord,

Your Lordship's most affectionate servant,

WARWICK.

LETTER XIV.

LADY RUSSELL to DR. FITZWILLIAM, about two months after the execution of her noble husband.—Faith wrestling with overwhelming sorrow.

I NEED not tell you, good Doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused, as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer. I endeavour to make the best use I can of both; but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions, or worthiness towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one,—it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard, to moderate us in

such sad circumstances as mine. But, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts, as of a future condition, [so of the efficacy] of prayer: but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts. I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be; yet all this is that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort; when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? O! if I did steadfastly believe, I could not be dejected; for I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No, I most willingly forsake this world—this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business, but to rid my soul from sin; secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it. And when I

have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose, where he is gone, for whom *only* I grieve, I do [sometimes] fear. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds, when I let myself loose to my complaints; but I will release you, first fervently asking the continuance of your prayers, for your infinitely afflicted servant,

R. R.

Woburn Abbey, 30th September, 1683.

LETTER XV.

LADY RUSSELL to DR. FITZWILLIAM, in the same strain.

BELIEVE me, good doctor, I find myself uneasy at reading your short letter of 8th April (which I have but newly received) before I had answered yours of the 11th March. I have several times taken a pen in my hand to do it, and been prevented by dispatching less pleasing dispatches first; and so my time was spent before I came to that I intended before I laid away the pen.

The future part of my life will not I expect pass, as perhaps I would just choose: sense has been long enough gratified; indeed so long, I know not how to live by faith; yet the pleasant stream that

fed it near fourteen years together, being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living fountain, from whence all flows: while I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace and quiet; but am undone, irrecoverably so, as to my temporal longings and concerns. Time runs on, and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable with my circumstances; but I cannot experience such an effect, every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition; but the same merciful hand which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities, will (I verily believe) do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows, by too high a discontent, which is all I have now to fear. You do, I doubt not, observe I let my pen run too greedily upon this subject: indeed, it is very hard upon me to restrain it, especially to such as pity my distress, and would assist towards my relief any way in their power. I am glad I have so expressed myself to you, as to fix you in resolving to continue the course you have begun with me, which is to set before me plainly my duty in all kinds; it was my design to engage you to it; nor shall you be less successful with me, in your desires, could there happen occasion for it, which is most unlikely, Doctor Fitzwilliam understanding himself and the world so well. On neither of the points, I believe,

I shall give you reason to complain, yet please myself in both; so far of one mind we shall be.

I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place Straton for a few days, where I must expect new, amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content; considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy: but I must pass no more such days on earth. However, places are indeed nothing.—Where can I dwell that his figure is not present with me! Nor would I have it otherwise: so I resolve that shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligation upon me. That which is the immediate one, is settling, and indeed giving up the trust, my dear Lord had from my best sister.[1] Fain would I see that performed, as I know he would have done it had he lived. If I find I can do as I desire in it, I will (by God's permission) infallibly go; but indeed not to stay more than two or three weeks, my children remaining here; who shall ever have my diligent attendance, therefore shall hasten back to them.

I do not admit one thought of accepting your kind and religious offer, knowing it is not proper. I take, if I do go, my sister Margaret, and believe Lady Shaftsbury will meet me there. This I choose, as thinking some persons being there to whom I would observe some rules, will engage me to restrain myself, or keep in better bounds my wild and sad

(1) Elizabeth Wriothesley, afterwards Noel.

thoughts. This is all I can do for myself. But blest by the good prayers of others for me, they will, I hope, help me forward towards the great end of our creation.

I am, &c.

R. R.

Woburn Abbey, 20th April, 1684.

LETTER XVI.

LADY RUSSELL to DR. FITZWILLIAM.—Faith conquering.

I HAVE received your's, good doctor, writ on St. Barnabas's day; and must own, that although in those years my unprofitable life has been preserved in this vain and wicked world, I have been made acquainted with many sad and mortifying events; yet I am too sure that great work of real mortification to the over-much love to, and expectation from creatures, is so very imperfectly wrought in me to this day, that I ever need such instruction, as shall help to wean me from binding up my life and content in them, though in the best of creatures in their best estate: and very perverse it is in me towards my heavenly Father, if I do secretly repine at his dispensing to me that which my corrupt nature makes so necessary for me; but it must be his free effectual grace, that must perfect the work. He has called me to different encounters, and thereby invites me to stir up that grace he has put into my heart, and known to be so by him, though not by myself, or I should not be so tried; that power

who permits, if not appoints what I endure, having said, we shall not be tempted above what we are able to bear. He has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatened blow, which must have quickened my sorrows, if not added to them, —the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill, and God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion, for I know not how to part, with tolerable ease, from the little creature. I desire to do so of the second, and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my labouring, weary mind with some joy and satisfaction, at least, in my endeavours to do that part towards them, their most dear and tender father would not have omitted. And which, if successful, though early made unfortunate, may conduce to their happiness for the time to come, here and hereafter. When I have done this piece of my duty to my best friend and them, how gladly would I lie down by that beloved dust I lately went to visit! (that is, the case that holds it.) 'Tis a satisfaction to me you did not disapprove of what I did in it, as some do that, it seems, have heard of it, though I never mentioned it to any besides yourself.

Doctor, I had considered, I went not to seek the living among the dead. I knew I should not see him any more wherever I went, and had made

a covenant with myself, not to break out in unreasonable, fruitless passion, but quicken my contemplation whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put an end to a happy society: there I would willingly be, but we must not limit our time; I hope to wait without impatiency.

. . .

I am, &c.

R. R.

Woburn Abbey, June, 1684.

LETTER XVII.

LADY RUSSELL to DR. FITZWILLIAM.—Faith victorious.

I have very lately received one of yours from London, and had one also from Cotenham since I wrote; but I had measured your time to be at London so near, that I would not send a sad dull paper to wander up and down, as some did when you was at Farnham with the good Bishop, whose present state you do in such a manner describe, as makes me feel at the reading (though it is not the first time neither) a lightsomeness I am not used to, and by a kind of reflex act make it my own in prospect. The consideration of the other world is not only a very great, but (in my small judgment) the only support under the greatest of afflictions that can befal us here: the enlivening heat of those glories is sufficient to animate and refresh

us in our dark passage through this world; and though I am below the meanest of God's servants, that have not in the least degree lived answerable to those opportunities I have had, yet my Mediator is my judge, and he will not despise weak beginnings, though there be more smoke than flame. He will help us in believing; and though He suffers us to be cast down, will not cast those off who commit their cause to him.

I have, you find, sir, lingered out my time here; and I think none will wonder at it, that will reflect the place I am going to remove to, was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life, I could sure have laid down mine to have had continued. It was, Doctor, an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But I must remember I have a better Friend, a more abiding, whom I desire with an inflamed heart to know, not alone as good in a way of profit, but amiable in a way of excellency; then, spiritual joy will grapple with earthly griefs, and so far overcome as to give some tranquillity to a mind so tossed to and fro, as mine has been with the evils of this life; yet I have but the experience of short moments of this desirable temper, and fear to have fewer when I first come to that desolate habitation and place, where so many several passions will assault me; but having so many months mourned the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadows will not sink me. To one so

lately arrived at London, and engaged as I know you to be, I am too tedious, for one who desires always to approve herself, good Doctor, your faithful friend and servant,

R. R.

Woburn Abbey, 17 Nov. 1684.

LETTER XVIII.

DAVID BRAINERD to his brother ISRAEL.—Written in extreme illness, a few months before his death.

MY DEAR BROTHER, Boston, June 30, 1747.

It is from the sides of *eternity* I now address you. I am heartily sorry that I have so little strength to write what I long so much to communicate to you. But let me tell you, my brother, *eternity* is another thing than we ordinarily take it to be in a healthful state. Oh, how vast and boundless! Oh, how fixed and unalterable! Oh, of what infinite importance is it, that we be prepared for *eternity!* I have been just dying, now for more than a week; and all around me have thought me so. I have had clear views of *eternity;* have seen the blessedness of the *godly,* in some measure; and have longed to share their happy state, as well as been comfortably satisfied, that through grace I shall do so: but, oh, what anguish is raised in my mind, to think of an *eternity* for those who are *Christless,* for those who are mistaken, and who bring their

false hopes to the grave with them! The sight was so dreadful, I could by no means bear it; my thoughts recoiled, and I said, (under a more affecting sense than ever before,) "Who can dwell with everlasting burnings!" Oh, methought, could I now see my friends, that I might warn them to see to it, that they lay their foundation for *eternity* sure. And you, my dear brother, I have been particularly concerned for; and have wondered I so much neglected conversing with you about your spiritual state at our last meeting. Oh, my brother, let me then beseech you now to examine, whether you are indeed a *new creature?* whether you have ever acted above *self?* whether the *glory* of God has ever been the sweetest and highest concern with you? whether you have ever been reconciled to all the perfections of God? in a word, whether God has been your *portion*, and a holy *conformity* to him your chief delight? If you cannot answer positively, consider seriously the frequent breathings of your soul: but do not however put yourself off with a slight answer. If you have reason to think you are *graceless*, oh, give yourself and the throne of grace no rest, till God arise and save. But if the case should be otherwise, bless God for his grace, and press after holiness. (1)

My soul longs, that you should be fitted for, and in due time go into the work of the *ministry*.

(1) "Mr. Brainerd afterwards had greater satisfaction concerning the state of his brother's soul, by much opportunity of conversation with him before his death."—*Jonathan Edwards.*

I cannot bear to think of your going into any other business in life. Do not be discouraged, because you see your elder brothers in the ministry *die early*, one after another. I declare now I am dying, I would not have spent my life *otherwise* for the whole world. But I must leave this with God.

If this line should come to your hands soon after the date, I should be almost desirous you should set out on a journey to me: it may be, you may see me alive; which I should much rejoice in. But if you cannot come, I must commit you to the grace of God, where you are. May he be your guide and counsellor, your sanctifier and eternal portion!

Oh! my dear brother, flee fleshly *lusts*, and the enchanting *amusements*, as well as corrupt *doctrines* of the present day; and strive to *live to God*. Take this as the *last* line from

Your affectionate dying brother,

DAVID BRAINERD.

LETTER XIX.

DAVID BRAINERD to his brother JOHN, a very short time before his death.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am now just at the verge of *eternity*, expecting very speedily to appear in the unseen world. I

feel myself no more an inhabitant of *earth*, and sometimes earnestly long to depart and be with Christ. I bless God, he has for some *years* given me an abiding conviction, that it is impossible for any rational creature to enjoy true *happiness* without being entirely "devoted to him." Under the influence of this conviction, I have in some measure acted. Oh that I had done more so! I saw both the excellency and necessity of *holiness* in life; but never in such a manner as now, when I am just brought to the sides of the grave. Oh, my brother, pursue after *holiness;* press towards this blessed mark, and let your thirsty soul continually say, "I shall never be satisfied till I awake in thy likeness." Although there has been a great deal of selfishness in my views, of which I am ashamed, and for which my soul is humbled at every view; yet, blessed be God, I find I have really had, for the most part, such a concern for *his glory*, and the advancement of *his kingdom* in the world, that it is a satisfaction to me to reflect upon *these years.*

And now, my dear brother, as I must press you to pursue after *personal* holiness, to be as much in *fasting* and *prayer* as your health will allow, and to live above the rate of *common Christians;* so I must entreat you solemnly to attend to your *public* work; labour to distinguish between *true* and *false* religion; and to that end, watch the motions of God's Spirit upon your own heart. Look to *Him* for help, and impartially compare your experience with his *word.* Read Mr. Edwards on the *affec-*

tions, where the essence and soul of religion is clearly distinguished from false affections. Value religious *joys* according to the subject-matter of them: there are many who rejoice in their supposed *justification,* but what do these joys argue, but only that they love themselves? Whereas, in *true* spiritual joys, the soul rejoices in God for what He is *in himself;* blesses God for his holiness, sovereignty, power, faithfulness, and all his perfections; adores God, that he is what he is, that he is unchangeably possessed of infinite glory and happiness. Now, when men thus rejoice in the *perfections of God,* and in the *infinite excellency of the way of salvation by Christ,* and in the holy *commands* of God, which are a transcript of his holy nature; *these* joys are divine and spiritual. Our joys will stand by us at the hour of *death,* if we can be then satisfied, that we have thus acted above *self;* and in a disinterested manner, if I may so express it, rejoiced in the *glory* of the blessed God. I fear, you are not sufficiently aware how much *false* religion there is in the world; many serious Christians and valuable ministers are too easily imposed upon by this false *blaze.* I likewise fear, you are not sensible of the *dreadful effects* and *consequences* of this false religion. Let me tell you, *it is "Satan transformed into an angel of light;"* it always springs up with every revival of religion, and stabs and murders the cause of God, while it passes current with multitudes of well-meaning people for the height of religion. Set yourself, my brother, to crush all appear-

ances of this nature, among the Indians, and never encourage any degrees of heat without light. Charge my people in the name of their *dying minister*, yea, in the name of "*Him who was dead and is alive*," to live and walk as becomes the gospel. Tell them how great the expectations of God and his people are from them, and how awfully they will wound God's cause, if they fall into vice; as well as fatally prejudice other poor Indians. Always insist, that their experiences are *rotten*, that their joys are *delusive*, although they may have been rapt up into the *third heavens* in their own conceit by them, unless the main tenour of their *lives* be spiritual, watchful, and holy. In pressing these things, "thou shalt both save thyself, and those that hear thee."

God knows, I was heartily willing to have served him *longer* in the work of the ministry, although it had still been attended with all the *labours* and *hardships* of past years, if he had seen fit that it should be so: but as his will now appears otherwise, I am fully content, and can with utmost freedom say, "The will of the Lord be done." It affects me to think of leaving you in a world of sin: my heart pities you, that those storms and tempests are yet before you, which I trust, through grace, I am almost delivered from. But "God lives, and blessed be my Rock:" he is the same Almighty Friend; and will, I trust, be your guide and helper, as he has been mine.

And now, my dear brother, "I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able

to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." May you enjoy the divine presence, both in private and public; and may "the arms of your hands be made strong, by the right hand of the mighty God of Jacob!" Which are the passionate desires and prayers of

Your affectionate dying brother,
DAVID BRAINERD.

LETTER XX.

DR. THOS. RUNDLE, a very few hours before his death, to ARCHDEACON S——.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, March 22, 1743.

Adieu—for ever! Perhaps I may be alive when this comes to your hands—more probably not;—but in either condition, your sincere well-wisher. Believe me, my friend, there is no comfort in this world, but a life of virtue and piety; and no death supportable, but one comforted by Christianity, and its real and rational hope. The first, I doubt not, you experience daily: may it be long before you experience the second! I have lived to be "*conviva satur*," *passed through good report and evil report;* have not been injured more than outwardly by the last, and solidly benefited by the former. May all who love the truth in Christ Jesus, and sincerely obey the gospel, be happy!

for they deserve to be so, who (αληθευειν εν αγαπη) seek truth in the spirit of love.

Adieu!—I have no more strength.—My affectionate last adieu to your lady.

LETTER XXI.

DR. DODDRIDGE on his death-bed, to a FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I see, indeed, no hope of recovery, yet *my heart rejoiceth* in my God, and in my Saviour; and I can call him under this failure of every thing else, *its strength* and everlasting portion. I must now thank you for your heart-reviving letter to strengthen my faith, to comfort my soul, and assist me in *swallowing up death in victory!* God hath, indeed, been wonderfully good to me; but I am less than the least of his mercies, less than the least hope of his children. Adored be his grace for whatever it hath wrought by me; and blessed be you of the Lord, for the strong consolations you have been the instrument of administering; let me desire you to write again, and to pour out your heart freely with all its strong cordial sentiments of Christianity; nothing will give me greater joy:—what a friend you will be in heaven! How glad shall I be to welcome you there, after a long, and glorious course of service, to increase the lustre of your crown! May you long shine, with your light,

warmth, and influence, like a sun upon the earth, when there remains not any united particles of that poor, wasting, sinking frame, which enables this immortal spirit to call itself your Friend in everlasting bonds,

P. DODDRIDGE.

LETTER XXII.

The Hon. T. BELCHER on the death of his wife, to Dr. WATTS.

DEAR SIR, Boston, Nov. 29, 1736.

. . .

I am now, with a faint voice and with a trembling hand, to acquaint you of the death of my late dear wife, on the 6th ult. God has removed the desire of my eyes with a stroke; she who had been the faithful divider of all my cares, and the doubler of all my joys. I desire now to remember, that "affliction does not spring out of the dust," nor "does God willingly afflict or grieve the children of men:" I would, therefore, bow down and adore, and say, "I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men?" And "wherefore doth a living man complain? A man for the punishment of his sins?" Especially since, in this judgment, God gives me great reason to sing of mercy; for she had the full use of her reason till the last moment, and died in great peace and se-

renity; and while I tell you some of her last expressions, you will charitably hope so. She died on the Wednesday, and on the Monday before, as I was sitting with her on the bed, I said to her, "*My dear, you draw nigh to the grave.*" She replied, "*I know it, my dear.*" I then said, "*It is a great work to die.*" She answered, "*So it is; but Christ Jesus died for the chief of sinners, or I should die without hope.*" She then went on; "*He is an Almighty Saviour, and saves to the uttermost those that come unto Him; therefore, my dear, I am not afraid to die.*" And again, with a loud voice, she said, "*He is a lovely Saviour, and I love Him with my whole soul; and could not love Him, if He had not loved me first.*" She has trod the dark valley, whither I must soon follow her; and the voice of God to me in this providence is, "Be you, therefore, ready also." Let me, then, sir, ask you to join your prayers to mine, that by the assistance of the Holy Spirit of God, I may "stand with my loins girt, and my light burning, that whenever the Son of man comes I may enter into the joy of my Lord." May you and I meet and dwell for ever there, through infinite riches of grace and mercy, in Jesus Christ! Amen. Reverend sir,

Your assured friend,

And most obedient servant,

J. BELCHER

not accomplish, Christianity has done. To the Author of our religion and our consolation, be the glory.

I cannot in a better manner express our thoughts upon this occasion than by quoting the following lines, which I wrote, a few days after the death of our two children, for the use of my then mourning wife and myself. You may call it a short letter from my dear girl to us, just after she had ceased to breathe, and a little before her brother's death.

"Your tender care, and fond, though rational love of all your children, with your agonies of grief under the apprehension of parting with me and my dear brother, are the most convincing proofs of the reality and greatness of your sorrow, now that I am gone, and he is just upon the wing to follow me to the unknown world. But it was He who made us that called us away, and we cheerfully obeyed the summons: and I must tell you, though you both already know it, that He expects from you, not only that you meekly and calmly submit to such a seemingly severe dispensation of his providence, but that you also rejoice with me in it, because it is the will and pleasure of our divine Father.

"I, young as I was, am now become an inhabitant of heaven, and already see the beauty and harmony of that little chain of events, which related to my short abode in your world, and even the manner of my leaving it: and when you see things as they really are, and not as they may now appear, you will confess and adore the divine goodness, even in taking us so soon from your embraces.

"God, who made all things for the manifestation of his adorable perfections, gave us our being from you: adore him therefore for his goodness, in making use of you as instruments, in the course of events, to usher us into the world. Ask not why he so early removed us: we sufficiently answered the great end of our short being, if, while living, at the same time that we gave you pleasure, you were disposed to lead us, by your examples and precepts, into the paths of virtue and religion; and if now, by the loss of us, you become examples of patience and submission to the Divine will, which, next to doing the will of God, are virtues which bear the greatest name in our world.

"Let, therefore, all the little incidents in our past lives, the remembrance of which are too apt to renew your sorrow, be so many occasions of your joy; inasmuch as they may recall the pleasant ideas you once delighted in; and let the dismaying and melancholy remembrance of our sickness and early death, be changed into cheering and bright ideas of what we now enjoy; and what you, I hope, will one day see us in possession of."

My wife joins with me in my services to your lady, and in the most sincere wishes for the prosperity of you and yours.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and very humble servant,

SAMUEL PYE.

LETTER XXV.

MRS. ROWE, on her death-bed, to her MOTHER.

MADAM,

I am now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to you. I leave you with the sincerest concern for your own happiness, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be answered when I am sleeping in the dust! May the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal pleasure.

I would collect the powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations, bless you.—It is but a short space I have to measure—my shadows are lengthening, and my sun declining; that goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life: that name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my strength and my salvation.

To meet death with a becoming fortitude, is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or holiness of my own; for, oh! in my best estate, I am altogether vanity—a wretched, helpless sinner; but in the merits and perfect righteousness of God my Saviour, I hope

to appear justified at the supreme tribunal, where I must shortly stand to be judged.(1)

LETTER XXVI.

MRS. ROWE, on her death-bed, to the COUNTESS OF HERTFORD.

MADAM,

This is the last letter you will ever receive from me, the last assurance I shall give you on earth of a sincere and steadfast friendship; but when we meet again I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and ecstasy. Mine perhaps may be the first glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival on the happy shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is. Thither I have sent my ardent wishes that you may be secured from the flattering delusion of the world; and after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may you calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy!

I am now taking my farewell of you here; but it is a short adieu, for I die with full persuasion that we shall meet again. But, O, in what elevation of happiness! in what enlargement of mind, and perfection of every faculty! What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall feel ourselves eternally possest!

(1) This letter was not to be sent to her mother till she was dead.

To Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, we shall ascribe immortal glory, dominion, and praise for ever. This is all my salvation, and all my hope. That name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the families on earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence. In his merits alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes if I depended on those works, which my own vanity or the partiality of men have called good, and which, if examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious sins! The best actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the test of that unblemished holiness in whose sight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement! How desperate, how undone my condition! With the utmost advantage I can boast, I should start back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty. O Jesus, what harmony dwells in thy name! Celestial joy and immortal life are in the sound. Let angels set thee to their golden harps, let the ransomed nations for ever magnify thee.

What a dream is mortal life, what shadows are the objects of sense! All the glories of mortality, my much loved friend, will be nothing in your view at the awful hour of death, when you must be separated from the whole creation, and enter on the borders of the immaterial world.

Something persuades me that this will be my last farewell in this world. Heaven forbid that it

should be an everlasting parting! May that divine protection, whose care I implore, keep you steadfast in the faith of Christianity, and guide your steps in the strictest paths of virtue. Adieu, my most dear friend, till we meet in the paradise of God.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

LETTER XXVII.

REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD, in the prospect of his speedy dissolution, to Mr. S—— S——.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, At Sea, July 15, 1763.

. . . My breath is short, and I have little hopes, since my late relapse, of much further public usefulness. A few exertions, like the last struggles of a dying man, or glimmering flashes of a taper just burning out, is all that can be expected from me. But blessed be God, the taper will be lighted up again in heaven. The sun, when setting here, only sets to rise in another clime. Such is the death of all God's saints. Why then should we be afraid? Why should we not rather by faith be looking through the windows of mortality, and daily crying, "Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming?" We have need of patience, especially when the evil days of sickness and declining age come. But we serve a master who will not forsake his servants when grey headed. When heart and flesh

fail, God, even our God in Christ, will be our portion and confidence for ever.

Yours, &c. &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER XXVIII.

REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD to Mr. G——.

The Downs, on board the Friendship,

Sept. 15, 1769.

MY DEAR MR. G——D,

I cannot forget your old readiness to serve and attend upon me. I cannot forget your last parting conversation. Alas! alas! how little do we know of the bitter cups that await us in the decline of life! May Jesus sweeten them with his love. He will, he will. This will make them palatable. This and this alone can make us cry from our inmost souls, "The cup which my heavenly Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?" Though bitter, there is no death in this cup: on the contrary, nothing but life, nothing but life! Courage then, my dear Mr. G —— d, courage. Yet a little while and we shall see

All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER XXIX.

CHRISTIAN F. SWARTZ to his FRIENDS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, Tanjore, July 10, 1784.

I have been prevented by illness from having the pleasure of addressing you sooner. I can hardly describe to you the nature of my weakness. I felt no pain, but such a relaxation in my frame, that speaking, walking, &c. fatigued me greatly. This I felt during April and May. When we were favoured with some refreshing showers, I felt myself a little better. I could not write before, because my hand shook so that I could not use my pen. But enough of this! Age comes upon me: therefore I have no reason to wonder at weakness. If the mind be sound, all is well: the rest we shall quit when we enter into the grave. That will cure all our indispositions. On this subject I meditate frequently. And, oh! may God grant me grace to do it more effectually, that I may number my (perhaps very few) days. Eternity is an awful subject, which should be continually in our mind.

I know, I feel, that I have no righteousness of my own, whereon I would dare to depend for eternal happiness. If God should enter into judgment with me, what would become of me? But blessed, for ever blessed, be the adorable mercy of God, which has provided a sure place of refuge for guilty man! The atonement of Jesus Christ

is the foundation of my hope, peace, life, and happiness. Though I am covered all over with sin, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all mine iniquities, and sets my heart at rest. Though I am a blind corrupted creature, the Spirit of Jesus enlighteneth, cheereth, and strengtheneth us to abominate all sin, and to renounce the lusts of the world and the flesh. Though the day of judgment is approaching, the love of God comforts us so far as to have boldness to appear before our Judge; not as if we were innocent creatures, but because we are pardoned, washed, and cleansed in the blood of Christ. Oh! my dear friends, an interest in the atonement of Christ, and a participation in the graces of the Spirit—these constitute a Christian!—these cheer and strengthen the heart!—these glorify God!—these entitle and qualify us for heaven! Let us daily, therefore, come before God through the blessed Jesus. But let us, at the same time, not neglect the second point, namely, our sanctification. Our time is short. Within some days, I have sojourned in this country thirty-four years. The end of my journey is, even according to the course of nature, near. May I not flag! May my last days be my best!—Farewell! May grace, peace, and divine mercy follow you at all times. I am, my dear friends,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

C. F. SWARTZ.

LETTER XXX.

CHRISTIAN F. SWARTZ to his FRIENDS.

How many thousand benefits have I received from a merciful God! How grateful ought I to have been! But, alas, I must say, "Forgive, forgive all my multiplied iniquities, for the sake of Jesus Christ."

Whether I shall write again is uncertain. One thing only is certain, that we must die. But if we die in the Lord, united to Jesus Christ, being interested in his atonement, and renewed, at least in some degree, by his Spirit, and having a well-grounded hope of everlasting life, all is well. Death has lost its sting, that is, its power to hurt us. O blessed eternity! there I hope to sing the praises of God and our Redeemer with you. Till then, let us "fight the good fight of faith, laying hold on eternal life," till we enjoy it. Remember me to —— and ——; and tell them I wish to be with them in the house of my heavenly Father. I am now on the brink of eternity. Oh! when shall I see God and praise him for ever? When shall I be perfectly wise, holy, and happy? When shall I live for ever?

I am, sincerely, to the last breath of my life,

Dear friends,

Your most obedient servant,

C. F. SWARTZ.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. ROBINSON of Cambridge, on the death of his daughter Julia, to Mrs. T——.

MADAM, Chesterton, Oct. 29, 1787.

You will not be surprised when I inform you, that all our hopes and fears concerning Julia ended in her departure on the evening of the ninth instant. You, I know, foresaw it. For my part I wilfully blinded myself. I could not, I would not believe it could be; but it was and I have felt it, and ever shall feel it.

. . . .

Reclining her head on the pillow, she said, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit," and without a struggle, a sigh, a groan, or an unpleasant appearance, fell asleep. Oh! Mrs. T——, the picture is in my mind. I shall never lose it!

"Turn, hopeless thought, turn from her.
Thought repelled, resenting, rallies and wakes all my woe."

Julia was the beauty and the pride of my family. She was straight as an arrow, five feet ten inches high. A dark eye, like fire, and an oval visage full of sensibility, and sweetness; a complexion like the lily tinged with the blush of the rose. She had a fund of sterling wit, and a wise, grave reason, that directed the use of it. . . . She had the most just and sublime notions of God, and a perpetual veneration for him. No suspicions invaded her serene bosom, during a gradual de-

cline of three years: on the contrary, often would she exclaim, "His tender mercies are over all his works! Shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right?" She had felicity enough to enjoy, and to communicate; and her sisters, who always waited on her, said, Father, Jule is an angel! My heart, my aching heart! She was an angel. Ah, too true! She had wings and flew away. Do, dear Mrs. T——, forgive me. It eases me to write to you; for you, I know, share my grief.

> "As on some lonely building's top
> The sparrow tells her moan;
> So far from tents of joy and hope,
> I sit and grieve alone."

I am not offended with the good Father in heaven. I have no fears about the lovely spirit of the departed. But will the great Being be angry with me for perceiving, when my family assemble, that 'David's place is empty?"

How wonderful are God's ways! My mother at ninety with a complexion and a vivacity proper to seventeen, goes into mourning for seventeen, decrepit, departed, decayed! Mrs. Robinson and the family have borne the shock better than could have been imagined. The lot has fallen upon me, and they in eagerness to comfort me, console themselves.

Pardon me, madam, that I can think and write of nothing else. I deferred this till I could procure franks to send the enclosed papers to Mr. T——. To him and yourself we feel the utmost

gratitude and esteem, not merely for the polite performance of both the bounties and the graces of hospitality, but for qualities of piety and goodness of far superior worth. . . .

I am, madam,
In which Mrs. Robinson and house join,
Your most obliged,
R. ROBINSON.

LETTER XXXII.

Letter of a PRIVY COUNCILLOR, on the death of his wife.

I am sincerely obliged to you, my dear good sir, for your two last favours; the first of them I received the day after my last letter to you had left this. I cannot sufficiently express how thankful I am for the great relief and comfort which those kind and affectionate letters have afforded me. Although my loss is irreparable, yet as you have truly suggested, it is to the inconceivable *gain* of one who was far dearer to me than my own life; and if she could be a witness to any thing here below, nothing could be so acceptable to her as my perfect acquiescence in the dispensations of God. Few men have enjoyed, even for a time, so much happiness in the marriage-state as I have done; and I can never sufficiently adore the goodness of God, for indulging me with so great a blessing, for so long a time; and I hope I have a due sense of it. Her goodness, her knowledge, her

humility, her agreeable manners, her improving conversation, her sweet even temper, her constant love and tenderness to me, were *ever* new, and *never* ceased. How can I forget such excellencies? how can I recollect them without tears and anguish of heart? In short, I find it impossible now, by any power I am able to exert, to conquer the afflicting impressions that these ideas raise in my mind; yet, amidst all my sorrows, I can truly say, that it is a pleasing reflection to me to look back, and to consider, that so far from thwarting that dear angel in her constant course of godliness, I was still happy when I could do any thing to encourage, assist, or animate her endeavours. We lived together for fifteen years seven months and twenty days, in an uninterrupted course of happiness; no disagreements, no unkindnesses ever arose; we had but one heart and one mind upon every subject, the happy effect of being firmly united in one faith; for nothing but the secret influence of true religion will ever securely bind together the mutual affections of the heart. We considered the events of this world, arising from the changes and chances of human affairs, as secondary considerations, fitted for our state and condition here; but whether prosperous or adverse, as under the direction of an all-wise Providence, (before whom even the hairs of our head are all numbered, and without whose permission even a sparrow shall not fall to the ground,) and who will infallibly work them together for good, to those who do not rest in them as the first objects of their trust and confidence.

Under this belief we endeavoured to make the best use of whatever occurred; and although we had troubles and distresses that sometimes broke in upon our general comforts, (for none are without them, from him that sitteth on the throne, to him that lieth in the dungeon,) yet, thank God, they were but few and soon vanished; they were just sufficient to animate us to our duty, not so heavy as to oppress our hearts or distract our thoughts. I have often wondered at myself, who have been so long accustomed to these habits of thinking and acting, that the loss I have sustained, which merely respects myself, (for her troubles are all at an end, and her happiness now increased far beyond my imagination,) should wound me so desperately as it does; but it is the weakness of my nature; I cannot help it. Our Saviour himself wept over the grave of a beloved friend; I trust that his blessed example will give a sanction to my tears: I pray that his grace may prevent me from carrying them to a criminal indulgence. My poor frame is shook to pieces; but I am endeavouring to do all I can to recruit my strength; and I still hope, that time and proper care, with God's blessing, will at length recover me.

I have great satisfaction in finding, that so far from disapproving of the step I am taking with regard to my son, you think it will prove essentially beneficial to him. I shall use every means in my power to forward his improvement and happiness here and hereafter. If I fail, I must submit. I have now borne a heavier affliction than his mis-

conduct can possibly bring upon me; and therefore I shall stand prepared for any disappointment that may happen with regard to him, still praying and hoping that God will give him grace to see his true interest, and enable him to perform the duties necessary to it.

LETTER XXXIII.

DR. BEATTIE, on the death of his son, to the DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, Dec. 1, 1790.

Knowing with what kindness and condescension your Grace takes an interest in every thing that concerns me and my little family, I take the liberty to inform you, that my son James is dead; that the last duties to him are now paid; and that I am endeavouring to return, with the little ability that is left me, and with entire submission to the will of Providence, to the ordinary business of life. I have lost one who was always a pleasing companion; but who, for the last five or six years, was one of the most entertaining and instructive companions that ever man was blest with; for his mind comprehended almost every science; he was a most attentive observer of life and manners; a master of classical learning; and he possessed an exuberance of wit and humour, a force of understanding, and a correctness and delicacy of taste, beyond any other person of his age I have ever known.

He was taken ill in the night of the 30th November, 1789; and from that time his decline commenced. It was long what physicians call a *nervous atrophy;* but towards the end of June, symptoms began to appear of the lungs being affected. Goats' milk, and afterwards asses' milk, were procured for him in abundance; and such exercise as he could bear he regularly took. These means lengthened his days no doubt, and alleviated his sufferings, which, indeed, were not often severe; but, in spite of all that could be done, he grew weaker and weaker, and died the 19th November, 1790, without complaint or pain, without even a groan or a sigh; retaining to the last moment the use of his rational faculties: indeed, from first to last, not one delirious word ever escaped him. He lived twenty-two years and thirteen days. Many weeks before it came, he saw death approaching; and he met it with such composure and pious resignation, as may no doubt be equalled, but cannot be surpassed.

He has left many things in writing, serious and humourous, scientific and miscellaneous, prose and verse, Latin and English; but it will be a long time before I shall be able to harden my heart so far as to revise them.

I have the satisfaction to know, that every thing has been done for him that could be done; and every thing according to the best medical advice that Scotland could afford. For the last five months I kept in my family a young medical friend, who was constantly at hand: and from the beginning

to the end of my son's illness, I was always either by him or within call. From these circumstances, your Grace will readily believe that I derive no little satisfaction. But my chief comfort arises from reflecting upon the particulars of his life; which was one uninterrupted exercise of piety, benevolence, filial affection, and indeed of every virtue which it was in his power to practise. I shall not, with respect to him, adopt a mode of speech which has become too common, and call him *my poor son:* for I must believe that he is infinitely happy, and will be so for ever.

May God grant every blessing to your Grace, your family, and all your friends.

The Duke of Gordon has done me the honour, according to his wonted and very great humanity, to write me a most friendly and sympathetic letter on this occasion.

LETTER XXXIV.

REV. T. SCOTT, on the loss of his infant child.

October 19, 1779.

I have to inform you that it has pleased the Lord who gave, also to take away from us, our youngest boy, your husband's godson, and thereby to discharge him and us from our trust. After a lingering and wasting disorder, in which the poor thing appeared to suffer very much, he was released from

this world of sin and sorrow, and, I doubt not, joined the blessed assembly above, to unite in their song of praise "to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed them to God with his blood." He died on the morning of September the twenty-fifth. Nature will feel and heave the anxious sigh; but faith looks within the veil, beholds the happy deliverance, approves, and rejoices: and I trust we are both enabled to say from our hearts, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken way, blessed be the name of the Lord."—So long as the poor infant was amongst the number of sufferers, it was a sharp trial to us both; but when he was released, I believe, in our better judgment, we both rejoiced. But I am speaking all these things to one who knows not experimentally a parent's heart; and, if I can judge by myself, and my way of thinking before I was a parent, I can fancy you saying, "There is no such great loss, nor such a mighty resignation, in being willing to part with a little infant, that seems well out of the way." Thus I used to think: but it comes nearer a parent's heart than you can imagine: and it would be no easy matter to me to resign patiently to this loss, were it not that I assuredly believe, that, as the Lord knows best what is good for me, so he is engaged by promise, to make all work together for my good; and were I not also assured (which too often one cannot be concerning deceased persons) that he is now a blessed spirit in heaven; from whence, if they in heaven have knowledge of the concerns of those

they leave behind, he looks down with a mixture of pity and astonishment, to see us so ignorantly, I had almost said enviously, wishing him a sharer of our vain enjoyments, embittered with numberless sorrows, and defiled by continual sins.

. . . . .

Yours, &c.

T. SCOTT.

LETTER XXXV.

REV. T. SCOTT, on the commencement of a law-suit against the publishers of his Commentary, which threatened the loss of the whole of his little property.

. . . Could it (the claim) be established, the consequences would be, the sweeping away of all my little property; the locking up of £5000 expended by the purchasers of the copy-right, besides the money paid me,—which they would have a right to reclaim; and the perpetuating of the first edition, with all its imperfections on its head, to the exclusion of all subsequent improvements; unless some compromise could be submitted to ——. It is wholly in the breast of one man (the chancellor) to decide: but that man's heart is *in the hand of the Lord!*——Pray that I may be enabled to act as it becomes a Christian, and an aged minister of Christ, in the business; and, as to the rest, "the will of the Lord be done."

LETTER XXXVI.

REV. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, on the loss of his wife, who died at sea, on her voyage out to India to rejoin her husband, to COLONEL SANDYS.

Sooksagur, near Calcutta, 22nd October, 1805.

MY DEAR SANDYS,

I have been at this place for some time past, in the hope of getting a little strength. I was visited by a fever about two months ago, and was despaired of for a day or two. But the prayers of the righteous were offered up, and my days have been prolonged. It was with a kind of reluctance I felt myself carried back by the refluent waves to encounter again the storms of this life: for I had hoped the fight was done. Although unprofitable has been my life, and feeble my exertions, yet I was more afraid of the trials to come, if I should survive, than of departing to my rest, if it was the will of God. I had made a disposition of my fortune to Mary, and her pious purposes; (for she too had undertakings in view;) believing that she would be much more useful than I could. My first care on my convalescence was to write to *her* an account of that event. In a few days afterwards the Calcutta Indiaman arrived from St. Helena, and brought me the news of my dear Mary's decease! Before she went away I perceived that her affections were nearly weaned from this world; and she often said, that she thought God was preparing her for his presence in glory. She was greatly favoured

in her near access to God in prayer; and she delighted in retirement and sacred meditation. She was jealous of herself latterly, when she anticipated the happiness of our all meeting in England, and endeavoured to chastise the thought.

Her sufferings were great, but she accounted her consolations greater; and she used to admire the goodness of God to her, in bringing her to a knowledge of the truth at so early an age. It was her intention, had she lived to reach England, to have gone down with her two little girls to visit you; saying, "We shall behold each other as two new creatures." You had been accused to her of being too peculiar, and she wished to see what was amiss.

When she found her dissolution drawing near, she solemnly devoted her two little girls to God; and prayed that He would be their Father, and bring them up in his holy fear, and preserve them from the vanities of this evil world. She said she could willingly die for the souls of her children; and she did die, in the confident hope of seeing them both in glory.

Having had it in contemplation to have followed my dear Mary to England next year, I had let my house at Garden Reach to Sir John D'Oyly. I had also sold my furniture, horses, &c. previously to my proceeding to Malabar. But in the meantime I fell sick; and now that I have recovered, I mean to defer my journey to the coast till the new government be settled. Sir George Barlow is at present up the country; Mr. Udney is Deputy Governor. Both of them are warm supporters of religious im-

provement in India, and I trust they will do good. They know nothing of my "Memoir," nor any one else but Mr. Brown.

The B.'s here are affectionately concerned in my recovery, and pay me every attention in their power. I do not know whether I shall go to England next year or not; I am now a desolate old man, though young in years. But my path will, I doubt not, be made "clear as the noon-day."

By your late letters I see that you are flourishing like a palm-tree! How often have you passed the palm-tree in India, without comparing it to the righteous man?

My dear Mary's name and character was latterly well known among the excellent of the earth; and her memory has left a fragrance for years to come.

Yours affectionately,

C. BUCHANAN.

LETTER XXXVII.

REV. ANDREW FULLER, after the death of his wife, (under peculiarly affecting circumstances,) to his father-in-law, MR. GARDINER.

DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER, Aug. 25, 1792.

You have heard, I suppose, before now, that my dear companion is no more! For about three months back, our afflictions have been extremely heavy. About the beginning of June, she was

seized with hysterical affections, which, for a time, deprived her of her senses. In about a week, however, she recovered them, and seemed better; but soon relapsed again: and during the months of July and August, a very few intervals excepted, her mind has been constantly deranged. In this unhappy state, her attention has generally been turned upon some one object of distress: sometimes that she had lost her children; sometimes that she should lose me. For one whole day she hung about my neck weeping; for that I was going to die, and leave her! The next morning she still retained the same persuasion; but instead of weeping for it, she rejoiced with exceeding joy. "My husband," (said she,) "is going to heaven—and all is well!—I shall be provided for."—Sometimes we were her worst enemies, and must not come near her; at other times she would speak to me in the most endearing terms. Till very lately, she has been so desirous of my company, that it has been with much difficulty that I have stole away from her about two hours in the twenty-four, that I might ride out for the air, my health having been considerably impaired. But lately her mind took another turn, which to me has been very afflicting. It is true, she never ceased to love her husband. "I have had," she would say, "as tender a husband as ever woman had; but you are not my husband!" She seemed for the last month really to have considered me as an impostor, who had entered the house, and taken possession of the keys of every place, and of all that belonged to her and her hus-

band. Poor soul! for the last month, as I said, this and other notions of the kind have rendered her more miserable than I am able to describe! She has been fully persuaded that she was *not at home*, but had wandered somewhere from it; had lost herself, and fallen among strangers. She constantly wanted to make her escape, on which account we were obliged to keep the doors locked, and to take away the keys. "No," she would say to me, with a countenance full of inexpressible anguish, "this is not my home—you are not my husband—these are not my children. Once I had a good home—and a husband who loved me—and dear children—and kind friends—but where am I now? I am lost! I am ruined! What have I done? Oh! what have I done? Lord have mercy upon me!" In this strain she would be frequently walking up and down, from room to room, bemoaning herself, without a tear to relieve her, wringing her hands, first looking upwards, then downwards, in all the attitudes of wild despair! You may form some conception what must have been my feelings, to have been a spectator of all this anguish, and at the same time incapable of affording her the smallest relief.

Though she seemed not to know the children about her, yet she had a keen and lively remembrance of those that were taken away. One day, when I was gone out for the air, she went out of the house. The servant missing her, immediately followed, and found her in the grave-yard, looking at the graves of her children. She said nothing; but with a bitterness of soul, pointed the servant's eyes to the wall,

where the name of one of them, who was buried in 1783, was cut in the stone. Then turning to the graves of the other children, in an agony, she with her foot struck off the long grass, which had grown over the flat stones, and read the inscriptions with silent anguish, alternately looking at the servant and at the stones.

About a fortnight before her death, she had one of the happiest intervals of any during the affliction. She had been lamenting on account of this *impostor* that was come into her house, and would not give her the keys. She tried for two hours to obtain them by force, in which time she exhausted all her own strength and almost mine. Not being able to obtain her point, as I was necessarily obliged to resist her in this matter, she sat down and wept, —threatening me, that God would surely judge me, for treating a poor helpless creature in such a manner! I also was overcome with grief, and wept with her. The sight of my tears seemed to awaken her recollection. With her eyes fixed upon me, she said, Why, are you *indeed* my husband?" "Indeed I am!" "O! if I thought you were, I could give you a thousand kisses." "*Indeed*, I am your own dear husband." She then seated herself upon my knee, and kissed me several times. My heart dissolved with a mixture of grief and joy. Her senses were restored, and she talked as rationally as ever. I then persuaded her to go to rest, and she slept well.

About two in the morning she awoke, and conversed with me as rationally as ever she did in her

life: said her poor head had been disordered; that she had given me a deal of trouble, and feared she had injured my health; begged I would excuse all her hard thoughts and speeches; and urged this as a consideration: "Though I was set against you, yet I was not against you as my *husband*." She desired I would ride out every day for the air; gave directions to the servant about her family; told her where this and that article were to be found, which she wanted; inquired after various family concerns, and how they had been conducted since she had been ill: and thus we continued talking together until morning.

She continued much the same all the forenoon: was delighted with the conversation of Robert, whose heart also was delighted, as he said, to see his mother so well. "Robert," (said she,) "we shall not live together much longer." "Yes, mother," (replied the child,) "I hope we shall live together for ever!" Joy sparkled in her eyes at this answer: she stroked his head, and exclaimed, "O bless you, my dear; how came such a thought into your mind?"

Towards noon she said to me, "We will dine together to-day up-stairs." We did so. But while we were at dinner, in a few minutes her senses were gone; nor did she ever recover them again. From this happy interval, however, I entertained hopes that her senses would return when she was delivered, and came to recover her strength.

On Thursday, the 23d instant, she was delivered of a daughter; but was all the day very restless,

full of pain and misery, no return of reason, except that from an aversion to me, which she had so long entertained, she called me "my dear," and twice kissed me: said she "must die;" and, "Let me die," said she, "let me die!" Between nine and ten o'clock, as there seemed no immediate sign of a change, and being very weary, I went to rest: but about eleven was called up again, just time enough to witness the convulsive pangs of death, which, in about ten minutes, carried her off.

Poor soul! What she often said is now true. She was not at *home*—I am not her husband—these are not her children; but she has found her home—a home, a husband, and a family better than these. It is the cup which my Father hath given me to drink, and shall I not drink it? Amidst all my afflictions I have much to be thankful for. I have reason to be thankful, that though her intellects were so deranged, yet she never uttered any ill language, nor was ever disposed to do mischief to herself or others: and when she was at the worst, if I fell on my knees to prayer, she would instantly be still and attentive. I have also to be thankful, that though she has been generally afraid of *death* all her lifetime, yet that fear has been remarkably removed for the last half-year. While she retained her reason, she would sometimes express a willingness to live or to die, as it might please God; and about five or six weeks ago would now and then possess a short interval, in which she would converse freely. One of our friends, who stayed at home with her on Lord's days, says, "that her con-

versation at those times would often turn on the poor and imperfect manner in which she had served the Lord, her desires to serve him better, her grief to think she had so much and so often sinned against him." On one of these occasions, she was wonderfully filled with joy on overhearing the congregation, while they were singing over the chorus, "Glory, honour, praise and power." She seemed to catch the sacred spirit of the song.

I mean to erect a stone to her memory, on which will probably be engraved the following lines:—

> The tender parent wails no more her loss,
> Nor labours more beneath life's heavy load;
> The anxious soul, released from fears and woes,
> Has found her home, her children, and her God.

To all this I may add, that, perhaps, I have reason to be thankful for her removal: however the dissolution of such an union may affect my present feelings, it may be one of the greatest mercies, both to her and me. Had she continued, and continued in the same state of mind, which was not at all improbable, this, to all appearance, would have been a thousand times worse than *death*.

The poor little infant is yet alive, (1) and we call her name Bathoni; the same name, except the difference of sex, which Rachel gave to her last-born child. Mr. West preached a funeral sermon last night, at the interment, from 2 Cor. v. 1.

I am, dear and honoured father,

Yours, in great affliction,

A. FULLER.

(1) It died about three weeks afterwards.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miss Hannah More, to her Friends. Written when in daily expectation of death.

My dear Friends,

I have been thirteen weeks in bed, suspended between this world and the next; *when*, or *whether* I shall quit my bed, belongs to *Him* who governs both worlds. Happily I have nothing to do with events, but cheerfully to submit to them. Pray for me, that my faith fail not. God Almighty bless you all.

H. More.

LETTER XXXIX.

Rev. Robert Hall to the Rev. James Phillips.

My dear Phillips, Leicester, April 16, 1812.

I was extremely gratified to hear once from you again: and if you knew how much pleasure it yields me to receive a letter from you, I flatter myself you would indulge me oftener. I have little to communicate that will be interesting to you, but could not let so affectionate an epistle lie by long unanswered. My state of health, I need not tell you, has long been extremely ill: it appears to me as if my constitution were breaking up; and I have little doubt, unless my malady takes a favourable turn, it will, ere it be long, reduce me to the dust. I am not better than my

fathers. I am deeply conscious I am corrected less, yea, infinitely less, than my iniquities deserve. I hope I am more anxious to see my heavy affliction sanctified than removed. Whether it would be best for it to be removed, may well be doubted: of the admirable benefits arising from sanctification, both in time and eternity, there can be no doubt. I presume the Lord sees I require more hammering and hewing than almost any other stone that was ever selected for his spiritual building, and that is the secret reason of his dealings with me. Let me be broken into a thousand pieces, if I may but be made up again, and formed by his hand for purposes of his mercy. I see more and more of the unspeakable blessedness of being made like God, and of becoming partaker of his holiness. I see it, I say, but I do not attain; or, at least in so unspeakably small a degree, that I have every moment reason to be abased, and "repent in dust and ashes."

. . . .

I remain, my dear sir,
Your affectionate and constant friend,
ROBERT HALL.

LETTER XL.

Rev. ROBERT HALL, on the death of his child, to the Rev. JAMES PHILLIPS, in reply to a letter of condolence.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Leicester, Feb. 28, 1814.

I am greatly obliged for your kind and consolatory

letter, replete with those topics whence alone true consolation can be deduced. The stroke has been very severely felt by us both, but certainly most by dear Mrs. Hall. She was dotingly fond of our lovely boy. For my own part I was not at all aware my affection for him was so strong until he was removed from us: my anguish was then great. It seemed to me as if I felt more on this occasion than I should at the loss of either of my others. This feeling, I suspect, was delusive, and arises from our being incapable of estimating the strength of our attachment to any object till it is removed. I was disappointed in his being a boy; for, recollecting my own extreme and portentous wickedness, I fancied there was something in the constitution of boys peculiarly tending to vice, and adverse to their spiritual interests. I had also remarked that females seemed much more susceptible of religious impressions than men. On these accounts I trembled for his salvation, and did not feel that gratitude for the blessing vouchsafed me which I ought. I suspect I greatly displeased God by my distrust of his goodness, and that he saw it meet to adopt this method of chastising me. May it be sanctified as a means of making me humble, heavenly, and submissive. It is a very solemn consideration, that a part of myself is in eternity, in the presence, I trust, of the Saviour. How awful will it be, should the branch be saved, and the stock perish!

Pray for me, my dear friend, that this may not be the case; but that I may be truly sanctified, and

permitted to walk in the fear of the Lord, and in the consolations of the Holy Ghost.

Mrs. Hall has been very ill, occasioned in a good measure by the shock she has received, but is better. She is looking forward with considerable anxiety to her confinement, which she expects in less than three months. She is so extremely weak and delicate, that I have very painful apprehensions respecting the issue. My *wish* and endeavour is to leave her, myself, and my dear children in the hands of God. But how difficult it is to do so! Let me once more entreat an interest in your prayers.

. . . . . .

SECTION II.

STRIKING EXAMPLES OF HUMILITY, MEEKNESS, MODESTY, CANDOUR, &c.

LETTER XLI.

RICHARD HOOKER to ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT.
Love of retirement.

MY LORD,

When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage. But I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place; and indeed God and nature did not intend me for contentions,

but for study and quietness. And, my lord, my particular contests here with Mr. Travers, have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man, and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions. And to satisfy that, I have consulted the holy Scriptures, and other laws both human and divine, whether the conscience of him, and others of his judgment, ought to be so far complied with by us, as to alter our frame of church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as their tender consciences shall require us. And, in this examination, I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise, in which I intend the satisfaction of others, by a demonstration of the reasonableness of our laws of ecclesiastical polity. But, my lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy: a place where I may without disturbance meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account which all flesh must give at the last day to the God of all spirits.

LETTER XLII.

ARCHBISHOP USHER (when only nineteen years of age) to MR. FITZSYMONDS, a Jesuit, with whom he had held a public disputation.

I was not purposed, Mr. Fitzsymonds, to write unto you, before you had first written to me, concerning some chief points of your religion, (as at our last meeting you promised,) but seeing you have deferred the same, (for reasons best known to yourself,) I thought it not amiss to enquire further of your mind, concerning the continuation of the conference begun betwixt us. And to this I am the rather moved, because I am credibly informed of certain reports, which I could hardly be persuaded should proceed from him, who in my presence pretended so great love and affection unto me. If I am a boy (as it hath pleased you very contemptuously to name me) I give thanks to the Lord, that my carriage toward you hath been such, as could minister unto you no just occasion to "despise my youth;" your spear belike is in your own conceit "a weaver's beam," and your abilities such, that you desire to encounter with the stoutest champion in the host of Israel, and therefore (like the Philistine) you contemn me as being a boy; yet this I would fain have you know, that I neither came then, nor now do come unto you in any confidence of any learning that is in me, (in which respect, notwithstanding, I

thank God "I am what I am,") but I come in the name of the Lord of hosts, whose companies you have reproached, being certainly persuaded, that even "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings" he was able to show forth his own praises; for the further manifestation whereof, I do again earnestly request you, that (setting aside all vain comparisons of persons) we may go plainly forward, in examining the matters that rest in controversy between us; otherwise I hope you will not be displeased, if, as for your part you have begun, so I also for my own part may be bold, for the clearing of myself, and the truth which I profess, freely to make known what hath already passed concerning this matter. Thus entreating you in a few lines, to make known unto me your purpose in this behalf, I end, praying the Lord, that both this and all other enterprises that we take in hand, may be so ordered, as may most make for the advancement of his own glory, and the kingdom of his Son, Jesus Christ.

Tuus ad aras usque!

JAMES USHER.

LETTER XLIII.

DEAN TILLOTSON to LADY RUSSELL. A somewhat unusual source of *trouble*—the offer of an archbishopric.

London, Sept. 19, 1689.

I received both your letters, and before the latter

came to my hands, I gave your ladyship some kind of answer to the first as the time would let me, for the post staid for it. But having now a little more leisure, you will, I hope, give me leave to trouble you with a longer letter.

I was not at Hampton Court last Sunday, being almost tired out with ten weeks' attendance, so that I have had no opportunity to try further in the business I wrote of in my last, but hope to bring it to some issue the next opportunity I can get to speak with the king. I am sorry to see in Mr. Johnson so broad a mixture of human frailty, with so considerable virtues. But when I look into myself, I must think it pretty well, when any man's infirmities are in any measure overbalanced by his better qualities. This good man I am speaking of, has at some times not used me over well, for which I do not only forgive him, when I consider for whose sake he did it, but do heartily love him.

. . . . .

But now begins *my trouble.* After I had kissed the king's hand for the deanery of St. Paul's, I gave his majesty my most humble thanks, and told him that now he had set me at ease for the remainder of my life. He replied, "No such matter, I assure you;" and spoke plainly about a great place, which I dread to think of, and said, "It was necessary for his service, and he must charge it upon my conscience." Just as he had said this he was called to supper, and I had only time to say, that when his majesty was at leisure,

I did believe I could satisfy him that it would be most for his service that I should continue in the station in which he had now placed me. This hath brought me into a real difficulty. For on the one hand it is hard to decline his majesty's commands, and much harder yet to stand out against so much goodness as his majesty is pleased to use towards me. On the other, I can neither bring my inclination nor my judgment to it. This I owe to the Bishop of Salisbury, one of the worst and best friends I know; best, for his singular good opinion of me; and the worst, for directing the king to this method, which I know he did, as if his lordship and I had concerted the matter how to finish this foolish piece of dissimulation, in running away from a bishopric (1) to catch an archbishopric. This fine device hath thrown me so far into the briars, that without his majesty's great goodness, I shall never get off without a scratched face. And now I will tell your ladyship the bottom of my heart. I have of a long time, I thank God for it, devoted myself to the public service, without any regard for myself, and to that end have done the best I could in the best manner I was able. Of late God hath been pleased by very severe ways, (2) but in great goodness to me, to wean me perfectly from the love of this world; so that

(1) Tillotson had before this written to a nobleman, (probably the Earl of Portland,) begging he might be excused from accepting a bishopric.

(2) The loss of his children, and his having been seized with an apoplectic disorder.

worldly greatness is now not only undesirable, but distasteful to me. And I do verily believe, that I shall be able to do as much or more good in my present station, than in a higher, and shall not have one jot less interest or influence upon any others to any good purpose: for the people naturally love a man that will take great pains and little preferment. But on the other hand, if I could force my inclination to take this great place, I foresee that I should sink under it, and grow melancholy and good for nothing, and after a little while "die as a fool dies."

But this, madam, is a great deal too much, upon one of the worst and nicest subjects in the world,—a man's self.

As I was finishing this long letter, which, if your goodness will forgive, I hope never to have occasion to try it so far again, I received your letter, and shall say no more of Dr. More, of whose preaching I always knew your ladyship's opinion. The person I mentioned was Mr. Kidder, on whom the king has bestowed the deanery of Peterborough, and therefore cannot have it. I am fully of your ladyship's opinion, that what my Lord Bedford does in this matter, must not appear to be done by him, for fear of bringing other importunities upon the king. If my lord thinks well of Dr. Horneck, Dr. More would then certainly have St. Andrews.

I thank God for the health your family enjoy, as for that of my own; and equally pray for the continuance of it and all other blessings. I would

fain find room to tender my humble service to my Lord Bedford, my Lord Russell and two of the best young ladies I know.

I am, &c.

J. T.

LETTER XLIV.

DEAN TILLOTSON to LADY RUSSELL, on the same subject.

Edmonton, October 9, 1690.

Since I had the honour of your letter, I was tempted to have troubled you with one of mine, upon the sad occasion of your late great loss of two so near relations, and so near together.(1) But I considered, why should I pretend to be able either to instruct or comfort my Lady Russell, who hath borne things much more grievous with so exemplary a meekness and submission to the will of God, and knows, as well as I can tell her, that there is no remedy in these cases but patience, nor any comfort but in the hopes of the happy meeting of our deceased friends in a better life, in which sorrow and tears shall have no more place to all eternity.

And now I crave leave to impart something of my own trouble to your ladyship. On Sunday last, the king commanded me to wait upon him

(1) Her sister, Countess of Montague, and her nephew, Earl of Gainsborough.

the next morning at Kensington. I did so, and met with what I feared. His majesty renewed his former gracious offer, in so pressing a manner, and with so much kindness, that I hardly knew how to resist it. I made the best acknowledgments I could of his undeserved grace and favour to me, and begged him to consider all the consequences of this matter, being well assured that all the storm which was raised in convocation the last year by those who will be the Church of England, was upon my account, and that the Bishop of L——— was at the bottom of it, out of a jealousy that I might be a hinderance to him in attaining what he desires, and what, I call God to witness, I would not have. And I told his majesty, that I was still afraid that his kindness to me would be greatly to his prejudice, especially if he carried it so far as he was then pleased to speak; for I plainly saw they could not bear it, and that the effects of envy and ill-will towards me would terminate upon him. To which he replied, that if the thing were once done, and they saw no remedy, they would give over, and think of making the best of it, and therefore he must desire me to think seriously of it; with other expressions not fit for me to repeat. To all which I answered, that in obedience to his Majesty's commands, I would consider of it again, though I was afraid I had already thought more of it than had done me good, and must break through one of the greatest resolutions of my life, and sacrifice at once all the ease and contentment of it; which

yet I would force myself to do, were I really convinced that I was in any measure capable of doing his majesty and the public that service which he was pleased to think I was. He smiled, and said, "You talk of trouble; I believe you will have much more ease in it than in the condition in which you now are." Thinking not fit to say more, I humbly took leave.

And now, madam, what shall I do? My thoughts were never at such a plunge. I know not how to bring my mind to it; and, on the other hand, (though the comparison is very unequal,) when I remember how I saw the king affected in the case of my Lord of Shrewsbury,(1) I find myself in a strait, and would not for all the world give him the like trouble. I pray God to direct me to that which he sees and knows to be best, for I know not what to do. I hope I shall have your prayers, and would be glad of your advice, if the King would spare me so long. I pray God to preserve you and yours.

I am, &c.

J. T.

(1) When the Earl of Shrewsbury resigned his secretaryship of state, Dean Tillotson was sent by the king to expostulate with him.

LETTER XLV.

DEAN TILLOTSON to LADY RUSSELL, on the same subject. His scruples at length overcome.

October 25, 1690.(1)

I am obliged to your ladyship beyond all expression, for taking my case so seriously into your consideration, and giving me your mature thoughts upon it. Nothing ever came more seasonably to me than your letter, which I received on Wednesday se'n-night, the very night before I was to have given my final answer to the king the next morning. I thank you for it. It helped very much to settle and determine my wavering mind. I weighed all you wrote, both your advice and your arguments, having not only an assurance of your true friendship and good-will for me, but a very great regard and deference for your judgment and opinion. I cannot but own the weight of that consideration, which you pleased to urge me withal; I mean the visible marks of a more than ordinary providence of God in this thing, that the king, who likes not either to importune or to be denied, should, after so obstinate a declining of the thing on my part, still persist to press it upon me with so much kindness, and with that earnestness of persuasion which it does not become me to mention. I wish I could think the king had a superior direction in this, as I verily believe he hath in some other things of much greater importance.

(1) From a copy in short-hand, found in his Common-place Book.

The next morning I went to Kensington full of fear, but yet determined what was fit for me to do. I met the king coming out of his closet, and asking if his coach was ready. He took me aside, and I told him, that in obedience to his majesty's command, I had considered of the thing as well as I could, and came to give him my answer. I perceived his majesty was going out, and therefore desired him to appoint me another time, which he did on the Saturday morning after.

Then I came again, and he took me into his closet, where I told him, that I could not but have a deep sense of his majesty's great grace and favour to me, not only to offer me the best thing he had to give, but to press it so earnestly upon me. I said I would not presume to argue the matter any further, but I hoped he would give me leave to be still his humble and earnest petitioner to spare me in that thing. He answered, he would do so if he could, but he knew not what to do if I refused it. Upon that I told him, that I tendered my life to him, and did humbly devote it to be disposed of as he thought fit. He was graciously pleased to say, it was the best news that had come to him this great while. I did not kneel down to kiss his hand, for, without that, I doubt I am too sure of it; but requested of him that he would defer the declaration of it, and let it be a secret for some time. He said, he thought it might not be amiss to defer it till the parliament was up. I begged further of him, that he would not make me a wedge to drive out the present archbishop:

that some time before I was nominated, his majesty would be pleased to declare in council, that since his lenity had not had any better effect, he would wait no more, but would dispose of their places. This I told him I humbly desired, that I might not be thought to do any thing harsh, or which might reflect upon me; for now that his majesty had thought fit to advance me to this station, my reputation was become his interest. He said, he was sensible of it, and thought it reasonable to do as I desired. I craved leave of him to mention one thing more, which, in justice to my family, especially to my wife, I ought to do, that I should be more than undone by the great and necessary charge of coming into this place, and must therefore be an humble petitioner to his majesty, that if it should please God to take me out of the world, and that I must unavoidably leave my wife a beggar, he would not suffer her to be so; and that he would graciously be pleased to consider that the widow of an Archbishop of Canterbury (which would now be an odd figure in England)(1) could not decently be supported by so little as would have contented her very well if I had died a dean. To this he gave a very gracious answer—"I promise you to take care of her."(2)

(1) Only two who had filled the see of Canterbury had been married; Cranmer and Parker.

(2) King William granted Tillotson's widow an annuity of £600. and forgave the first-fruits; for the archbishop left nothing to his family but the copy of his Posthumous Sermons, which was afterwards sold for 2500 guineas.

Just as I had finished the last sentence, another very kind letter from your ladyship was brought to me, wherein I find your tender concern for me, which I can never sufficiently acknowledge. But you say, the die is now cast, and I must now make the best I can of what I lately thought was the worst that could have happened to me. I thank God I am more cheerful than I expected; and comfort myself as I can with this hope, that the providence of God, to which I have submitted my own will in this matter, will graciously assist me to discharge, in some measure, the duty he hath called me to.

I did not acquaint my good friend, who wrote to you, with all that had passed, because it was intended to be a secret, which I am sure is safe in your hands. I only told him that his majesty did not intend, as yet, to dispose of this place; but when he did it, I was afraid it would be hard for me to escape.

The king, I believe, has only acquainted the queen with it. As she came out of the closet on Sunday last, she commanded me to wait upon her after dinner, which I did; and after she had discoursed about other business, (which was to desire my opinion of a treatise sent her in manuscript out of Holland, tending to the reconciliation of our differences in England,) she told me that the king had with great joy acquainted her with a secret concerning me, whereof she was no less glad: using many gracious expressions and confirming his majesty's promises concerning my wife.

But I am sensible this is an intolerable letter, especially concerning one's self. . . .

I cannot forbear to repeat my humble thanks for your great concernment for me in this affair. (1)

That God would multiply his best blessings upon your ladyship and your children, and make them great blessings and comforts to you, is the daily prayer of, yours, &c.

J. T.

LETTER XLVI.

Bishop Bull to Mr. Nelson.

Oxon Ch. Ch., July 27, 1697.

You were pleased to favour me with an unexpected letter; and therein to signify to me the good character those of this place you have met with, give of me. I find common fame, how uncharitable soever it is to others, has been too kind to me in ascribing to me what I must confess to you I do not deserve. Which convinces me, that a very little thing is sufficient to bring a man into the good, as well as the ill opinion of others. But every man that can think impartially is his own best judge in this case. And therefore I hope I

(1) Tillotson became archbishop in 1690-1, and died in 1694. "King William declared he was the best man whom he ever knew, and the bestfriend he ever had."—*Burnet.*

may say, that I know myself so well, as to see the opinion others have of me to be a thing that tells me, not what I am, but what I ought to be. Indeed I acknowledge to you, (and I think myself obliged so to do,) that I am a servant of the great God, though but a weak and imperfect one. As for other things, I must tell you, (and I am not ashamed to own it,) that my improvements here in the University have been as mean as my education was before I came here. Pardon me, sir, for thus taking notice of the beginning of your letter; for I could not restrain myself from it; because you are not the first by many that intimated to me how well others speak of me. And I look upon it as a special providence of God, in bringing these things to my hearing, to mortify me for what I really am, and to stir me up to endeavour to be what I am not. But enough of this, sir, and I tell it only to you, knowing to whom I write: for perhaps to some, such a letter might render me ridiculous.

LETTER XLVII.

DR. LIGHTFOOT to DR. BERNARD, who had referred to his judgment a document on which he modestly disclaims any ability to decide.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

Apollo once sent a poem to Vulcan, desiring his judgment and censure upon it. *Smug* thought himself very much honoured, that such a reference

was made to his anvil; but he had more wit and manners than to meddle: as very well knowing that his tinkerism had to deal with other kind of stuff and metal than that was. *"De te et me narratur fabula."* That you have sent the original of the Samaritan's letter,—I account it a very great favour, and do most heartily thank you for such a rarity; but as for my judging concerning the translation, I dare not own so much skill, after such hands as it hath come from. I have, indeed, compared the original and translation together; and some uncouth writing I find in the Samaritan, in several words which must be allowed them. . . .

I have sent you one of my poor home-spun pieces, not worth sending, much less worth your accepting; but your goodness will accept the heart that sends it.

. . . I must ever own, and at present subscribe myself,

Sir, your very much obliged servant,
And real honourer of your worth,
JOHN LIGHTFOOT.

LETTER XLVIII.

JOHN ELIOT, Missionary amongst the Indians in North America, to the HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE, on having been denominated "the Indian Evangelist."

. . . . I do beseech you to suppress all such things. It is the Redeemer who hath done what

what is done. I wish the word could be obliterated if any of the copies remain. Let me lie low!

LETTER XLIX.

BISHOP BERKELEY to a FRIEND; on his being urged to make a struggle to obtain the vacant Primacy.

February 9, 1747.

. . . You ask me if I had no hints from England about the primacy. I can only say, that last week I had a letter from a person of no mean rank, who seemed to wonder that he could not find I had entertained any thoughts of the primacy, while so many others of our bench were so earnestly contending for it. He added, that he hoped I would not take it ill if my friends wished me in that station. My answer was, that I am so far from soliciting, that I do not even wish for it; that I do not think myself the fittest man for that high post; and that therefore I neither have nor ever will ask it.

. . . . . .

Yours,

GEORGE BERKELEY.

LETTER L.

BISHOP BERKELEY to a FRIEND; on the same subject.

February 10, 1747.

. . . . . .

In a letter from England, which I told you came a week ago, it was said, that several of our Irish bishops were earnestly contending for the primacy. Pray, who are they? I thought Bishop Stone was only talked of at present. I ask this question merely out of curiosity, and not from any interest I assure you. I am no man's rival or competitor in this matter. I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs often insignificant. For my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my time, than wear a diadem. I repeat these things to you, that I may not seem to have declined all steps to the primacy out of singularity, or pride, or stupidity, but from solid motives. As for the argument from the opportunity of doing good, I observe, that duty obliges men in high station not to decline occasions of doing good, but duty doth not oblige men to solicit such high stations.

Yours,

G. B.

LETTER LI.

BISHOP BERKELEY to a FRIEND; on the same subject.

Cloyne, March 22, 1747.

As to what you say, that the primacy would have been a glorious thing,—for my part I do not see, all things considered, the glory of wearing the name of primate in these days, or of getting so much money, a thing every tradesman in London may get if he pleases. I should not choose to be primate, in pity to my children: and for doing good to the world, I imagine, I may, upon the whole, do as much in a lower station.

. . . . . .

Yours,

GEORGE BERKELEY.

LETTER LII.

DR. DODDRIDGE to MR. SAUNDERS; on the receipt of a complimentary letter.

December 2, 1727.

I here inclose the hints you desire, which I drew up yesterday morning; and, on the review, I see so many defects and improprieties, that were I not so well acquainted with your candour, and did I not attend to your instructions rather than my own advantage, I should not send them.

How was it possible for you to write such a letter as I received last night?—You are always kind and good, and always more partial in favour of my character than any other person I know in the world; and, to tell you the plain truth, I would have you continue to be so; for, if it were not for that happy partiality, you would hardly think me worthy your friendship. You can never displease me with expressions of tenderness, for I love you so well, that I would have as much of your heart as one creature ought to have of another's; and I look upon your fond regard as my glory. But, my dear friend, you must forbear these expressions of unreasonable esteem, for really, I think the clause ——— Is it possible you should think as you say? ——— Can so wise a man be so much deceived? Seriously speaking, I am confounded, and I have not the confidence so much as to quote the lines I complain of.

I have this morning been humbling myself before God for the pride of my heart. It follows me whithersoever I go—into my study, into the conversation of my friends, and, what is most dreadful of all, into the immediate presence of my Maker; of that God who is the fountain of all perfection, and from whose hands I have received my all, and from whom I have deserved an aggravated condemnation. Such is the subtlety of this insinuating mischief, that I can recollect instances in which I have been proud of having exposed the deformity of *pride* with success, while perhaps it was only another instance of my degeneracy to imagine that

I had so succeeded! Why then must your complaisance add fuel to a fire, which I sometimes fear will burn up all my grace and my religion? How hard is it to keep Self in self-subjection! This you have taught me as well as man can teach it, but God alone can make the excellent lesson effectual. I cannot lay a scheme for the honour of my God, and the service of the world, but Self intrudes itself, and that sometimes to such a degree as to make me doubt whether the governing principle be not wrong, and whether many of my most valuable actions and designs be not *splendida pietata*. Alas, such is your "pious and excellent" friend!—You compliment me on the learning and accuracy of my views. How are you deceived! I have hardly looked into many of the most excellent treatises of the ancient and modern commentators, and have only dipped into some others so far as to see that there was a great deal that I was not capable of comprehending, at least without a long course of preparatory study. There is hardly a chapter in the Bible which does not puzzle me; nor, in short, any considerable subject of human inquiry in which I do not perceive both my ignorance and my weakness.—And this—is your oracle!

Were there any thing which could seem a just excuse for my vanity, it would indeed be, that you and some other such excellent persons profess not only to love, but to respect me; but I am persuaded, nay, I certainly know it is only because a great portion of my ignorance and folly lies hid, otherwise you would all but pity or despise me. And

when I consider your humility in admitting me to such an intimate friendship, and in thinking so honourably of me, I see the greater reason to be abashed at the reflection that I have learned no more of that amiable grace, with so bright an example before me, and in one whom I love so well, that it might be expected that I should imitate him with a peculiar pleasure.

Let me beg your pity and your prayers. Love me as well as you can! but pray that I may deserve your affection better: yet whatever other imperfections attend my character, I am, with most sincere tenderness and grateful affection,

Your friend and servant,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

LETTER LIII.

DR. DODDRIDGE to the REV. BENJAMIN FAWCETT.

Northampton, Dec. 30, 1742.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

I owe you a great many thanks for the kind and prudent letter which last night brought me, with one from Mr. Marshall, who, I question not, has given you that pleasure which so friendly a heart would receive, in hearing that my wife is a great deal better. I have conceived some hope of seeing her here in less than a month; but what the doctors may say to that proposal I cannot tell;

and I desire she may stay as long as it shall be judged necessary: yet you will easily imagine that after an absence of fourteen weeks, I shall be glad to see her as soon as it may be convenient. I bless God my mind is kept in perfect peace, and a sweet harmony of resignation to his wise and gracious will.

We must become as little children; willing to be taken up and laid down, carried out and brought in, fed and corrected, as our heavenly Father pleases; and the less we will have of our own, for any thing but to please him, the more comfort shall we find in ourselves, under whatever circumstances he is pleased to allot us. Self-denial and mortification, in giving up our own schemes, and in being sometimes censured and condemned even for things in themselves right, and in the circumstances in which they were done, most requisite, is a very wholesome kind of discipline; and though it be something distasteful, the soul often thrives by it; as I trust I have in many instances found.

Some malignant and disaffected persons have raised such a clamour and odium against me, that I am almost ready to think there are in England congregations that would rather have a very indifferent minister from other hands than a very good one from mine. But I fear there are others that are ready to go almost as far in the other extreme. The truth of the matter is, I am a poor, weak, sinful creature; but one who sincerely believes the gospel; and who desires to spread the

savour of it, were it possible, all over the world; and to enthrone its power in every bosom; that all hearts might grow humble, benevolent, and upright; and who heartily wishes that every thing opposite to its spirit may fall; not by violence, nor human power, but by the gentle ministration of the divine influence!

Nor am I concerned any further than the honour of my Master is interested, whether I go through evil or good report. If any think me a deceiver—my God knows that I am true; and if any wish that I were unknown, I bless him, I have reason to believe that I am well known to not a few, by tokens which will never be forgotten.

Your affectionate brother, in our common Lord, and faithful humble servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

LETTER LIV.

REV. JAMES HERVEY to a FRIEND.—The evils of Flattery.

April, 1748.

Fie, fie upon you! dear Doctor.—I had been endeavouring all the day long to fix my admiration on that most exalted, that most amiable being, who, though possessed of excellencies which the very angels contemplate with rapture and adoration, yet humbled himself to death, the death of the cross, for my friend and me;—when your

praises, kind indeed, but, alas! perniciously kind, fetched my thoughts from their proper element, and proper object, to grovel on a creature, and that the meanest of creatures, Self. I could wish myself, on such occasions, 'like the deaf adder, which stoppeth her ears, and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so sweetly.' Praise is most enchanting music to the human ear; shall I rather say, most delicious poison to the human taste. From strangers, or complimentary correspondents, we must expect a touch upon this string, a sprinkling of this spice. But among friends, bosom friends, Christian friends, it must not be so.

. . . . . .

A letter from my father is enough to cast contempt upon created things. It informs me, that my poor sister is reduced very low; so low, that my father cannot hear her speak. He seems to look upon her life to be in very great danger. May the Father of compassions restore her health; that she may live to the honour of her dying master, and be a comfort to her afflicted parents! Glad I am that my dear friend can relish the writings of that shining and burning light, Mr. * * *. Our disesteem of such gospel doctrines, as he teaches, generally arises from ignorance of *ourselves*. Therefore I heartily join with the Grecian Sage, in saying "E cœlo descendit *γνωθι σεαυτον*."(1)

I am, affectionately, yours,

JAMES HERVEY.

(1) "*Know thyself.*"

LETTER LV.

REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD to the REV. MR. S——.

. . . . Yesterday I made an end of revising all my journals. Blessed be God, for letting me have leisure to do it. I purpose to have a new edition before I see America. Alas! alas! in how many things have I judged and acted wrong. I have been too rash and hasty in giving characters, both of places and persons. Being fond of scripture language, I have often used a style too apostolical, and at the same time I have been too bitter in my zeal. Wildfire has been mixed with it, and I find that I frequently wrote and spoke in my own spirit, when I thought I was writing and speaking by the assistance of the Spirit of God. I have likewise too much made inward impressions my rule of acting, and too soon and too explicitly published what had been better kept in longer, or told after my death. By these things I have given some wrong touches to God's ark, and hurt the blessed cause I would defend, and also stirred up needless opposition. This has humbled me much since I have been on board, and made me think of a saying of Mr. Henry's, "Joseph had more honesty than he had policy, or he never would have told his dreams." At the same time, I cannot but bless, and praise, and magnify that good and gracious God, who filled me with so much of his holy fire, and carried me, a poor weak

youth, through such a torrent both of popularity and contempt, and set so many seals to my unworthy ministrations. I bless him for ripening my judgment a little more, for giving me to see and confess, and I hope in some degree to correct and amend, some of my mistakes. I thank God for giving me grace to embark in such a blessed cause, and pray him to give me strength to hold on and increase in zeal and love to the end. Thus, dear sir, have I unburdened my heart to you. I look upon you to be my *fidus achates*, and therefore deal thus freely. If I have time and freedom before we land, I think to write a short account of what has happened for these seven years last past; and when I get on shore, God willing, I purpose to revise and correct the first part of my life. I know you will pray that I may be directed and owned in every thing. I think often of, and pray for you, and as I intend writing to you again when I send this, I shall content myself at present with subscribing myself, Reverend and very dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, obliged, though
unworthy brother and servant,
G. W.

LETTER LVI.

REV. JOHN NEWTON to MR. W——. A curious portrait.

MY DEAR SIR, August 13, 1773.

. . . . Did you ever see my picture? I have it

drawn by a masterly hand. And though another person, and one whom I am far from resembling, sat for it, it is as like me as one new guinea is like another. The original was drawn at Corinth, and sent to some persons of distinction at Rome. Many copies have been taken, and though perhaps it is not to be seen in any of the London print-shops, it has a place in most public and private libraries, and I would hope in most families. I had seen it a great many times before I could discover one of my own features in it; but then my eyes were very bad. What is remarkable, it was drawn long before I was born, but having been favoured with some excellent 'eye-salve,' I quickly knew it to be my own. I am drawn in an attitude which would be strange and singular, if it was not so common with me, looking at two different and opposite ways at once, so that you would be puzzled to tell whether my eyes are fixed upon heaven or upon the earth. I am aiming at things inconsistent with each other at the same instant, so that I can accomplish neither. According to the different light in which you view the picture, I appear to rejoice and to mourn, to choose and refuse, to be a conqueror or a captive. In a word, I am a double person; a riddle: it is no wonder if you know not what to make of me, for I cannot tell what to make of myself. I would and I would not; I do and I do not; I can and I cannot. I find the hardest things easy, and the easiest things impossible; but while I am in this perplexity, you will observe in the same piece a hand stretched

forth for my relief, and may see a label proceeding out of my mouth with these words—"I thank God, through Jesus Christ, my Lord." The more I study this picture, the more I discover some new and striking resemblance, which convinces me that the painter knew me better than I knew myself.

. . . . . .

LETTER LVII.

REV. WILLIAM JONES to a FRIEND. Written a day or two before his death.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I hold a pen (and hardly) to thank you for your late kind visit, on the true Christian principle, expecting no return. I recollect only one circumstance to make me uneasy. When I showed you, in the second lesson for last Thursday evening, what I took for an ominous passage,(1) you asked me, "If I applied the subsequent verses also?"(2) I answered, without thought, yes; and have suffered for it ever since; for no mind can be more averse than my own to the very appearance of assuming any thing, when I am rather renouncing every

(1) 2 Tim. iv. 6. "The time of my departure is at hand."

(2) His friend meaning that he should apply them for his comfort, "I have fought a good fight — henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

thing. All I dare say, or would permit any other to say for me, is only to repeat those words of our Saviour used towards the woman with the box of ointment—"He hath done what he could!" And as she made an offering at the head of Christ, I would offer all I have at his feet. How much have I to say, and how little can be said! I must have another night's sleep before I can write another letter.

God bless you,

W. JONES.

July 30, 1799.

My birth-day. "*Multos et felices;*" "Many and happy," says the world,—"Few and evil," says the patriarch.

LETTER LVIII.

REV. HENRY MARTYN to REV. DR. CORRIE.

January 10, 1809.

. . . . . .

Your letter from Buxar found me in much the same spiritual state as you describe yourself to be in; though your description, no doubt, belongs more properly to me. I no longer hesitate to ascribe my stupor and formality to its right cause—unwatchfulness in worldly company. I thought that any temptation arising from the society of the people of the world, at least of such as we have had, not wor-

thy of notice: but I find myself mistaken. The late frequent occasions of being among them have proved a snare to my corrupt heart. Instead of returning with a more elastic spring to severe duties, as I expected, my heart wants more idleness, more dissipation. David Brainerd in the wilderness—what a contrast to Henry Martyn! But God be thanked that a start now and then interrupts the slumber. I hope to be up and about my Master's business; to cast off the works of darkness, and to be spiritually minded, which alone is life and peace. But what a dangerous country it is we are in; hot weather, or cold, all is softness and luxury; all a conspiracy to lull us to sleep in the lap of pleasure. While we pass over this enchanted ground, call, brother, ever and anon, and ask, "is all well?" We are shepherds keeping watch over our flocks by night: if we fall asleep, what is to become of them!

. . . . . .

HENRY MARTYN.

LETTER LIX.

JOHN HOWARD, the philanthropist, to MR. SMITH, on its being proposed that a statue should be erected to him.

. . . . . .

To hasten to the other very distressing affair:—oh, why could not my friends, who know how much I detest such parade, have stopped such a hasty mea-

sure! As a private man, with some peculiarities, I wished to retire into obscurity and silence. Indeed, my friend, I cannot bear the thought of being thus dragged out. I immediately wrote, and hope something may be done to stop it. My best friends must disapprove it. It deranges and confounds all my schemes. My exaltation is my fall, my misfortune.

. . . . . .

Adieu, adieu,

J. H.

LETTER LX.

JOHN HOWARD to JOHN PROLE, on the same subject.

JOHN PROLE, Venice Lazaretto, Oct. 31, 1786.

. . . . . .

As to another affair it distresses my mind; whoever set it a foot, I know not; but sure I am, they were totally unacquainted with my temper and disposition. I once before, on an application to sit for my picture to be placed in public, hesitated not a moment in showing my aversion to it: and as I knew I was going on a dangerous expedition, Thomas will remember almost the last words I said to him: "If I die abroad, do not let me be moved; let there be only a plain slip of marble, placed under that of my wife's, Henrietta, with this inscription—'John Howard, died ——, aged——. My hope is

in Christ.'"—This I said, that Mr. Leeds and my son might know that my mind was fixed, and still unaltered. I have set many engines to work to check the flames, for I bless God, I know myself too well, to be pleased with such praise; when, alas! we have nothing of our own but folly and sin.

. . . . . .

LETTER LXI.

JOHN HOWARD, on the same subject.

GENTLEMEN, Vienna, Dec. 15, 1786.

I shall ever think it an honour to have my weak endeavours approved by so many respectable persons, who devote their time, and have so generously subscribed towards a fund for relieving prisoners and reforming prisons. But to the erecting a monument, permit me in the most fixed and unequivocal manner to declare my repugnancy to it, and that the execution of it will be a *punishment* to me. It is, therefore, Gentlemen, my particular and earnest request, that it may, *for ever*, be laid aside.

With great respect, I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN HOWARD.

LETTER LXII.

REV. ROBERT HALL to REV. JAMES PHILLIPS. The latter part of the letter singularly illustrative of his character.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Cambridge, Feb. 14, 1801.

I have long purposed to write to you, and should have done so, but from that unhappy reluctance to writing which is almost a part of my nature. I hope you will do me the justice to believe it did not arise from any abatement of love and esteem. But a truce to apologies.

I am heartily glad to find you have preached at Clapham, where I hope you will find much to comfort you in the opportunity of doing good; for we can be truly happy but in proportion as we are the instruments of promoting the happiness of others. From what little I have heard of the people, you will meet kind and respectful treatment: but there will be much to damp your zeal, against which, I doubt not, you will be upon your guard. You will have pleasing society; and the vicinity to London has many advantages. May we, my dear friend, "work while it is to-day, for the hour is shortly coming when we can work no longer."

. . . . . .

Mr. Hill, by whom you sent your letter, just called in the morning, but could not make any stay. He seemed an agreeable, sensible man. If you should see Mr. Rowland Hill, present my

Christian respects to him, though unknown, and assure him it would give me uncommon pleasure to see and hear him at Cambridge, and that I shall think myself much honoured by hearing him preach in my pulpit. I went into the vestry and spoke to him about two years ago, in Surrey chapel; but he did not recollect me, and I felt a reluctance to make so free as to mention my name, and therefore only mentioned you as a common friend, and retired. He is a man for whom I ever entertained a very high esteem. Whatever a misjudging world may say, such men as these will "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever." May my soul, though at a humble distance, be admitted among them! I have just been reading with very great pleasure, and I hope some profit, Orton and Stonehouse's Letters to Stedman. They contain most excellent prudential, moral, and religious instruction; devout, liberal, rational, yet fervent piety of the stamp of Doddridge, who is now my prime favourite among divines. If you have not seen them, they will richly repay your perusal. Dr. Stonehouse and Miss More both lived at Bristol at the time I resided there; and yet, such was my extreme folly, I never took any means of becoming acquainted with either of them, which might very easily have been done. "Surely I have been more brutish than any man." What opportunities of knowledge and improvement have I lost; and have now reached the meridian of life, and am but a child! I may adopt, with more pro-

priety than any man that ever lived, the prayer—"Remember not the sins of my youth." . .

I am, dear sir,

Yours constantly,

ROBERT HALL.

LETTER LXIII.

REV. ROBERT HALL to REV. JAMES PHILLIPS. A sincere disclaimer of flattery.

. . . . . .

The parcel you sent me consists of a very polite letter from Mr. Roberts, enclosing a copy of verses, elegant, and truly and strictly poetical; that is, replete with *fiction*, containing praises which my heart compels me to disclaim—with a sigh! O, my friend, what an infinity of time I have lost, and how ardently do I long to do something which shall convince the world I have not lived in vain! My wishes, in this respect, will, it is to be feared, never be fulfilled. Tranquillity is not my lot. The prey, in early life, of passion and calamity, I am now perfectly devoured with an impatience to redeem time, and to be of some lasting benefit to the world, at least to the church. But this *inter nos*. . .

I am, dear sir,

Yours constantly and affectionately,

ROBERT HALL

LETTER LXIV.

REV. ROBERT HALL to MR. NEWTON BOSWORTH, of Cambridge.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Leicester, Aug. 26, 1806.

My long silence will naturally surprise you, till you hear the reason of it. The box which contained your letter has remained at Bristol, unopened till last week, nor did I receive your very kind favour until a few days since. This is the true state of the case and must plead my apology for a silence which must otherwise appear so unkind and unnatural.

Permit me to express my acknowledgments for the expressions of regard contained in your letter, of the reality and warmth of which I cannot entertain a moment's hesitation, as they are so perfectly in unison with every part of your conduct, during all the years I have had the happiness of knowing you. Your congratulations on my recovery affect and humble me, as I am perfectly conscious of my not deserving the hundredth part of the esteem they imply. If my ministry has been at all blessed, as the means of spiritual good to your soul, God alone is entitled to the praise. I have been, in every sense of the word, an unprofitable servant. When I consider the value of souls, the preciousness of the blood of Christ, and the weight of eternal things, I am ashamed and astonished to think I could have spoken of such subjects with so little impression, and that I did not travail in birth more, till Christ was formed in my

hearers. I have no plea for my negligence, no hope of pardon, but what is founded on that atonement and intercession I have endeavoured, though so very faintly, to recommend to others. Every fresh experience of life convinces me, more and more, of the truth and importance of the doctrines I have preached; and, blessed be God! I am sometimes favoured with some experimental taste of their sweetness. As often as I look back on such seasons, I am ready to exclaim,

> "Where can such sweetness be,
> As I have tasted in thy love,
> As I have found in thee?"

O! my dear friend, let us press toward the mark. We know where true happiness is to be found. Let the dead bury their dead; but let us follow Christ, and aspire with an intense and increasing ardour, to the heavenly kingdom. Happy shall we be, if we can habitually act as becomes those who are but a few steps from heaven.

I rejoice in your domestic felicity. May it long be continued, and if possible, increased, without being permitted (and God can attemper all things) to abate your ardour after heavenly enjoyments.

Remember me to Mrs. Bosworth, and all other friends, as if named. Pray let me hear from you soon and often.

I am, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT HALL.

LETTER LXV.

REV. JOHN JEBB to ALEXANDER KNOX, Esq. Ingenuous confession of certain infirmities of temper.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Cashel, Dec. 6, 1809.

You may naturally begin to wonder at me; and, in truth, I wonder at myself. I have not, however, been so negligent as I must appear; for I have now on my table a letter written to you, dated the 22d November; which, by some oversight, I neglected sending to the post that day, and afterwards intended to replace, by something fuller. Since my return, a smart cold has kept me pretty closely confined to the house. Some time was necessarily given to unpacking, more to arranging, and most of all, to looking over my books, so as to form an acquaintance with them. They have all arrived in high preservation. The expences of them, from London, somewhat exceeded 10*l*. I took one liberty, which I know not whether you will think justifiable; namely, with very slight alterations, I preached your Whitsunday sermon, which improved on me, as I became better acquainted with it. What I chiefly admire is, that it familiarizes a subject, which is too seldom familiarly treated; and gives definite and rationally intelligible views, instead of vague and rapturous declamation. Last Sunday I preached a sermon which I wrote in the preceding week: if it be not one of my best, (and I think it is not,) neither is it, by any means, one

of my worst. There is some flow in it; and to have done any thing, is rather encouraging.

You will be pleased to hear, that I rather enjoy my nest; that the bird's wings do not begin to flutter for another flight. *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque, &c.*; before I was sixteen, I scribbled verses in praise of solitude; and, even then, occasional seclusion was my best medicine, when any thing wrong within ruffled my mind, or depressed my spirits. It is, therefore, not wonderful, that, after having been near five months in uninterrupted society, retirement should be felt to have some charms, and, I trust, some advantages. I have been taking a full, and certainly not a morbid retrospect of my deportment, during our never-to-be forgotten journey; and I must take shame to myself, for having too often indulged a cavilling, disputatious spirit, when it should much rather have been my delight to listen and improve, and thankfully avail myself of the uncommon advantages with which I was blest. This, I say soberly, deliberately, and after making every fair allowance for the state of my health. You well know, that "bad nerves, bad health, and naturally bad spirits," were insufficient to disturb the sweet benignity of Benson. And I, too, though far from the "*templa serena*," which this good man had happily reached, might have borne up better, if I had more diligently sought the best aid, and improved the means of self-discipline, that were within my power. I am now most conscious, that, in almost every instance where we differed in opinion, I was wrong; parti-

cularly, on different occasions at Mr. Stocks; at B——, when we talked of Cowper's imitation of Horace; and in the conversation about Hannah More, the last day I dined with you. Your patience and forbearance now surprise me; and I have recalled to my mind many instances, in which you took the kindest pains to save me from little uneasinesses, though I am sure many more such instances will never be known to me, at least in this life. If I were sure that what has passed may not have lowered me, both in your esteem and affection, I should not greatly regret it. The tendency and temper were manifestly in me; and was it not, on the whole, desirable, that they should show themselves? It is hard to combat with a hidden foe; and an unsuspected ambuscade is next to inevitable. I now know the quarter on which I am exposed, as well as the enemy I have to guard against. I shall, however, make no professions; for professions are dangerous things. Let me simply add, that, even if truth had been on my side, I too often expressed myself in a manner, not to say in terms, that truth itself could by no means justify. Francois de Sales has furnished me with two maxims, which I wish never to forget, and which I have placed like a motto, fully intelligible only to myself, in the very front of my scrap-book.

"Il faut mieux taire une vérité, que de la dire de mauvaise grace:

Le silence judicieux, est toujours meilleur, qu'une vérité non charitable."

As I was finishing the last sentence, your most welcome letter was brought in to me; the subscription of it, "yours unalterably," was peculiarly consoling to me, amidst fears, which I could not help entertaining, that I had given but too much cause for alteration. I shall now be more disposed to hope that all may yet be well.

Farewell, and believe me ever,

Your most cordially attached,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXVI.

Extract from MR. KNOX'S Reply.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Dawson Street, Dec. 9, 1809.

Though I can say but little by this post, I must say something. Words cannot express, how much I have your well-being at heart: therefore I rejoice, with all my soul, in every sentiment of yours, whether fully warranted by past facts, or not, which implies energy in the mental *vis medicatrix naturæ*. You more than do justice to my movements toward you; and you are, at least, not a bit indulgent to yourself. But severity to one's self is a good side to err upon: I must therefore say, I never did receive a letter from you which gave me such deep comfort and satisfaction.

SECTION III.

STRIKING EXAMPLES OF CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, INTEGRITY, HONESTY, CANDOUR, &c.

LETTER LXVII.

BISHOP LATIMER'S letter to KING HENRY VIII. pleading for general liberty to read the Holy Scriptures in English.

To the most mighty prince King of England, Henry the Eighth, grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ.

The holy doctor Augustine, in an epistle which he wrote to Casulanus, saith, that he which for fear of any power hideth the truth, provoketh the wrath of God to come upon him: for he feareth men more than God. And, according to the same, the holy man St. John Chrysostom saith, that he is not only a traitor to the truth, which openly for truth teacheth a lie, but he also, which doth not freely pronounce and show the truth that he knoweth. These sentences (most redoubted king) when I read now of late, and marked them earnestly in the inward parts of mine heart, they made me sore afraid, troubled, and vexed me grievously in my conscience, and at the last drove me to this strait,

that either I must show forth such things as I have read and learned in Scripture, or else to be of that sort that provoke the wrath of God upon them, and to be traitors unto the truth: the which thing than it should happen, I had rather suffer extreme punishment.

For what other thing is it to be a traitor and a Judas unto Christ, which is the very truth and cause of all truth? the which sayeth, 'that whosoever denieth him before men, he will deny him before his Father in heaven.' The which denying ought more to be feared and dread, than the loss of all temporal goods, honour, promotion, fame, prison, slander, hurts, banishments, and all manner of torments and cruelties; yea, and death itself, be it never so shameful and painful. But, alas! how little do men regard those sharp sayings of these two holy men! and how little do they fear the terrible judgment of Almighty God! and specially they which boast themselves to be guides and captains unto others, and challenging unto themselves the knowledge of holy Scripture; yet will neither show the truth themselves, (as they be bound,) neither suffer them that would: so that unto them may be said that which our Saviour Christ said to the Pharisees, "Woe be it unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, which shut up the kingdom of heaven before men, and neither will you enter in yourselves, neither suffer them that would to enter in." (1) And they will, as much as in them

(1) Matt. xxiii.

lieth, debar not only the word of God, which David calleth " a light to direct, and show every man how to order his affections and lusts," according to the commandments of God; but also by their subtle wiliness they instruct, move, and provoke, in a manner, all kings in Christendom, to aid, succour, and help them in this their mischief; and especially in this your realm, they have sore blinded your liege people and subjects with their laws, customs, ceremonies, and banbery glosses, and punished them with cursings, excommunications, and other corruptions; (corrections I would say;) and now, at the last, when they see that they cannot prevail against the open truth, (which the more it is persecuted, the more increaseth by their tyranny,) they have made it treason to your noble grace to have the Scripture in English.

Here I beseech your grace to pardon me awhile, and patiently to hear me a word or two: yea, and though it be so that, as concerning your high majesty and regal power, whereunto almighty God hath called your grace, there is as great difference between you and me as between God and man. For you be here to me and to all your subjects, in God's stead, to defend, aid, and succour us in our right; and so I should tremble and quake to speak to your grace. But again, as concerning that you be a mortal man, in danger of sin, having in you the corrupt nature of Adam, in the which all we be both conceived and born; so have you no less need of the merits of Christ's passion for your salvation, than I and other of your subjects

have, which be all members of the mystical body of Christ. And though you be an higher member, yet you must not disdain the lesser. For as St. Paul saith: "Those members that be taken most vilest, and had in least reputation, be as necessary as the other, for the preservation and keeping of the body." This, most gracious king, when I considered, and also your favourable and gentle nature, I was bold to write this rude, homely, and simple letter unto your grace, trusting that you will accept my true and faithful mind even as it is.

. . . . . .

But, as concerning this matter, other men have showed your grace their minds, how necessary it is to have the Scripture in English. The which thing also your grace hath promised by your last proclamation; the which promise, I pray God that your gracious highness may shortly perform, even to-day, before to-morrow. Nor let not the wickedness of these worldly men detain you from your godly purpose and promise.

. . . . . .

Wherefore, gracious king, remember yourself; have pity upon your soul, and think that the day is even at hand, when you shall give accounts of your office, and of the blood that hath been shed with your sword. In the which day that your grace may stand stedfastly and be not ashamed, but to be clear and ready in your reckoning, and to have (as they say) your "*quietus est*," sealed with the blood of our Saviour Christ, which only

serveth at that day, is my daily prayer to him that suffered death for our sins, which also prayeth to his Father for grace for us continually. To whom be all honour and praise for ever. Amen.

Anno Domini 1530. 1 mo. die Decembris.

LETTER LXVIII.

JOHN KNOX to FOX, the Martyrologist. Conscious integrity, combined with an ingenuous confession of his faults.

From Geneva, the 18th of May, 1558.

To his loving brother, Master Fox, be these delivered at Basil.

The mighty comfort of the Holy Ghost for salutation.

Dearly beloved brother, albeit at the departure of this our brother, from whom I received your loving and friendly letter, I could write nothing by reason of the evil disposition of my body, yet, because I could not suffer him to depart without some remembrance of my duty to you, I use the help of my left hand, that is of my wife, in scribbling these few lines unto you, concerning my purpose and mind in publishing the "First Blast of the Trumpet."

When the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that shall be known, which now many cannot be persuaded, namely, that therein I neither have sought myself, nor yet the vain praise of men.

My rude vehemence and inconsidered affirmations, which may appear rather to proceed from choler than of zeal and reason, I do not excuse; but to have used any other title more plausible, thereby to have allured the world by any art, as I never purposed it, so do I not now purpose it. To me it is enough to say that black is not white, and man's tyranny and foolishness is not God's perfect ordinance; which I do, not so much to correct commonwealths as to deliver my own conscience, and to instruct the conscience of some simple persons, who I fear are yet ignorant in that matter: but further of this I delay till better opportunity.

Salute your wife and daughters heartily in my name. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ rest with you now and for ever.

Your brother to prove,

JOHN KNOX.

I, your sister, the writer hereof, salute you and your wife most heartily, thanking her for her loving tokens, which my mother and I received from Mistress Kent.

LETTER LXIX.

ARCHBISHOP GRINDALL to QUEEN ELIZABETH, "concerning the abridging the number of Preachers," &c.

To HER MAJESTY, December 20th, 1576.

With most humble remembrance of my bounden

duty to your majesty; that may please the same to be advertised, that the speeches which it hath pleased you to deliver unto me, when I last attended on your highness, concerning the abridging the number of preachers, and the utter suppression of all learned exercises and conferences among the ministers of the church, allowed by their bishops and ordinaries, have exceedingly dismayed and discomforted me. Not so much for that the said speeches sounded very hardly against mine own person, being but one particular man, and not much to be accounted of; but most of all for that the same might both tend to the public harm of God's church, whereof your highness ought to be *nutricia*, and also to the heavy burdening of your conscience before God, if they should be put in strict execution. It was not your majesty's pleasure then, the time not serving thereto, to hear me at any length concerning the said two matters there propounded: I thought it therefore my duty, by writing, to declare some part of my mind unto your highness, beseeching the same, with patience, to read over this that I now send written with mine own rude scribbling hand; which seemeth to be of more length than it is indeed: for I say with Ambrose, *Scribo manu mea, quod sola legas;* that is, "I write with my own hand, that you alone may read it."

Madam,

First of all, I must and will, during my life, confess, that there is no earthly creature to whom I am so much bounden as to your majesty; who,

notwithstanding mine insufficiency, (which commendeth your grace the more,) hath bestowed upon me so many and so great benefits as I could never hope for, much less deserve. I do therefore, according to my most bounden duty, with all thanksgiving, bear towards your majesty a most humble, faithful, and thankful heart; and that knoweth he which knoweth all things. Neither do I ever intend to offend your majesty in any thing, unless, in the cause of God, or of his church, by necessity of office, and burden of conscience, I shall thereunto be enforced. And in those cases, (which I trust in God shall never be urged upon me,) if I should use dissembling or flattering silence, I should very evil requite your majesty's so many and so great benefits; for in so doing, both you might fall into peril towards God, and I myself into endless damnation.

The prophet Ezekiel termeth us, ministers of the church, *speculatores*, that is, watchmen; and not *adulatores*, that is, flatterers. If we see the sword coming, by reason of any offence towards God, we must of necessity give warning, or else the blood of those that perish will be required at our hands. I beseech your majesty thus to think of me, that I do not conceive any evil opinion of you, although I cannot assent to those two articles then propounded. I do, with the rest of all your good subjects, acknowledge that we have received by your government many and most excellent benefits; as, among others, freedom of conscience, suppressing of idolatry, sincere preaching of the gospel,

with public peace and tranquillity. I am also persuaded, that even in these matters, which you seem now to urge, your zeal and meaning is to the best. The like hath happened to many of the best princes that ever were; yet have they not refused afterwards to be better informed out of God's word. King David, so much commended in the Scriptures, had no evil meaning, when he commanded the people to be numbered. He thought it good policy in so doing, to understand what forces he had in store to employ against God's enemies, if occasion so required. Yet afterward, (saith the Scripture,) his own heart struck him; and God, by the prophet Gad, reprehended him for his offence, and gave him for the same, choice of three very hard penances, that is to say, famine, war, and pestilence. Good king Hezekiah, of courtesy and good affection, showed to the ambassadors of the king of Babylon, the treasure of the house of God, and of his own house; and yet the prophet Isaiah told him, that God was therewith displeased. The godly king Jehosaphat, for making league with his neighbour, king Achab, (of the like good meaning, no doubt,) was likewise reprehended by Jehu the prophet, in this form of words: *Impio præbes auxilium, et his qui oderunt Dominum amicitiâ jungeris*, &c. Ambrose, writing to Theodosius, the emperor, useth these words: *Novi pietatem tuam erga Deum, lenitatem in Homines; obligatus sum beneficiis tuis*, &c.; and yet, for all that, the same Ambrose doth not forbear, in the same epistle, earnestly to persuade the

said emperor to revoke an ungodly edict, wherein he had commanded a godly bishop to re-edify a Jewish synagogue, pulled down by the Christian people.

[He then proceeds to argue at length the subject of his letter, after which he concludes in the following noble strain.]

Bear with me, I beseech you, madam, if I choose rather to offend your earthly majesty, than to offend the heavenly majesty of God. And now, being sorry that I have been so long and tedious to your majesty, I will draw to an end, most humbly praying the same, well to consider these two short petitions following.

The first is, that you would refer all these ecclesiastical matters, which touch religion, or the doctrine and discipline of the church, unto the bishops and divines of your realm; according to the example of all godly Christian emperors and princes of all ages. For indeed they are things to be judged (as an ancient father writeth) *in ecclesiâ, seu synodo, non in palatio;* that is, in the church, or a synod, not in a palace. When your majesty hath questions of the laws of your realm, you do not decide the same in your court, but send them to your judges, to be determined. Likewise, for doubts in matters of doctrine or discipline of the church, the ordinary way is to refer the decision of the same to the bishops, and other head ministers of the church.

. . . . . .

The second petition I have to make to your ma-

jesty, is this, that when you deal in matters of faith and religion, or matters that touch the church of Christ, which is his spouse, bought with so dear a price; you would not use to pronounce too resolutely and peremptorily, *quasi ex authoritate*, as ye may do in civil and extern matters; but always remember that in God's causes, the will of God (and not the will of any earthly creature) is to take place. It the anti-Christian voice of the pope, *Sic volo, sic jubeo; stet pro ratione voluntas;* that is, "So I will have it, so I command: let my will stand for a reason." In God's matters, all princes ought to bow their sceptres to the Son of God, and to ask counsel at his mouth, what they ought to do. David exhorteth all kings and rulers *to serve God with fear and trembling.*

Remember, madam, that you are a mortal creature. Look not only (as was said to Theodosius) upon the purple and princely array, wherewith ye are apparelled; but consider withal, what is that that is covered therewith. Is it not flesh and blood? Is it not dust and ashes? Is it not a corruptible body, which must soon return to his earth again, God knows how soon? Must not you also one day appear *ante tremendum tribunal crucifixi, ut recipias ibi, prout gesseris in corpore, sive bonum sive malum?* that is, before the fearful judgment-seat of the crucified Jesus, to receive there according as you have done in the body, whether it be good or evil.

And although ye are a mighty prince, yet remember, that he which dwelleth in heaven is

mightier. He is, as the Psalmist saith, *terribilis, et is, qui aufert spiritum principum, terribilis super omnes reges terræ;* that is, "terrible, and he who taketh away the spirit of princes, and is terrible above all the kings of the earth." Wherefore I do beseech you, madam, *in visceribus Christi,* when you deal in these religious causes, set the majesty of God before your eyes, laying all earthly majesty aside; determine with yourself to obey his voice, and with all humility say unto him, *Non mea, sed tua voluntas fiat;* that is, "Not mine, but thy will be done." God hath blessed you with great felicity in your reign, now many years; beware you do not impute the same to your own deserts or policy, but give God the glory. And as to instruments and means, impute your said felicity, first, to the goodness of the cause which ye have set forth; I mean Christ's true religion; and secondly, to the sighs and groanings of the godly, in their fervent prayer to God for you. Which have hitherto, as it were, tied and bound the hands of God, that he could not pour out his plagues upon you and your people, most justly deserved.

Take heed, that ye never once think of declining from God, lest that be verified of you, which is written of Joash, who continued a prince of goodly and godly government for many years together; and afterwards, *cum roboratus esset,* (saith the text,) *elevatum est cor ejus in interitum suum et neglexit Dominum;* that is, "when he was strengthened, his heart was lifted up to his destruction, and he regarded not the Lord." Ye have done

many things well, but except ye persevere to the end, ye cannot be blessed. For if ye turn from God, then God will turn away his merciful countenance from you. And what remaineth then to be looked for, but only a terrible expectation of God's judgments, and *an heaping up wrath against the day of wrath.*

But I trust in God, your majesty will always humble yourself under his mighty hand, and go forward in the zealous setting forth of God's true religion, always yielding due obedience and reverence to the word of God, the only rule of faith and religion. And if ye do so, although God hath just cause, many ways, to be angry with you and us, for our unfaithfulness; yet I doubt nothing, but that for his own name's sake, and for his own glory's sake, he will still hold his merciful hand over us, shield and protect us under the shadow of his wings, as he hath done hitherto.

I beseech God, our heavenly Father, plentifully to pour his *principal Spirit* upon you, and always to direct your heart in his holy fear.

LETTER LXX.

BERNARD GILPIN, in reply to an offer of a benefice.(1)

Louvain, Nov. 22, 1554.

Right honourable, and my singular good master,

(1) "Which of our modern gaping rooks," exclaimed the Bishop of Chichester on this occasion, "could endeavour

(my duty remembered in most humble manner,) pleaseth it your honour to be informed that of late my brother wrote to me, that in any wise I must meet him at Mechlin, for he must debate with me urgent affairs, such as could not be dispatched by writing. When we met, I perceived it was nothing else but to see if he could persuade me to take a benefice, and to continue in study at the University: which if I had known to be the cause of his sending to me, I should not have needed to interrupt my study to meet him; for I have so long debated that matter with learned men, especially with the holy prophets, and most ancient and godly writers since Christ's time, that I trust, so long as I have to live, never to burden my conscience with having a benefice, and lying from it. My brother said, that your lordship had written to him, that you would gladly bestow one on me; and that your lordship thought, and (so did other of my friends, of which he was one,) that I was much too scrupulous on that point. Whereunto I always say, if I be too scrupulous, (as I cannot think that I am,) the matter is such, that I had rather my conscience were therein a great deal too strait, than a little too large: for I am seriously persuaded, that I shall never offend God by refusing to have a benefice and lie from it, so long as I judge not evil of others; which I trust I shall not, but rather pray God daily, that all who have cures may discharge their office in his sight,

with more industry to obtain a benefice, than this man did to avoid one!"

as may tend most to his glory and the profit of his church. He replied against me, that your lordship would give me no benefice, but what you would see discharged in my absence as well or better than I could discharge it myself. Whereunto I answered, that I would be sorry, if I thought not there were many thousands in England more able to discharge a cure than I find myself; and therefore I desire they may both take the cure and the profit also, that they may be able to feed the body and the soul both, as I think all pastors are bounden. As for me, I can never persuade myself to take the profit, and let another take the pains: for if he should teach and preach as faithfully as ever St. Austin did, yet, should I not think myself discharged. And if I should strain my conscience herein, and strive with it to remain here, or in any other university, with such a condition, the unquietness of my conscience would not suffer me to profit in study at all.

I am here at this present, I thank God, very well placed for study among a company of learned men, joining to the friars minors; having free access at all times to a notable library among the friars, men both well learned and studious. I have entered acquaintance with divers of the best learned in the town; and for my part was never more desirous to learn in all my life than at this present. Wherefore I am bold, knowing your lordship's singular good-will towards me, to open my mind thus rudely and plainly unto your goodness, most

humbly beseeching you to suffer me to live without charge, that I may study quietly.

And whereas I know well your lordship is careful how I should live, if God should call your lordship, being now aged, I desire you let not that care trouble you: for if I had no other shift, I could get a lectureship, I know, shortly, either in this university, or at least in some abbey hereby; where I should not lose my time: and this kind of life, if God be pleased, I desire before any benefice. And thus I pray Christ always to have your lordship in his blessed keeping. By your lordship's humble scholar and chaplain,

BERNARD GILPIN.

LETTER LXXI.

BERNARD GILPIN to MR. WREN, in reply to his slanderers.

I am very sorry, Mr. Wren, to hear that you should fall into such unlawful contention with any one; and that, to maintain an evil cause, you should make an untrue report of me. . . .

You say I am called hypocrite: I know I am so by divers. How they will answer God's law therein, I leave to their own conscience. But, verily, for my own part, I can thank them; for, when I hear it, I trust in God, I gain not a little thereby in

studying clearly to subdue that vice, which I have strived against ever since I studied the Holy Scriptures. And I suppose very few or no preachers in England have preached oftener against that vice than I; and that, as I trust, with a clear conscience. But to make an end at this time, (because the bearer can show you what small time I have, being sore overcharged with manifold studies and businesses,) it is time, good Mr. Wren, both for you and me (age and sundry diseases, messengers of death, giving us warning) more deeply to ripe our own consciences, and more diligently to search our own faults, and to leave off from curious hearkening and espying of other men's: especially when it breedeth contention, and can in no wise edify. I pray you read St. James, the latter part of the third chapter, and there learn from whence cometh contentious wisdom. And this, I beseech you, remember, that it is not long since God did most mercifully visit you with a great sickness. At that time I doubt not but you lamented sore your duty forgotten in your life past: and for the time to come, if God would restore you to your health, I trust you promised a godly repentance, and reformation of life. Good Mr. Wren, if you have somewhat forgotten that godly mind, pray to God to bring it again, and being had, keep it. Pray in faith, and St. James saith, God will hear you, whom I beseech evermore to have you in his blessed keeping.

Your loving friend to his power,

BERNARD GILPIN.

LETTER LXXII.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH to PRINCE HENRY, son of James I.

London, Aug. 12, 1611.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The following lines are addressed to your highness from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune, in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could anywhere enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your father God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! hear them not; fly from their deceits. You are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven; while he is good, he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my

prince, let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants, in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many commonplaces in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of

your actions; while this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended? The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of beauty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men: the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people: it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive.

I am, sir,
Your highness's most faithful servant.

LETTER LXXIII.

SIR HENRY WOTTON to KING JAMES I. An impressive example of conscientiousness.

MY MOST DEAR AND DREAD SOVEREIGN,

As I gave your majesty foreknowledge of my intention to enter into the church, and had your gracious approvement therein, so I hold it a second duty to your majesty, and satisfaction to myself, to inform you likewise by mine own hand, both how far I have proceeded, and upon what motives; that it may appear to your majesty (as I hope it will) an act of conscience and of reason; and not of greediness ubition. Your majesty will therefore be

pleased to know, that I have lately taken the degree of deacon; and so far am I from aiming at any high flight, out of my former sphere, that there I intend to rest. Perhaps I want not some persuaders, that measuring me by their affections or by your majesty's goodness, and not by my own defects, or ends, would make me think, that yet before I die I might become a great prelate. And I need no persuasion to tell me, that if I would undertake the pastoral function, I could peradventure by casualty, out of the patronages belonging to your royal college, without further troubling of your majesty, cast some good benefice upon myself, whereof we have one, if it were vacant, that is worth more than my provostship. But as they were stricken with horror, who beheld the majesty of the Lord descending upon the mount Sinai; so, God knows, the nearer I approach to contemplate his greatness, the more I tremble to assume any care of souls even in the lowest degree, that were bought at so high a price: "*Premant torcular qui vindemiârunt;*" let them press the grapes and fill the vessels, and taste the wine, that have gathered the vintage. But shall I sit and do nothing in the porch of God's house, whereinto I am entered? God himself forbid, who was the supreme mover. What service then do I propound to the church? or what contentment to mine own mind? First, for the point of conscience, I can now hold my place canonically, which I held before but dispensatively, and withal I can exercise an archidiaconal authority annexed thereunto, though of

small extent, and no benefit; yet sometimes of pious and necessary use. I comfort myself also with this Christian hope, that gentlemen and knights' sons, who are trained up with us in a seminary of churchmen, (which was the will of the holy founder,) will, by my example, (without vanity be it spoken,) not be ashamed, after the sight of courtly weeds, to put on a surplice. Lastly, I consider, that this resolution which I have taken is not unsuitable unto my civil employments abroad, of which, for the most part, religion was the subject; nor to my observations, which have been spent that way, in discovery of the Roman arts and practices, whereof I hope to yield the world some account, though rather by my pen than by my voice. For, though I must humbly confess, that both my conceptions and expressions be weak, yet I do more trust my deliberation than my memory: or, if your majesty will give me leave to paint myself in higher terms, I think I shall be bolder against the judgments than against the faces of men. This I conceive to be a piece of my own character; so as my private study must be my theatre rather than a pulpit; and my books my auditors, as they are all my treasure. However, if I can produce nothing else for the use of church and state, yet it shall be comfort enough to the little remnant of my life, to compose some hymns unto his endless glory, who hath called me, (for which his name be ever blessed,) though late to his service, yet early to the knowledge of his truth, and sense of his mercy. To which ever commend-

ing your majesty and your royal actions with most hearty and humble prayers, I rest,

Your majesty's most devoted poor servant,

H. WOTTON.

LETTER LXXIV.

BISHOP BEDELL to a FRIEND, on its being proposed that he should accept the Mastership of Trinity College, Dublin.

SIR, From Bury, March 6, 1626.

With my hearty commendations remembered; I have this day received both your letters, dated the second of this month. I thank you for your care and diligence in this matter. For answer whereof, although I could have desired so much respite, as to have conferred with some of my friends, (such as possibly do know the condition of the place better than I do, and my insufficiencies better than my lord primate;) yet since that I perceive by both your letters, the matter requires a speedy and present answer, thus I stand: I am married, and have three children; therefore, if the place requires a single man, the business is at an end. I have no want, I thank my God, of any thing necessary for this life. I have a competent living of above a hundred pounds a year, in a good air and seat, with a very convenient house near to my friends; a little parish, not exceeding the compass of my weak voice. I have often heard it,

that changing seldom brings the better; especially to those that are well. And I see well, that my wife, (though resolving, as she ought, to be contented with whatsoever God shall appoint,) had rather continue with her friends in her native country, than put herself into the hazard of the seas, and a foreign land, with many casualties in travel, which she, perhaps out of fear, apprehends more than there is cause.

All these reasons I have, if I consult flesh and blood, which move me rather to reject this offer; (yet with all humble and dutiful thanks to my lord primate for his mind and good opinion of me:) on the other side, I consider the end wherefore I came into the world, and the business of a subject to our Lord Jesus Christ, of a minister of the gospel, of a good patriot, and of an honest man. If I may be of any better use to my country, to God's church, or of any better service to our common master, I must close mine eyes against all private respects; and if God call me, I must answer, "Here I am." For my part, therefore, I will not stir one foot, or lift up my finger for or against this motion; but if it proceed from the Lord, that is, if those whom it concerns there do procure those who may command me here, to send me thither, I shall obey, if it were not only to go into Ireland, but into Virginia; yea though I were not only to meet with troubles, dangers, and difficulties, but death itself in the performance. Sir, I have as plainly as I can, showed you my mind; desiring you with my humble service to represent it to my reverend

good lord, my lord primate. And God Almighty direct this affair to the glory of his holy name, and have you in his merciful protection: so I rest

Your loving friend,

WILLIAM BEDELL.

LETTER LXXV.

BISHOP HALL when imprisoned in the Tower of London by the parliament. A man conscious of his integrity.

WORTHY SIR,

You think it strange, that I should salute you from hence. How can you choose, when I do yet still wonder to see myself here? My intentions and this place are such strangers, that I cannot enough marvel how they met.

But, howsoever, I do in all humility kiss the rod wherewith I smart; as well knowing whose hand it is that wields it. To that infinite justice, who can be innocent? but to my king and country never heart was or can be more clear; and I shall beshrew my hand, if it shall have, against my thoughts, justly offended either: and if either say so, I reply not; as having learned not to contest with those that can command legions.

In the meantime, it is a kind but a cold compliment, that you pity me; an affection well placed, where a man deserves to be miserable: for me, I am not conscious of such merit.

You tell me in what fair terms I stood, not long

since with the world; how large room I had in the hearts of the best men: but can you tell me how I lost it? Truly, I have, in the presence of my God, narrowly searched my own bosom. I have impartially ransacked this fag-end of my life, and curiously examined every step of my ways; and I cannot, by the most exact scrutiny of my saddest thoughts, find what it is that I have done to forfeit that good estimation wherewith you say I was once blessed.

I can secretly arraign and condemn myself of infinite transgressions before the tribunal of heaven. Who, that dwells in a house of clay, can be pure in his sight that charged his angels with folly? O God, when I look on the reckonings betwixt thee and my soul, and find my shameful arrears, I can be most vile in my own sight, because I have deserved to be so in thine: yet, even then, in thy most pure eyes, give me leave the while not to abdicate my sincerity. Thou knowest my heart desires to be right with thee, whatever my failings may have been: and I know what value thou puttest on those sincere desires, notwithstanding all the intermixtures of our miserable infirmities. These I can penitently bewail to thee: but, in the meantime, what have I done to men? Let them not spare to shame me with the late sinful declination of my age; and fetch blushes, if they can, from a wrinkled face.

Let my enemies (for such I perceive I have, and those are the surest monitors) say in what I have offended. For their bitter irritation, my clear con-

science bids me boldly to take up the challenge of good Samuel, "Behold, here I am! witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe, to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it you."

Can they say, that I bore up the reins of government too hard; and exercised my jurisdiction in a rigorous and tyrannical way, insolently lording it over my charge? Malice itself, perhaps, would, but dare not speak it; or, if it should, the attestation of so grave and numerous a clergy would choke such impudence. Let them witness, whether they were not still entertained by me with an equal return of reverence, as if they had been all bishops with me, or I only a presbyter with them; according to the old rule of Egbert, archbishop of York, "*Intrà domum episcopus collegam se presbyterorum esse cognoscat.*" Let them say, whether aught here looked like despotical; or sounded rather of imperious commands, than of brotherly complying: whether I have not rather, from some beholders, undergone the censure of a too humble remissness; as, perhaps, stooping too low beneath the eminence of episcopal dignity: whether I have not suffered as much in some opinions, for the winning mildness of my administration, as some others for a rough severity.

Can they say, for this aspersion is likewise common, that I barred the free course of religious exercises, by the suppression of painful and peace-

able preachers? If shame will suffer any man to object it, let me challenge him to instance but in one name. Nay, the contrary is so famously known in the western parts, that every mouth will herein justify me. What free admission and encouragement have I always given to all the sons of peace that came with God's message in their mouths! What mis-suggestions have I waved! What blows have I borne off in the behalf of some of them, from some gainsayers! How have I often and publicly professed, that, as well might we complain of too many stars in the sky, as too many orthodox preachers in the church!

Can they complain, that I fretted the necks of my clergy with the uneasy yoke of new and illegal impositions? Let them, whom I have thus hurt, blazon my unjust severity, and write their wrongs in marble: but if, disliking all novel devices, I have held close to those ancient rules which limited the audience of our godly predecessors; if I have grated upon no man's conscience by the pressure, no not by the tender, of the late oath, or any unprescribed ceremony; if I have freely, in the committee appointed by the most honourable house of peers, declared my open dislike in all innovations, both in doctrine and rites; why doth my innocence suffer?

Can they challenge me as a close and back-stair friend to Popery or Arminianism, who have, in so many pulpits and so many presses, cried down both? Surely, the very paper that I have spent

in the refutation of both these, is enough to stop more mouths than can be guilty of this calumny.

Can they check me with a lazy silence in my place? with infrequence of preaching? Let the populous auditories, where I have lived, witness, whether, having furnished all the churches near me with able preachers, I took not all opportunities of supplying such courses, as I could get, in my cathedral; and, when my tongue was silent, let the world say whether my hand were idle.

Lastly, since no man can offer to upbraid me with too much pomp, which is wont to be the common eye-sore of our envied profession, can any man pretend to a ground of taxing me, as I perceive one of late hath most unjustly done, of too much worldliness? Surely, of all the vices forbidden in the decalogue, there is no one which my heart, on due examination, can less fasten on me than this. He that made it, knows that he hath put into it a true disregard (save only for necessary use) of the world; and of all that it can boast of, whether for profit, pleasure, or glory. No, no: I know the world too well to dote on it. While I am in it, how can I but use it? but I never care, never yield to enjoy it. It were too great a shame for a philosopher, a Christian, a divine, a bishop, to have his thoughts grovelling here upon earth; for mine, they scorn the employment; and look upon all these sublunary distractions, as upon this man's false censure, with no other eyes than contempt.

And now, sir, since I cannot, how secretly faulty soever, guess at my own public exorbitances, I be-

seech you, where you hear my name traduced, learn of mine accusers, whose lyncean eyes would seem to see further into me than my own, what singular offence I have committed.

If, perhaps, my calling be my crime; it is no other than the most holy fathers of the church in the primitive and succeeding ages, ever since the apostles, many of them also blessed martyrs, have been guilty of: it is no other than all the holy doctors of the church in all generations ever since have celebrated, as most reverend, sacred, inviolable: it is no other than all the whole Christian world, excepting one small handful of our neighbours, whose condition denied them the opportunity of this government, is known to enjoy, without contradiction. How safe is it erring in such company!

If my offence be in my pen, which hath, as it could, undertaken the defence of that apostolical institution, though with all modesty and fair respects to the churches differing from us, I cannot deprecate a truth; and such I know this to be: which is since so cleared by better hands, that I will hope the better informed world cannot but sit down convinced. Neither doubt I, but that, as metals receive the more lustre with often rubbing, this truth, the more agitation it undergoes, shall appear every day more glorious. Only, may the good Spirit of the Almighty speedily dispel all those dusky prejudices from the minds of men, which may hinder them from perceiving so clear a light.

Shortly, then, knowing nothing by myself, whereby I have deserved to alienate any good heart from me, I shall resolve to rest securely upon the acquitting testimony of a good conscience, and the secret approbation of my gracious God; who shall one day cause mine innocence to break forth as the morning light, and shall give me beauty for bonds; and for a light and momentary affliction, an eternal weight of glory.

To shut up all, and to surcease your trouble, I write not this as one that would pump for favour and reputation from the disaffected multitude; for I charge you, that what passes privately betwixt us may not fall under common eyes: but only with this desire and intention, to give you true grounds, where you shall hear my name mentioned with a causeless offence, to yield me a just and charitable vindication. Go you on still to do the office of a true friend, yea, the duty of a just man, in speaking in the cause of the dumb, in righting the innocent, in rectifying the misguided: and, lastly, the service of a faithful and Christian patriot, in helping the times with the best aid of your prayers; which is daily the task of

Your much devoted and thankful friend,

JOSEPH NORWICH.

From the Tower, Jan. 24, 1642.

LETTER LXXVI.

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH to DR. SHELDON; when troubled by scruples of conscience as to the lawfulness of *Subscription.*

I do here send you news, as unto my best friend, of a great and happy victory, which at length, with extreme difficulty, I have scarcely obtained over the only enemy that can hurt me—that is, myself.

Sir, so it is, that though I am in debt to yourself and others of my friends above £20 more than I know how to pay;—though I am in want of many conveniences;—though in great danger of falling into chronical infirmities of my body;—though in another thing, (which you perhaps guess at, what it is, but I will not tell you,) which would make me more joyful of preferment than all these, if I could come honestly by it;—though money comes to me from my father's purse like blood from his veins or from his heart;—though I am very sensible that I have been too long already an unprofitable burden to my lord, and must not still continue so;—though my refusing preferment may perhaps (which fear does, I assure you, much afflict me) be injurious to my friends and intimate acquaintance, and prejudicial in the way of others;—though conscience of my own good intention and desire, suggests unto me many flattering hopes of great possibility of doing God

and his church service, if I had the preferment which I may verily hope for;—though I may justly fear, that by refusing this preferment which I sought for, I shall gain the reputation of weakness and levity, and incur their displeasure, whose good opinion, next to God's favour and my own good opinion of myself, I do esteem and desire above all things;—though all these, and many other *terribiles visu formæ* have represented themselves to my imagination, in the most hideous manner that may be,—yet I am at length firmly and unmovedly resolved, if I can have no preferment without *subscription*, that I neither can nor will have any.

For this resolution I have but one reason against a thousand temptations to the contrary; but it is εν μεγα, against which, if all the little reasons in the world were put in the balance, they would be lighter than vanity. In proof, thus it is: so long as I keep that modest and humble assurance of God's love and favour, which I now enjoy, and wherein I hope I shall be daily more and more confirmed, so long, in despite of all the world, I may, and shall, and will be happy. But if I once lose this, though all the world should conspire to make me happy, I shall and must be extremely miserable. Now this inestimable jewel, if I subscribe, (without such a declaration as will make the subscription no subscription,) I shall wittingly, and willingly, and deliberately throw away.

Though I am very well persuaded of you and many other friends, who do so with a full persua-

sion that you may do it lawfully, yet the case stands so with me, (and I can see no remedy but for ever it will do so,) that if I subscribe, I subscribe my own damnation.

. . . . . .

I shall not need to entreat you not to be offended with me, for this my most honest, and as I verily believe, most wise resolution; hoping rather you will do your endeavour that I may neither be honest at so dear a rate, as the loss of preferment, nor buy preferment at so much dearer a rate—the loss of honesty.

I think myself happy that it pleased God, when I was resolved to venture upon a subscription, without a full assurance of the lawfulness of it, to cast in my way two impediments to divert me from accomplishing my resolution; for I profess unto you, since I entertained it, I have never enjoyed quiet day nor night, till now that I have rid myself of it again.

And I plainly perceive, that if I had swallowed this pill, howsoever gilded over with glosses and mental reservations, and wrapt up in conserves of good intentions and purposes, yet it would never have agreed nor staid with me; but I would have cast it up again, and with it whatsoever preferment I should have gained with it, as the wages of unrighteousness.

. . . . . .

But however this would have succeeded, in case I had then subscribed, I thank God that I am now so resolved that I will never do that, while I am

living and in health, which I would not do if I were dying; and this I am sure I would not do. I would never do any thing for preferment, which I would not do *but* for preferment, and this I am sure I would not do. I will never so undervalue the happiness which God's love brings to me with it, as to put it to the last adventure in the world, for the gaining of any worldly happiness. I remember very well *quærite primum regnum Dei, et cetera omnia adjicientur tibi*, and profess, whenever I make such a preposterous choice, I will give you leave to think I am out of my wits, or do not believe in God, or, at least, am so unreasonable as to do any thing in hope I shall be sorry for it afterwards and wish it undone.

It cannot be avoided but my Lord of Canterbury must come to know this my resolution: I think the sooner the better.

Let me entreat you to acquaint him with it, if you think it expedient; and let me hear from you as soon as possibly you can. But when you write, I pray remember that my foregoing preferment (in this state wherein I am) is grief enough to me; and do not you add to it, by being angry with me for doing that which I must do or be miserable.

I am, your most loving and true servant,

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

LETTER LXXVII.

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ. to the HON. MAJOR DUNBAR, on his having offered, in return for an important piece of service, a bank-bill of three hundred guineas, and, on its being rejected, a diamond ring of the same value.

I find there is a very strong opposition formed against you, but I shall wait on my lord lieutenant this morning, and lay your case before him as advantageously as I can, if he is not engaged in other company. I am afraid what you say of his grace (1) does not portend you any good.

And now, sir, believe me when I assure you, I never did, nor ever will, on any pretence whatsoever, take more than the customary and stated fees of my office. I might keep the contrary practice concealed from the *world,* (were I capable of it,) but I could not from *myself;* and I hope I shall always fear the reproaches of my own heart more than those of all mankind. In the meantime, if I can serve a gentleman of merit, and such a character as you bear in the world, the satisfaction I meet with on such an occasion, is always a sufficient, and the only reward to,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

(1) Duke of Marlborough.

LETTER LXXVIII.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S Letter to MRS. OWEN, proposing a marriage with her relation, Miss Maris.

HONOURED MADAM, Northampton, Aug. 6, 1730.

I discovered so many charms in the person and conversation of the agreeable lady I saw at your house last week, (and whom I was so happy as to meet there more than once before,) that had I followed the impulse of a rising passion, I should immediately have offered her my services, and urged my suit with an importunity as earnest as the circumstances would permit.

I am, however, aware it is highly reasonable that her friends should be consulted in the first place; and that it is my own interest to address them, before repeated interviews have put me entirely in the power of that lovely creature, and rendered me incapable of those prudential considerations, which I owe to her happiness as well as to my own.

I should have been glad to have met you at Worcester on this occasion; but I have been absent from home many weeks, and am just recommencing with my pupils, after a long vacation, so that I must deny myself that pleasure; and hope I shall not be blamed for a close attendance to those engagements which Providence has made my duty. I shall, however, allow myself to write with the utmost freedom, and depend upon your

generosity, good madam, that you will communicate the letter to those only whom it may concern.

I am sensible that there is nothing in my circumstances which would invite strangers to such an alliance as I have now in my wishes; for I can hardly presume to say, that I have it in my hopes; yet, as there is such a thing as generosity in the world, I cannot but hope, that it may have some weight in the breast of those friends who are to be consulted upon this occasion. And I am willing to write at large, however my suit may succeed, that I may at least satisfy my own conscience, in having done my best; so that, if so delightful a companion for life must after all be lost, I may not be forced to upbraid myself, and charge the loss on my own negligence.

If this bright jewel is to be bought,—I must frankly confess, that however I may admire it, I am not qualified to make the purchase: for, like too many of my brethren, I have no estate, and began the world with very little more than I carry about with me. You know, madam, that though under no necessity of doing it, yet I chose to spend the first years of my life with a little congregation in the country, where my income was but just enough to maintain me, and to furnish me with a few books. I am now indeed settled much to my satisfaction, with a large and flourishing congregation, though few of them make any great figure in the world. Their stated subscription is above seventy pounds a year, and the perquisites will, so far as I can guess by what I have already re-

ceived, make it above eighty. I have about thirty pounds a year coming in by my pupils. My friends in London sometimes continue to remember me; and upon the whole, I apprehend I have about a hundred and twenty pounds a year, to maintain myself and that part of the family which is peculiarly my own, the boarders being excluded. I was obliged to lay out a considerable sum of money in furnishing my house, and fitting it up for the convenience of the eight students under my care, having made a closet for each of them. To defray this expense, (though my goods were prudently bought, and the people presented me with furniture to the value of at least fifty pounds) I was forced to borrow a hundred pounds, for eighty pounds of which I pay interest. Since my settlement here, which was but last Christmas, I have been on the advance rather than the decline. And though I have been under the necessity of buying goods and books very frequently since I began housekeeping, yet I have something prepared for the payment of a part of my debt, and am persuaded, that if I were immediately to die, I should leave behind me, in money, goods, books, plate, &c. the value of at least a hundred pounds more than I owe.

You may perhaps remember, madam, that I said something to you about a chance I had of a little estate, but it is a very uncertain one. This property produces about fifty-six pounds a year; a part of it is in land at Hounslow, and part of it is a ground-rent in London, which will in time,

but I fear not in our time, rise to something considerable. It is now in the possession of an old aunt, and after her decease will descend to a cousin of my own name; and if he die without children, the whole of it is entailed upon me and my heirs. He may indeed cut off the entail if he pleases, but not till it comes into his possession; and then, if he attempts any alteration in the present settlement, he is obliged, by bond, to pay me immediately a hundred and fifty pounds. I think I am in more danger from his marrying, though he be now a bachelor of forty-five, and has often declared that he does not intend it. My most probable hope is, that according to his repeated promise, if I can advance a hundred pounds for the payment of his debts, and of a fine which he must pay on taking up the land, and for which, without me, he can give no security, he will settle the estate on me and my heirs, after the term of his own natural life. But I dare not answer for it that he will do it, and would by no means have it taken for granted in judging of this affair.

You have here, madam, a plain account of my circumstances, in which I have concealed nothing that I apprehend disadvantageous to my pretensions. I had indeed much rather lose the dearest blessing of life, by frankness and integrity, than gain it by artifice and deceit. If, after this, it be thought worth while to make any inquiry into my character, you, madam, are not a stranger to it, and it may be learned more fully from many others. Dr. Wright and Dr. Watts, in London,

Mr. Some, of Harborough, Mr. Saunders, of Kettering, and Mr. Norris, of Welford, are all very well acquainted with me, and have been so for several years. But I must add, they are all persons of so much candour, and have honoured me with so intimate and so endearing a friendship, that allowance must be made for what they say of me, as erring rather on the favourable hand.

I know there is an apparent indecency in saying so much of one's self; yet, madam, I will venture to add what others perhaps may not think it material to mention, and that is, that there is a natural tenderness and indulgence in my temper, which, as it may make a woman of sense and gratitude as happy as other circumstances will allow, so on the other hand, it is capable of being abused by a woman of caprice and ill nature to an extent which would make us both ridiculous and miserable. I am thoroughly satisfied of the sweetness and generosity of Miss Maris's temper, and heartily wish I were but half as sure of gaining her as I might be of being happy with her.

Money appears to me so inconsiderable a thing when compared with what I admire in her, that I can hardly bring myself to ask what she has, when I am thinking of what she is. Had I an estate of my own that would secure her, in case of widowhood, I should, if I know myself, be proud of an opportunity of expressing a disinterested passion, by taking her without any fortune at all; but as that is not the case, I would beg the favour of such information as may be necessary, to enable

me to judge how far it may be consistent with my tender care for her happiness in future life to offer myself to her attention under the character of a lover, if I may have permission from Worcester to do it at all.

I have nothing further to add, but that, as it is my desire to be devoted to the service of my God, so I humbly refer this dear affair to the determination of his wise and gracious Providence. Agreeable and lovely as she is in all other respects, I hope I should never have thought of her as a wife, if I had not found reason to believe that she was truly religious. And as the hope of our being companions and helpmates in the way to heaven, would add the greatest relish to my union with her, so the prospect of meeting her at the end of our pilgrimage, and spending an eternity with her, in a nobler state of existence, would, I trust, be one means of composing my mind, if God should deny me so desirable a blessing. In the meantime, madam, I promise myself the kindest offices from your friendship, which are consistent with your regard to her; and hope, that if her relatives do not think fit to accept of this proposal, they will at least forgive it.

I am, madam,
Your most faithful
and most obliged humble servant,
P. DODDRIDGE.

LETTER LXXIX.

DR. DODDRIDGE to the REV. S. CLARK, D. D. just after the publication of the first volume of his Family Expositor.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Feb. 27, 1739.

I think I must thank you for writing to me no sooner; for if the time which it would have cost you was spent in a care of your own health, I had a thousand times rather that you should be well, than my most punctual correspondent. I hope your journey will so far recruit you that, as the spring advances, you may be capable of a longer. Your company here would be one of the greatest imaginable pleasures both to me and my wife; and I should be glad of an opportunity of receiving your further thoughts on my schemes of education, by which I hope many might receive benefit, and in due time your own son amongst the rest.

I thank God, I am not very solicitous about the reception the work may meet with in the world; and that because I have a secret consciousness in my own heart, that my aim was something much greater than either profit or applause: and I have a cheerful hope that God will bless it; nor can I fear that a work of which you were pleased to express so favourable an opinion should be utterly despised by persons of a true taste. How such an old fashioned dedication may be relished at court I cannot tell; my intentions were very upright, and it is much better that I should be thought too much of a Pu-

ritan, than that the character of a minister should be prostituted; or that I should appear ashamed of that which is our glory.

I bless God, my wife and family are, at present, well.

I am, reverend and dear Sir,
Your most affectionate
and obedient humble servant,
P. DODDRIDGE.

LETTER LXXX.

REV. GEO. WHITFIELD to MR. H—— of Edinburgh.

DEAR MR. H——, Melvill, October 5, 1741.

I received your kind letter with the bill, and also that signed by you, and my other friends at Edinburgh. I take all they say in good part, but think some of their reasonings a little too worldly. The calumnies of evil men are not to be regarded. I value them not in the least. My largest donations have been from the rich and substantial. The mites which the lower sort of people have given, I am persuaded will not prevent their paying their debts, or impoverish their families. Mr. W——, in a letter to Mr. S——, wishes there may be a *private contribution for myself;* but I know nothing of, and will not admit of any such thing. I make no purse; what I have, I give away. Freely I have received, freely I desire to give. "Poor, yet

making many rich," shall be my motto still. My great and professed design, is to bring poor sinners to Jesus Christ: but as my orphan family abroad is now large, and daily to be provided for, without the least visible fund, and I believe much glory will redound to God from that house; I think it my duty to speak to those who I believe, for Christ's sake, are willing to help them. I would have no one afraid of doing too much good, or think that a little given in charity will impoverish the country. May God reward you, and all others that have assisted me for his dear Son's sake! My poor prayers will always attend my Scotch friends. When I shall go to England, I know not, but I hope God will direct me. I must have done. Dear Sir, may the Lord be with you, and be your ease in pain. My kindest respects attend your kind wife, and all my dear friends. I thank you and them for their advice, and desire to subscribe myself, with much affection,

Dear sir,

Your obliged and affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER LXXXI.

REV. JOHN WESLEY to a noble LORD, reproving him for contemplating a measure which would have been attended with the public desecration of the Sabbath.

MY LORD, 1782.

If I wrong your lordship, I am sorry for it; but I

really believe your lordship fears God; and I hope your lordship has no unfavourable opinion of the Christian revelation. This encourages me to trouble your lordship with a few lines, which otherwise I should not take upon me to do.

Above thirty years ago, a motion was made in parliament, for raising and embodying the militia, and for exercising them, to save time, on Sunday. When the motion was like to pass, an old gentleman stood up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have one objection to this: I believe an old book, called the Bible." The members looked at one another, and the motion was dropped.

Must not all others, who believe the Bible, have the very same objection? And, from what I have seen, I cannot but think, these are still three-fourths of the nation. Now, setting religion out of the question, is it expedient to give such a shock to so many millions of people at once? And certainly it would shock them extremely: it would wound them in a very tender part. For would not they, would not all England, would not all Europe, consider this as a virtual repeal of the Bible! And would not all serious persons say, "We have little religion in the land now; but by this step, we shall have less still? For wherever this pretty show is to be seen, the people will flock together; and will lounge away so much time before and after it, that the churches will be emptier than they are already!"

My lord, I am concerned for this on a double account: first, because I have personal obligations

to your lordship, and would fain, even for this reason, recommend your lordship to the love and esteem of all over whom I have any influence. Secondly, because I now reverence your lordship for your office' sake; and believe it to be my bounden duty to do all that is in my little power, to advance your lordship's influence and reputation.

Will your lordship permit me to add a word in my old-fashioned way? I pray him that has all power in heaven and earth, to prosper all your endeavours for the public good; and am,

My lord,

Your lordship's willing servant.

LETTER LXXXII.

Principal CAMPBELL, on voluntarily resigning his offices and emoluments as professor of divinity in Marischal College, and minister of Gray Friars' Church, Aberdeen.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Aberdeen, June 11, 1795.

I hereby intimate to you, and to the reverend presbytery of Aberdeen, that I henceforth resign my charge of Professor of Divinity in Marischal College, and minister of Gray Friars' Church, into the hands of the Presbytery, whom I entreat to declare me released in future from these functions, and the pastoral relation implied in them loosed.

The causes of my making this resignation are the following:

1st. I am sensible of such a decline, both in body and in mind, as unfits me, in a considerable degree, for the discharge of the duties incumbent, in a way which either would be satisfactory to myself, (or as I much fear,) profitable to those for whom my services are chiefly intended.

2dly. It is my firm opinion, that when a man is conscious that he is no longer able to perform properly the duties of an office, and is providentially in a situation of living independently of its emoluments, it is an indispensable duty to resign, that a fit person may be timely found to supply the place, for the sake of the community at large, that the public may not suffer, compared with which, the accommodation of the incumbent is, and ought always to be regarded as but a secondary consideration at the most. This I do more readily in the present case, as the patron will have no difficulty in supplying the charge about to be vacated, in such time as that the divinity school shall suffer nothing. There is no ann,(1) and consequently no claim for vacant stipend, to occasion a delay after a resignation, as after a decease.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood by any to mean, by this deed, a resignation of the character of a minister of the gospel, and servant of Christ. In this character I glory, so far am I from intending to resign it, but with my breath; nor do I mean to retain it only as a title. For if, by the blessing of God, I should yet be able to do any

(1) The ann, or annate, is the half-year's salary, payable after a minister's or professor's death.

real service, either in defence, or in illustration of the Christian cause, I shall think it my honour, as well as my duty, and the highest gratification of which I am capable, to be so employed. It is only from the particular relation to the people of Aberdeen, as pastor; and the theological students of Marischal College, as teacher, that it is my desire to be loosed. And let me add, this proceeds not from dislike to the particular service of either (for I have had much enjoyment in both, and have the most ardent wishes for the welfare of both,) but from a conviction of unfitness, owing to age and growing infirmities, and from a fervent desire and hope, that in regard to both, the place shall soon be better supplied.

I beg leave to offer my best respects to my brethren of the presbytery, and most thankful acknowledgments for all the marks of attention, with which, in their public capacity as a community, or any of the members individually, have been pleased to honour me. May power, accompanied with divine favour, ever attend them, and may they enjoy much of that greatest of all pleasures to a faithful pastor, to perceive by the fruits produced in their people, that their labours have not been in vain in the Lord.

I very sincerely am, Reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother in the Lord,
and most humble servant,
GEORGE CAMPBELL.

To the Moderator of the Presbytery of Aberdeen.

LETTER LXXXIII.

REV. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, on behalf of a certain lady, to DR. DODD, after sentence had been passed upon him.

REV. SIR, New-street, March 17, 1777.

Believe me, when I assure you, that the liberty which I now take results neither from want of tenderness, nor of respect; but from an humble wish of being serviceable to a person, who is recommended to me as a very deserving individual, and whose circumstances are, it seems, considerably narrowed and embarrassed, through the unsuspecting confidence which she reposed on your veracity, justice, and honour.

The lady to whom I allude is Mrs. G——. I need not state the merits of a case with which you, sir, are so thoroughly acquainted. Only permit me to conjure you, by every sacred and moral consideration, and by all your feelings as a man of sensibility, not to depart this world without repaying as much of that iniquitous debt as you possibly can. I say before you depart this world. For it is but too indubitable, that there is not a single ray of hope from any one quarter whatsoever, of your avoiding the utmost effect of the terrible sentence which impends. Let me, therefore, importune you, for God's sake, and for your own, to devote the remainder of your time to more important employ, than that of writing notes on Shakespeare. Indeed, and indeed, your situation is such as should con-

fine your attention to objects of infinitely greater moment. The searcher of hearts knows that I thus plainly address you, from motives of absolute humanity, and from an anxious solicitude for your everlasting welfare.

I am with undissembled sympathy and respect,
Sir,
Your well-wisher in time and eternity,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

You will oblige me, sir, if you favour me with a line (by the gentleman who delivers this to your hands) relative to the business respecting Mrs. G——.

LETTER LXXXIV.

REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD. A solemn declaration of his integrity, in reply to certain calumnies with which he had been assailed.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, July 12, 1749.

I am obliged to you for your kind letters; for the trouble you have been at about the money, and for all favours. Was I to follow my own inclinations, I would come and thank you in person; but I fear Providence will not permit me to embark for America this fall. However, I am looking up, and looking about me, and trust our Lord will point out his way before me. I am not at all uneasy at what one of your clergy may have said of

me; I am only sorry upon his own account; having known more than once, that God delights to plead the cause of the injured. I trust I can say, that with simplicity and godly sincerity I desire to have my conversation in the world; and I hope it is my daily study to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. Whilst this is the case, we need not fear what men or devils can say, or do unto us. They can only speak all manner of evil against us *falsely:* and that our Lord hath taught us to expect. They can only kill the body; blessed be God, the soul is out of their reach. I am content to wait till the day of judgment for the clearing up of my character: and after I am dead, I desire no other epitaph than this, "Here lies G. W. what sort of a man he was, the great day will discover." O, my dear sir, what a blessed thing is it to have the Redeemer to be our friend. If we can but truly say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," how safely may we put our souls into his hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator!

Yours, most affectionately,

G. W.

SECTION IV.

STRIKING EXAMPLES OF CHARITY, FORBEARANCE, BENEVOLENCE, COURTESY, &c.

LETTER LXXXV.

JOHN BRADFORD, the Martyr, to MASTERS TREWE, ABINGDON and others, (his opponents in certain controversies,) just before he suffered.

Yet once more, beloved in the Lord, before pen and ink are utterly taken from me, as I look it will be this afternoon, I thought good to write unto you, because I stand in doubt whether at any time hereafter I shall see or speak with you, for within this sevennight my lord chancellor bade me look for judgment. God knoweth I lie not, I never bore you malice, nor sought the hinderance of any one of you, but your good, both in soul and body, as when we shall all appear together before God, I am certain you shall then know, though now you doubt it. And of that I am right well assured; for mine own conscience can, and does bear witness with me, that I never defrauded you, or any of you, of the value of one penny, or pennyworth of any thing, but have sought to do you good with

that which has been given, not only in common, but also unto me, and to mine own use, discretion, and distribution: therefore disdain not the good will of your lover in God; and in hope that you will not, I have even now sent unto you thirteen shillings and four pence. If you need as much more you shall have it, or any thing else I have or can do for you. Though in some things we agree not, yet let love bear away the bell, and let us pray one for another, and be careful one for another, for I hope we all are Christ's. As you hope yourselves to pertain to him, so think of me; and as you are his, so am I yours,

JOHN BRADFORD.

["At this letter these men were offended, because he said he had hindered himself to further them, as though he had thereby upbraided them; and in displeasure they sent it to him again: whereupon he wrote to them as follows."—*Coverdale.*]

LETTER LXXXVI.

JOHN BRADFORD to the same parties, on the same subject.

He that seeketh not to hinder himself temporally, that he may help his brother who is in more need, the same wanteth true love. I have done, do, and will (except you refuse it) hinder myself this way, that I may further you, and, indeed, my-

self also that way, wherein I desire to be furthered. If I would seek mine own gains temporally, then I could have taken and used many portions of money which have been given me for mine use. I never intended to upbraid you; but that which I wrote of mine own hinderance was, that you might see I loved you, and sought your weal, as I do and will be glad to do it continually. The Lord of mercy hath forgiven us all, wherefore henceforth let us rather bear than break.

Yours, in the Lord,

JOHN BRADFORD.

LETTER LXXXVII.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON to LADY RUSSELL.—His charity to his slanderers.

June 23, 1691. (1)

I received your ladyship's letter, together with that of Mr. Fox, which I shall return to him on Wednesday morning, when I have desired Mr. Kemp to send him to me.

I entreat you to give my very humble service to my Lord of Bedford, and to let his lordship know how far I have been concerned in this affair. I had notice first from Mr. Attorney-general and Mr. Solicitor, and then from my Lord ——, that several persons, upon the account of publishing

(1) From his draught in short-hand.

and dispersing several libels against me, were secured in order to prosecution: upon which I went to wait upon them severally, and earnestly desired of them that nobody might be punished upon my account. That this was not the first time I had experience of this kind of malice, which, how unpleasant soever to me, I thought it the wisest way to neglect, and the best to forgive it.(1) None of them said any thing to me of my Lord Russell, nor did it ever come into my thought to hinder any prosecution upon his account, whose reputation, I can truly say, is much dearer to me than mine own; and I was much more troubled at the barbarous usage done to his memory, and especially since they have aggravated it by dispersing more copies: and, as I find by the letter to Mr. Fox, are supported in their insolence by a strong combination, I cannot but think it very fit for my Lord Bedford to bring them to condign punishment.

Twice last week I had my pen in my hand to have provoked you to a letter; and that I might once in my life have been beforehand with you in this way of kindness. I was both times hindered by the breaking in of company upon me. The errand of it would have been to have told you that, whether it be from stupidity, or from a present astonishment, at the danger of my condition, or from some other cause, I find that I bear the

(1) On a packet of *libels* (found after his death among his papers) he had inscribed the memorable words: "These are libels. I pray God forgive the authors: I do."

burden I dreaded so much, a good deal better than I could have hoped. David's acknowledgment to God runs in my mind: "Who am I, O Lord God! or what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto, and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree, O Lord God?" (1) I hope that the same providence of God, which hath once overruled me in this thing, will some way or other turn it to good.

The queen's extraordinary favour to me, to a degree much beyond my expectation, is no small support to me; and I flatter myself with hopes, that my friends will continue their kindness to me; especially that the best friend I ever had will not be the less so to me now that I need friends most.

I pray to God continually to preserve you and yours; and particularly at this time, to give my Lady Cavendish a happy meeting with her lord, and to grant them both a long and happy life together.

I am, &c.

J. CANT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

RICHARD BAXTER to BISHOP EARLE; correcting a misapprehension.—This letter, and Dr. Earle's reply, are fine specimens of Christian temper.

REVEREND SIR, June 20, 1662.

By the great favour of my lord chancellor's repre-

(1) 1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

hension, I came to understand how long a time I have suffered in my reputation with my superiors, by your misunderstanding me, and misinforming others; as if when I was to preach before the king, I had scornfully refused the *tippet* as a toy; when, as the searcher and judge of hearts doth know, that I had no such thought or word. I was so ignorant in those matters as to think that a tippet had been a proper ensign of a doctor of divinity, and verily thought that you offered it me as such: and I had so much pride as to be somewhat ashamed, when you offered it me, that I must tell you my want of degrees; and therefore gave you no answer to your first offer, but to your second was forced to say, "It belongeth not to me, sir." And I said not to you any more; nor had any other thought in my heart than with some shame to tell you that I had no degrees; imagining I should have offended others, and made myself the laughter or scorn of many, if I should have used that which did not belong to me. For I must profess, that I had no more scruple to wear a tippet than a gown, or any comely garment. Sir, though this be one of the smallest of all the mistakes which of late have turned to my wrong, and I must confess that my ignorance gave you the occasion, and I am far from imputing it to any ill will in you, having frequently heard, that in charity, and gentleness, and peaceableness of mind you are very eminent; yet, because I must not contemn my estimation with my superiors, I humbly crave that favour and justice of you, (which I am confident you will readily grant me,) as to ac-

quaint those with the truth of this business, whom, upon mistake, you have misinformed; whereby in relieving the innocence of your brother, you will do a work of charity and justice, and therefore not displeasing unto God, and will much oblige,

Sir, your humble servant,

RICHARD BAXTER.

P.S. I have the more need of your justice in this case, because my distance denieth me access to those that have received these mis-reports, and because any public vindication of myself, whatever is said of me, is taken as an unsufferable crime, and therefore I am utterly incapable of vindicating my innocency, or remedying their mistakes.

To the Reverend and much-honoured Dr. Earle,
Dean of Westminster, &c.

LETTER LXXXIX.

BISHOP EARLE to RICHARD BAXTER, in reply to the preceding.

SIR, Hampton Court, June 23.

I received your letter, which I would have answered sooner, if the messenger that brought it had returned. I must confess I was a little surprised with the beginning of it, as I was with your name; but when I read further I ceased to be so. Sir, I should be heartily sorry and ashamed to be guilty

of any thing like malignity or uncharitableness, (1) especially to one of your condition, with whom, though I concur not, perhaps, in point of judgment in some particulars, yet I cannot but esteem for your personal worth and abilities; and, indeed, your expressions in your letter are so civil and ingenuous, that I am obliged thereby the more to give you all the satisfaction I can.

As I remember, then, when you came to me to the closet, and I told you I would furnish you with a tippet, you answered me something to that purpose as you write, but whether the same numerical words, or but once, I cannot possibly say from my own memory, and therefore I believe yours. Only this I am sure of, that I said to you at my second speaking, that some others of your persuasion had not scrupled at it; (2) which might suppose (if you had not affirmed the contrary,) that you had made me a formal refusal: of which giving me then no other reason than that "it belonged not to you," I concluded that you were more scrupulous than others were. And, perhaps, the manner of your refusing it (as it appeared to me) might make me think you were not very well pleased with the motion. And this it is likely I might say, either to my lord chancellor or others; though seriously I do not remember that I spake to my lord chancellor at all concerning it. But, sir, since you give me now that modest reason for it, (which, by the

(1) "O that they were all such."—*Note by Mr. Baxter.*

(2) "These words I heard not, being in the passage from him."—*Note by Mr. Baxter.*

way, is no just reason in itself, for a tippet may be worn without a degree, though a hood cannot; and it is no shame at all to want these formalities for him that wanteth not the substance,) but, sir, I say, since you give that reason for your refusal, I believe you, and shall correct that mistake in myself, and endeavour to rectify it in others, if any, upon this occasion, have misunderstood you. In the meantime I shall desire your charitable opinion of myself, which I shall be willing to deserve upon any opportunity that is offered me to do you service, being,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JO. EARLE.

To my honoured friend, Mr. Richard Baxter.

LETTER XC.

BISHOP OF LONDON (Dr. Sherlock) to DR. DODDRIDGE.—A handsome acknowledgment of a slight courtesy.

REVEREND SIR, Temple, March 24, 1750.

It was with great pleasure and satisfaction that I received and read your very excellent and seasonable sermon, published upon the occasion of the late earthquakes. I pray God it may have a due influence upon the minds of all who read it; and I wish all would read and consider it.

Though I am a stranger to your person, yet I am not so to your character and abilities, which I have

been made acquainted with by many, and particularly by my worthy friend Dr. Grey.

Whatever points of difference there are between us, yet I trust that we are united in a hearty zeal for spreading the knowledge of the gospel, and for reforming the lives and manners of the people according to it. I have lived long enough to know by experience the truth of what we are taught, "That there is no other name by which we may be saved, but the name of Christ only." I have seen the true spirit, and the comfortable hopes of religion lost in the abundance of speculation, and the vain pretences of setting up natural religion in opposition to revelation; and there will be little hope of a reformation, till we are humble enough to be willing to know Christ and him crucified.

In this necessary and fundamental point I am fully persuaded we do not disagree; and I earnestly beg of God to bless our united endeavours to make his ways known. Recommending you and your Christian labours to his gracious protection,

I am, Sir, with great truth,

Your affectionate and humble servant,

THOMAS LONDON.

LETTER XCI.

ARCHBISHOP HERRING to DR. BENSON.

REVEREND SIR, Kensington, February 2, 1748.

I cannot satisfy myself with having sent a cold and

common answer of thanks, for your volume of most excellent and useful sermons. I do it in this manner with great esteem and cordiality. I thank you, at the same time, as becomes me to do, for your very obliging good wishes. The subject on which my friends congratulate me, is, in truth, matter of constant anxiety to me. I hope I have an honest intention; and, for the rest, I must rely on the good grace of God, and the counsel and assistance of my friends.

I think it happy, that I am called up to this high station, at a time when spite, and rancour, and narrowness of spirit are out of countenance; when we breathe the benign and comfortable air of liberty and toleration; and the teachers of our common religion make it their business to extend its essential influence, and join in supporting its true interest and honour. No times ever called more loudly upon Protestants for zeal, and unity, and charity.

I am, reverend Sir,
Your assured friend.

LETTER XCII.

DR. DODDRIDGE to his jealous and capricious mistress, MISS C. FREEMAN, just before their final separation, after having been engaged to one another a year and a half.

DEAR MADAM, September 25, 1725.

I presume once more to trouble you with a few lines, not so much to give as to receive a lesson.

My heart is still sincerely yours, and therefore if you can resolve to pardon my indiscretion in having opened the affair so plainly to my friends at Harborough, and will resolve not to put so very unjust a construction as you have hitherto done upon those little freedoms with other people to which my temper inclines me; if you can bring yourself heartily to love me, and to be easy in me as a husband, I do once more repeat the assurance I have so often given you, that I will study to behave myself in every respect according to your wishes; and though other valuable friends will always have a considerable share in my esteem and affection, yet friendship shall always keep its place, and never intrench on those peculiar regards which I owe to you. If you determine thus, I promise that I will endeavour to forget whatever is past; and if you are no more angry without a just provocation, you shall never hear from me that you have formerly been so.

But if, on the other hand, you cannot reconcile yourself to my temper, nor be happy in me as a husband; if you still continue to suspect the reality of my love after the demonstration I have given you of its sincerity, and your heart be indeed alienated from me, as I have seen great cause of late to suspect it is, I then desire one further declaration of it; for I own I see so many charms in your person and character, that I dare not continue to converse any longer with you, but am come to a resolution to remove next Thursday, and to give myself up entirely to the pleasures of friendship, of study, and of devotion. Your free acknow-

ledgment of your sentiments upon this head, either by letter or discourse, will either fix me for ever yours, by assuring me that you intend to be mine, or put an end to all further importunity from

Your ardent lover and respectful servant,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

LETTER XCIII.

DR. DODDRIDGE to BISHOP WARBURTON, requesting his forgiveness of a young man, who had been represented as traducing him.

MY DEAR SIR,

I saw Mr. ——— the very day after I received your account. And though I did not think it proper to read him your letter, I could not forbear hinting what related to him in it. He assured me, that the gentleman who represented what he said of you after you left the company, must have misunderstood him. And, indeed, he has always spoken of you in so respectful a manner to me and everybody else, where I could trace the conversation, that I hope it was a mistake. But, if it were not, I beg you would forgive him, and place it to my account. And though I shall never have an opportunity of forgiving you any thing, I will endeavour to make it out another way, by loving you, if I can, so much the better.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

LETTER XCIV.

Extract from BISHOP WARBURTON'S Reply.

DEAR SIR,

What you say about Mr. ——— is extremely obliging. I could easily do much greater matters for you, than forgetting the treatment I complained of; I therefore heartily forget it, and desire you would assure him of my esteem and best respects. But as trifling as what I give, and what you ask is, that you may not think it to be altogether nothing, I can assure you I have reason to be as confident of the fact, as if I myself had been an eye and ear-witness of it. But he is a very young man, and such a slip is pardonable enough, as soon as ever the party begins to be sensible of it.

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XCV.

REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD to MR. C——.

MY DEAR MR. C——. London, Jan. 15, 1753.

I owe you a letter and much love. The one I will now pay you, the other debt our common Lord must discharge. I despair of doing it, because I run upon fresh arrears to him and his dear people every day and every hour. I willingly therefore

own myself a debtor to high and low, rich and poor, to all, of all denominations whatsoever. What have we to do with a party or sectarian zeal? Why should not our heaven begin on earth?

> All that we know they do above,
> Is, that they sing, and that they love.

O for some fresh anointings of the blessed Spirit! Then will the scales fall more and more from our eyes, and the veil of ignorance be taken more and more from our hearts. Then shall we be more and more content to think, and let think, and be studious to be of one heart, where we cannot be of one judgment or mind. The sweetness of such a spirit is unspeakable; it brings with it its own reward; it frees the soul from a thousand needless jealousies and selfish passions, and enables it to put the reins of government into his hands, who alone orders all things well. Lord, increase in us this spirit, and give us more and more to love all that bear thy image, though they may not in all things agree with us!

> O may we find the ancient way,
> Our wond'ring foes to move;
> And force the heathen world to say,
> See how these Christians love!

Your affectionate friend,
and ready servant for Christ's sake,
G. W.

LETTER XCVI.

DR. DODDRIDGE to REV. MR. BOURN, who had insinuated that he was an Arian in disguise.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, Nov. 12, 1742.

Had the letter which I received from you so many months ago, been merely an address of common friendship, I hope no hurry of business would have led me to delay so long the answer which civility and gratitude would in that case have required; or had it been to request any service in my power to you, sir, or to any of your family or friends, I would not willingly have neglected it so many days or hours: but when it contained nothing material, except an unkind insinuation, that you esteemed me a dishonest man, who, out of a design to please a party, had written what he did not believe, or, as you thought fit to express yourself, had "trimmed it a little with the gospel of Christ," I thought all that was necessary, after having fully satisfied my own conscience on that head, which, I bless God, I very easily did, was to forgive and pray for the mistaken brother who had done me the injury, and to endeavour to forget it, by turning my thoughts to some more pleasant, important, and useful subject. I imagined, sir, that for me to give you an assurance under my hand that I meant honestly would signify very little, whether you did or did not already believe it; and as I had little particular to say on the doctrines to which

you referred, I thought it would be of little use to send you a bare confession of my faith; and quite burdensome to enter into a long detail and examination of arguments, which have on one side and the other been so often discussed, and of which the world has of late years been so thoroughly satiated.

On this account, sir, I threw aside the beginning of a long letter, which I had prepared in answer to yours, and with it your letter itself; and I believe I may safely say, several weeks and months have passed in which I have not once recollected any thing relating to this affair. But I have since been certainly informed that you, interpreting my silence as an acknowledgment of the justice of your charge, have sent copies of your letter to several of your friends, who have been industrious to propagate them far and near! This is a fact which, had it not been exceedingly well attested, I should not have believed; but as I find it too evident to be questioned, you must excuse me, sir, if I take the liberty to expostulate with you upon it, which, in present circumstances, I apprehend to be not only justice to myself, but on the whole, kindness and respect for you.

Though it was unkind readily to entertain the suspicions you express, I do not so much complain of your acquainting me with them; but on what imaginable humane or Christian principle could you communicate such a letter, and grant copies of it? With what purpose could it be done, but with a design of aspersing my character? and to what

purpose could you desire my character to be reproached? Are you sure, sir, that I am not intending the honour of God and the good of souls, by my various labours of one kind and another—so sure of it, that you will venture to maintain at the bar of Christ, before the throne of God (!) that I was a person whom it was your duty to endeavour to discredit? for, considering me as a Christian, a minister, and a tutor, it could not be merely an indifferent action; nay, considering me as a man,—if it was not a duty, it was a crime!

I will do you the justice, sir, to suppose you have really an ill opinion of me, and believe I mean otherwise than I write; but let me ask, what reason have you for that opinion? Is it because you cannot think me a downright fool, and conclude that every one who is not must be of your opinion, and is a knave if he does not declare that he is so? or is it from any thing particular which you apprehend you know of my sentiments contrary to what my writings declare? He that searches my heart is witness that what I wrote on the very passage you except against, I wrote as what appeared to me most agreeable to truth, and most subservient to the purposes of His glory and the edification of my readers; and I see no reason to alter it in a second edition, if I should reprint my Exposition, though I had infinitely rather the book should perish than advance any thing contrary to the tenour of the Gospel, and subversive to the souls of men. I guard against apprehending Christ to be a mere creature, or another God, inferior to the Father, or

co-ordinate with him. And you will maintain, that I believe him to be so! From whence, sir, does your evidence of that arise? If from my writings, I apprehend it must be in consequence of some inference you draw from them, of laying any just foundation for which, I am not at present aware; nor did I ever intend, I am sure, to say or intimate any thing of the kind. If from report, I must caution you against rashly believing such reports. I have heard some stories of me, echoed back from your neighbourhood, which God knows to be as false as if I had been reported to have asserted the divine authority of the Alcoran or to have written Hobbe's Leviathan; and I can account for them in no other way than by supposing, either that coming through several hands, every one mistook a little, or else, that some people have such vivid dreams that they cannot distinguish them from realities, and so report them as facts; though how to account for their propagating such reports so zealously, on any principles of Christianity or common humanity, especially considering how far I am from having offered them any personal injury, would amaze me if I did not know how far *party* zeal debases the understandings of those who in other matters are wise and good. All I shall add with regard to such persons is, that I pray God, this evil may not be laid to their charge.

I have seriously reflected with myself, whence it should come that such suspicions should arise of my being in what is generally called the Arian scheme, and the chief causes I can discover are

these two: my not seeing the arguments which some of my brethren have seen against it in some disputed texts, and my tenderness and regard to those, who, I have reason to believe, do espouse it, and whom I dare not in conscience raise a popular cry against! Nor am I at all fond of urging the controversy, lest it should divide churches, and drive some who are wavering, as indeed I myself once was, to an extremity to which I should be sorry to see such worthy persons, as some of them are, reduced.

Permit me, sir, on so natural an occasion, to conclude with expressing the pleasure with which I have heard that you of late have turned your preaching from a controversial, to a more practical and useful strain. I am persuaded, sir, it is a manner of using the great talents which God has given you, which will turn to the most valuable account with respect to yourself and your flock; and if you would please to add another labour of love, by endeavouring to convince some who may be more open to the conviction from you than from others, that Christian candour does not consist in judging the hearts of their brethren, or virulently declaring against their supposed bigotry, it would be a very important charity to them, and a favour to,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your very affectionate brother and humble servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P.S. I heartily pray that God may confirm your health, and direct and prosper all your labours for the honour of his name and the Gospel of his Son.

The multiplicity of my business has obliged me to write this with so many interruptions, that I hope you will excuse the inaccuracies it may contain. My meaning I am sure is good, and, I hope, intelligible; and I am heartily willing that, with what measure I mete, it may be measured to me again.

LETTER XCVII.

REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD to MR. P——.

DEAR MR. P——, Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

What a divine sympathy and attraction is there between all those who by one spirit are made members of that mystical body, whereof Jesus Christ is the head! I loved your departed wife, now with God. I love your daughter, and the church in your house, in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Blessed be God that his love is so far shed abroad in our hearts, as to cause us to love one another, though we a little differ as to externals: for my part I hate to mention them. My one sole question is, Are you a Christian? Are you sealed by Christ's spirit to the day of redemption? Are you hungering and thirsting after the perfect everlasting righteousness of Jesus Christ? If so, you are my "brother, my sister, and mother." I desire to love you as myself. This is my temper; I am persuaded it is yours. Why otherwise did you so gladly receive me into your house? The Lord re-

ward you and the rest of your Christian brethren. Indeed I am present with you in spirit, and wish you "good luck in the name of the Lord."

Yet a little while, and we shall sit down together in the kingdom of our Father. A place, though on a lower form, is, I humbly hope, prepared for

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER XCVIII.

REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD to MR. J—— N——.

Edinburgh, Sept. 13, 1742.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER N——,

I have just been writing to our dear brother G—— T——, and now sit down to write to you. Both your letters came to me at the same time, and had I not been used to trials of that nature, would have affected me much. Dear Mr. T—— speaks many things that I know are too true of the Moravian brethren; but his spirit seems to be too much heated, and I fear some of his own wild-fire is mixed with that sacred fire of zeal which comes from God. My dear brother, I want to be more like unto God, who sees and corrects all things that are amiss, and yet continues unmoved in his own nature. I want to be more like unto Jesus, God blessed for evermore! who sees all the quarrels and heart-risings of his children one amongst another, and yet bears with, and loves them still. My

heart doth not reproach me, for my kindness and friendship with those that differ from me. I think I have been led by the word and Spirit of God into this part of my conduct.

O remember, my dear brother, to exercise catholic love in all its branches. I love and long much to see you. I shall write, God willing, to Mr. W——. I find his spirit is also imbittered. May the Lord sweeten all your hearts! With hearty thanks for all favours, I am, my very dear brother,

Most affectionately yours, in the glorious Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER XCIX.

REV. JAMES HERVEY to a FRIEND.

DEAR SIR, Weston Flavell, March, 1748.

I am very much obliged for the present of your franks; they could never be more wanted, or more welcome.

If you have not so much as you wish, to relieve the necessities of the poor, distribute from my stock. I am cloistered up in my chamber, and unacquainted with the distresses of my brethren. Lend me, therefore, your eye to discover proper objects, and your hand to deal about my little fund of charity. Do not forbid me to send a guinea in my next for this purpose: do not deny me the pleasure of becoming, through your means, an instrument of some little comfort to my afflicted fellow-creatures; and (what is a far more endearing consideration)

to the friends, the brethren, the members of Him who died for my sins. If you have any other friend, to whose taste it may be agreeable, and in whose hands useful, I will empower you to make the present. . . .

I am, dear Sir, yours,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER C.

JOHN HOWARD, the Philanthropist, to the REV. MR. SMITH of Bedford.—A letter from the heart of Russia.

DEAR SIR, Moscow, Sept 7, 1781.

I am persuaded a line will not be unacceptable even from such a vagrant. I have unremittedly pursued the object of my journey, and have looked into no palaces, or seen any curiosities; so my letters can afford little entertainment to my friends. I staid above three weeks at Petersburgh. I declined every honour that was offered me; and when pressed to have a soldier to accompany me, I declined that also: yet I fought my way pretty well, five hundred miles (and bad roads) in less than five days. I have a strong, yet light and easy carriage, which I happily bought for fifty rubles (about ten guineas). This city is situated in a fine plain, totally different from all others, as each house has a garden, which extends the city eight or ten miles, so that four and six horses are common in the streets. I content myself with a pair, though

I think I have drove to-day near twenty miles, to see one prison and one hospital. I am told sad stories what I am to suffer by the cold; yet I will not leave this city till I have made repeated visits to the prisons and hospitals, as the first man in the kingdom assured me my publication would be translated into Russian. My next step is for Warsaw, about seven or eight hundred miles; yet every step being homeward, I have spirit to encounter it, though through the worst country in Europe. I bless God I am well, with calm, easy spirits. I had a fit of the ague a day or two before I set out from Petersburg, but I travelled it off, the nights last week being warm. I thought I could live where any men did live; but in this northern journey, especially in Sweden, I have been pinched:—no fruit, no garden-stuff; sour bread, sour milk: but in this city every luxury—even pine-apples and *potatoes*.

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN HOWARD.

LETTER CI.

REV. JOHN NEWTON to the REV. MR. B——.

MY DEAR FRIEND, July 7, 1778.

I know not that I have any thing to say worth postage, though perhaps, had I seen you before you set off, something might have occurred which will not be found in my letter. Yet I write a line,

because you bid me, and are now in a far, foreign country. You will find Mr. —— a man to your tooth, but he is in Mr. Wesley's connexion. So I remember venerable Bede, after giving a high character of some cotemporary, kicks his full pail of milk down, and reduces him almost to nothing, by adding, in the close, to this purpose: "But, unhappy man, he did not keep Easter our way!" A fig for all connexions, say I, and say you, but that which is formed by the bands, joints, and ligaments the apostle speaks of, Eph. iv. 16. *et alibi.* Therefore I venture to repeat it, that Mr. ———, though he often sees and hears Mr. Wesley, and I believe loves him well, is a good man; and you will see the invisible mark upon his forehead, if you examine him with your spiritual spectacles.

Now, methinks I do pity you: I see you melted with heat, stifled with smoke, stunned with noise. Ah! what a change from the brooks and bushes, and birds and green fields, to which you had lately access. Of old they used to retire into the deserts for mortification. If I was to set myself a moderate penance, it might be to spend a fortnight in London in the height of summer. But I forget myself: I hope the Lord is with you, and then all places are alike. He makes the dungeon and the stocks comfortable, (1) yea, a fiery furnace and a lion's den. A child of God in London seems to be in all these trying situations: but Jesus can preserve his own. I honour the grace of God in

(1) Acts. xvi.

those few (comparatively few, I fear,) who preserve their garments undefiled in that Sardis. The air is filled with infection; and it is by special power and miraculous preservation they enjoy spiritual health, when so many sicken and fall around them on the right hand and on the left. May the Lord preserve you from the various epidemical soul-diseases which abound where you are, and be your comfort and defence from day to day.

Last week we had a lion in town. I went to see him. He was wonderfully tame; as familiar with his keeper, as docile and obedient as a spaniel; yet the man told me he had his surly fits, when they durst not touch him. No looking-glass could express my face more justly than this lion did my heart. I could trace every feature: as wild and fierce by nature; yea, much more so: but grace has in some measure tamed me. I know and love my Keeper, and sometimes watch his looks that I may learn his will. But, oh! I have my surly fits too; seasons when I relapse into the savage again, as though I had forgotten all.

I am, &c.

. . . . .

LETTER CII.

MISS HANNAH MORE to MR. PEPYS.—Christian revenge.

. . . . . .

I am come to the postscript, without having found courage to tell you what I am sure you will hear

with pain; at least it gives me infinite pain to write it—I mean the most open and notorious ingratitude of our milk-woman. (1) There is hardly a species of slander the poor unhappy creature does not propagate against me, in the most public manner, because I have called her a *milk-woman;* and because I have placed the money in the funds, instead of letting her spend it. I confess my weakness—it goes to my heart, not for my own sake, but for the sake of our common nature. So much for my *inward* feelings: as to my *active* resentment, I am trying to get a place for her husband, and am endeavouring to make up the sum I have raised for her to five hundred pounds. Do not let this harden your heart or mine against any future object. *Fate bene per voi,* is a beautiful maxim.

One of her charges is that I design to defraud her children of the money after her death;—and this to my face, the second time she saw me after I came hither. Poor human nature! I could weep over thee! Nothing but the sanctifying influences of religion can subdue and keep in tolerable order that pride which is the concomitant of great talents with a bad education.

I have this moment a letter from Madame de Genlis, to say she cannot come to Bristol.

(1) A poor Bristol woman, of considerable poetical talents, (but of no principle,) whom Mrs. More had patronized.

SECTION V.

STRIKING EXAMPLES OF CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

LETTER CIII.

JOHN ELIOT, "Indian Evangelist," to RICHARD BAXTER.—"In labours, more abundant."—The benefits of adversity and affliction.

Roxbury, this 6th of the 5th, 1663.

REVEREND AND MUCH ESTEEMED IN THE LORD,

However black the cloud is and big the storm, yet by all this the work and design of Jesus Christ goeth on and prospereth, and in these clouds Christ is coming to set up his kingdom. Yea, is he not come in power and great glory? and if Christ hath so much glory in the slaughter of his witnesses, what will his glory be in their resurrection? Your constancy, who are in the heat of the storm, and your numbers, minister matter of humbling and quickening to us who are at a distance, and ready to totter and comply at the noise of a probable approach of our temptation. We are not without our snares, but hitherunto the Lord's own arm hath brought salvation. Our tents are at

Ebenezer. However the trials and troubles be, we must take care of the present work, and not cease and tarry for a calm time to work in. And this principle doth give me occasion to take the boldness to trouble you with these lines at present. My work about the Indian Bible being finished, by the good hand of the Lord, though not without difficulties, I am meditating what to do next for these sons of this our morning: they having no books for their private use, of ministerial composing. For their help—though the word of God be the best of books, yet human infirmity is, you know, not a little helped by reading the holy labours of the ministers of Jesus Christ; I have therefore purposed in my heart, seeing the Lord is yet pleased to prolong my life, to translate for them a little book of yours, entitled, "A Call to the Unconverted." The keenness of the edge, and liveliness of the spirit of that book, through the blessing of God, may be of great use unto them. But seeing you are yet in the land of the living, (and the good Lord prolong your days,) I would not presume to do such a thing, without making mention thereof unto yourself, that so I might have the help and blessing of your counsel and prayers. I believe it will not be unacceptable to you, that the call of Christ, by your holy labours, shall be made to speak in their ears, in their own language, that you may preach unto our poor Indians. I have begun the work already, and find a great difference from my former translations. I am forced sometimes to alter the phrase, for the

facilitating and fitting it to our language, in which I am not so strict as I was in the Scripture. Some things which are fitted for English people are not fitted for them, and in such cases I make bold to fit it for them. But I do little that way, knowing how much beneath wisdom it is to show a man's self witty, in mending another man's work. When this work is done, if the Lord shall please to prolong my life, I am meditating of translating some other book which may prescribe to them the way and manner of a Christian life and conversation, in their daily course; and how to worship God on the sabbath, fasting, feasting-days, and in all acts of worship, public, private, and secret; and for this purpose I have thoughts of translating the "Practice of Piety," or some other such book, in which case I request your advice to me; for if the Lord give opportunity, I may hear from you before I shall be ready to begin a new work, especially because the Psalms of David in metre, in their language, are going to the press, which will be some diversion of me from a present attention on these other proposed works.

I rejoice to see and taste the wonderful gracious savour of God's Spirit among his saints, in their humble retirements. Oh! how sweet is the trodden camomile! How precious and powerful is the ministry of the cross! It is a drier time with us who are making after compliances with the stream. Sir, I beseech you, let us have a share in your holy prayers, in your holy retirements, in your blessed chambers, when the Lord shuts the

door, and is yet among you himself, and maketh your hearts to burn by the power of his presence. Thus commending you and all your holy labours to the Lord, and to the word of his grace, I rest, your unworthy fellow-labourer in the Lord's vineyard,

JOHN ELIOT.

LETTER CIV.

COLONEL GARDENER to DR. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, Ghent, Oct. 6, 1742.

I am favoured with your very welcome letter of the third instant, for which I return you my hearty thanks. It has been matter of great praise to me upon a double account; first, that Mrs. Doddridge is in so good a way of recovery; and also, that our gracious God vouchsafes to give you such manifestations of his favour and loving kindness. As for me, I am in a dry and barren land, where no "living water" is. Rivers of tears run down mine eyes, because nothing is to be heard in our Babel but blaspheming the name of my God! and I am not honoured as the instrument of doing any great service. It is true, I have reformed six or seven field-officers from swearing. I dine every day with them, and have entered them into a voluntary contract, to pay a shilling to the poor for every oath; and it is wonderful to observe the effect it has had already. One of them told me this

day at dinner, that it had really such an influence upon him, that being at cards last night where another officer fell a swearing, he was not able to bear it, but rose up and left the company: the first time, I dare answer for it, that it ever happened to him. So you see, although the first principle they acted from was but a very poor one, viz. the fear of paying their money, yet it pleases God to make use of it as an instrument to bring them to think seriously, and show them the horrid nature of that sin in particular, and may, at last, that of every other sin.

I received, some days ago, a letter from Mr. Whitfield: the accounts I have had of that man, both when in England and since I came here, have ravished my soul. If my heart deceives me not, I would rather be the persecuted, despised Whitfield, to be an instrument in the hand of the Spirit, for converting so many souls, and building up others in their most holy faith, than to be emperor of the whole world.

My dear friend, I wrote to you, that I was in hopes of having the pleasure of seeing you this winter, and to be sure it would have been a great one to me; but we poor mortals form projects, and the Almighty Ruler of the universe disposes of all as he pleases. A great many of us were getting ready for our return to England, when, to the great surprise of the whole army, my Lord Stair not excepted, we received an order to march towards Frankfort; neither can any of us comprehend what we are to do there, for there is no enemy in that country, the French army being

marched into Bavaria, where I am sure we cannot follow them. But it is the will of the Lord; and his will be done! I desire to bless and praise my heavenly Father, that I am entirely resigned to it. It is no matter where I go, or what becomes of me, so that God may be glorified in my life, or my death. I should rejoice much to hear that all my friends were equally resigned. I think you have undertaken a noble work, and I hope our gracious God will give you the wished-for success. Pray remember me kindly to Mrs. Doddridge, and to all those with you that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and particularly to Mary Wills. How much do I stand in need of your prayers. I hope God will bless you, and yours, more and more. My dearest friend, I am always, with the greatest sincerity,

Your most faithful,

And most obliged, humble servant,

JAS. GARDINER.

LETTER CV.

DR. DODDRIDGE to MRS. DODDRIDGE, during her long absence at Bath for the recovery of her health.

Northampton, Dec. 12, 1742,

MY DEAREST, Lord's-day morning, 9 o'clock.

I was willing to give you the pleasure I know you will find in one line which tells you that I am, through the Divine goodness, perfectly well, and as

full of joy and comfort as my heart can hold. God graciously continues to visit me with such condescensions and endearments of his love, as often fill me with wonder as well as pleasure. Yet amidst them I forget not you, my dearest earthly friend; nay, then do I especially remember you, and so remember you, that I cannot but think he hears me, and visits you with his grace.

Hasten not your return on my account; here is One that can make me very happy without you. Stay till your physician thinks you may safely return; and then, be sure, I shall not receive you with less pleasure than if I had languished for you in every hour of absence. I am, indeed, sometimes too impatient; but I hope God will teach us both some very valuable lessons by this absence which we have so much dreaded, and so much lamented. I often remember dear Miss Rappit with great affection, and pray for her with you, both in public and in private.

Write no more than suits your health and spirits, and lose not an anxious thought on me. I am in safe hands in all respects. Mrs. Wright's punctual, humble, tender, prudent care of me sometimes not only surprises but pains me. I deserve not, in all my little interests, and even in all my relishes and fancies, one half of that solicitude from a person of her worth. I am in high health amidst unusual labours. Be not therefore apprehensive for the event: when I grow unwell I will lay by and nurse myself: but let me preach just now my two lectures a week; one in College Lane, on

Thursday night, which is then quite crowded; and another somewhere in the country, on Tuesday or Wednesday. They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; and the ardour with which many persons, and several of them strangers, are pressing after the word, in season and out of season, inclines me to believe that God is working, and that this is a day in which I am peculiarly called to work with him in my humble sphere; you striving also together in your daily prayers to God for me, that I may not only be well, and cheerful, and happy, which I am, but that I may be useful; and that "Christ may be glorified in me, whether it be"—one way or another:—yet why should I fear to end the verse when writing to you, my dear, to whom I feel I am too much so? let us both say it courageously—"whether by life or by death." I believe that for me to abide awhile longer may be more profitable for the church; and, therefore, though I have not confidence, I believe I shall abide. It is, however, enough that I know who has said,—I have the keys of the unseen world, and of death!

The bell rings for breakfast. Farewell, my dearest. Mrs. Wright has written, and you will, God willing, receive it next post. Divide among you all the thanks and services of,

My good dear, your own

P. DODDRIDGE.

LETTER CVI.

REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD to Mr. L——. Account of his first preaching out of doors, in Moorfields.

London, May 11, 1742.

With this, I send you a few out of the many notes I have received from persons who were convicted, converted, or comforted in Moorfields, during the late holidays. For many weeks I found my heart much pressed to determine to venture to preach there at this season, when, if ever, Satan's children keep up their annual rendezvous. I must inform you, that Moorfields is a large, spacious place, given, as I have been told, by one Madam Moore, on purpose for all sorts of people to divert themselves in. For many years past, from one end to the other, booths of all kinds have been erected, for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, and such like. With a heart bleeding with compassion for so many thousands led captive by the devil at his will, on Whit Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, attended by a large congregation of praying people, I ventured to lift up a standard amongst them in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Perhaps there were about ten thousand in waiting, not for me, but for Satan's instruments to amuse them.—Glad was I to find that I had for once, as it were, got the start of the devil. I mounted my field-pulpit: almost all flocked immediately around it. I preached on these words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the Son of man be lifted up, &c." They

gazed, they listened, they wept; and I believe that many felt themselves stung with deep conviction for their past sins. All was hushed and solemn. Being thus encouraged, I ventured out again at noon; but what a scene! The fields, the whole fields seemed, in a bad sense of the word, all white, ready, not for the Redeemer's, but Beelzebub's harvest. All his agents were in full motion, drummers, trumpeters, merry-andrews, masters of puppet-shows, exhibitors of wild beasts, players, &c. all busy in entertaining their respective auditories. I suppose there could not be less than twenty or thirty thousand people. My pulpit was fixed on the opposite side, and immediately, to their great mortification, they found the number of their attendants sadly lessened. Judging that, like St. Paul, I should now be called as it were to fight with beasts at Ephesus, I preached from these words: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." You may easily guess that there was some noise among the craftsmen, and that I was honoured with having a few stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and pieces of dead cats thrown at me, whilst engaged in calling them from their favourite but lying vanities. My soul was indeed among lions; but far the greatest part of my congregation, which was very large, seemed for a while to be turned into lambs. This encouraged me to give notice, that I would preach again at six o'clock in the evening. I came, I saw, but what——thousands and thousands more than before, if possible, still more deeply engaged in their unhappy diversions; but some thousands

amongst them waiting as earnestly to hear the gospel. This Satan could not brook. One of his choicest servants was exhibiting,—trumpeting on a large stage; but as soon as the people saw me in my black robes and my pulpit, I think all to a man left him and ran to me. For a while I was enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound. God's people kept praying, and the enemy's agents made a kind of a roaring at some distance from our camp. At length they approached nearer; and the merry-andrew (attended by others, who complained that they had taken many pounds less that day on account of my preaching) got up upon a man's shoulders, and advancing near the pulpit attempted to slash me with a long heavy whip several times, but always with the violence of his motion tumbled down. Soon afterwards, they got a recruiting serjeant with his drum, &c. to pass through the congregation. I gave the word of command, and ordered that way might be made for the king's officer. The ranks opened, while all marched quietly through, and then closed again. Finding those efforts to fail, a large body, quite on the opposite side, assembled together, and having got a large pole for their standard, advanced towards us with steady and formidable steps, till they came very near the skirts of our hearing, praying, and almost undaunted congregation. I saw, gave warning, and prayed to the Captain of our salvation for present support and deliverance. He heard and answered; for just as they approached us, with looks full of resentment, I know

not by what accident, they quarrelled among themselves, threw down their staff, and went their way, leaving, however, many of their company behind, who, before we had done, I trust were brought over to join the besieged party. I think I continued in praying, preaching, and singing (for the noise was too great at times to preach) about three hours. We then retired to the tabernacle, with my pockets full of notes from persons brought under concern, and read them amidst the praises and spiritual acclamations of thousands, who joined with the holy angels in rejoicing that so many sinners were snatched, in such an unexpected, unlikely place and manner, out of the very jaws of the devil. This was the beginning of the tabernacle society. Three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received in one day, and I believe the number of notes exceeded a thousand. But I must have done, believing you want to retire to join in mutual praise and thanksgiving to God and the Lamb, with

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CVII.

REV. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN to REV. JOHN NEWTON.—
Zeal tempered with prudence.

August, 1792.

. . . . . .

You do me great honour in the proposal you have made. I would rather serve you in your old age

than a sceptre-bearing king. But I much fear that my services at so early a period will be weak and inadequate. It will be like taking a babe out of his cradle, to support the steps of his aged parent. But I am in God's hands: whatever he sees fit for me to do, I hope he will incline my heart, and enable me to do it. But as I cannot expect that he will work a miracle by qualifying me for his service at once, it is certainly my duty to resort to the means *now*, and pray for his blessing on his own studies. Surely I ought not to procrastinate.

You ask me whether I would prefer preaching the gospel to the fame of learning? Ay, that I would gladly. Were I convinced it was the will of God, that I should depart this night for Nova Zembla, or the Antipodes, to testify of *Him*, I would not wait for an audit, or a college exit. There is nothing to be found *here*, to satisfy my mind. There are, indeed, many gaudy vanities of specious appearance, pleasing to my carnal eye; but if I know my own heart, the Lord Jesus is at this moment more lovely to me than the loveliest object which the eye can see, or fancy paint. And though I know him not as I could wish, yet is he precious. He is that pearl which I would willingly buy at the price of all the laurels which science ever bore. But I speak this in *his* strength. I wish not to be tried with wealth, honour, or the applause of men. A laurel even in preaching the gospel might intoxicate my brain, and drown my humble dependence on God, in Lethe. Then, like

Lucifer, should I preach humility! Lord, my affections are *now* in thy possession. O keep them there!

You ask me what are my views? Dear sir, what views can *I* have? God has his views concerning me: I have none. *He* best knows why he brought me hither: I know not. Once I used to think, that as He had wrought so wondrously for me, he surely meant me for an eminent preacher of the gospel. Pride dictated this. I have now no such high thoughts of myself. I am in some degree sensible, that if I ever serve Him at all, I shall be one of his weakest servants. Nor are these mere disqualifying speeches. I have reason to fear that I am much more deficient than you apprehend. Nevertheless, with all my defects, I know the divine power. I have laid my hand to the plough; he can make me useful.

You desire to know whether I would accept ordination before I take my degree, if it could be procured? Yes, without any hesitation, if I thought it was the will of God. Were I to submit it to our friends here, they would unanimously dissuade it; but I do not feel myself at liberty to consult them. In order to have it in my power to assist you as soon as possible, I would gladly receive ordination before the prescribed time; but in that case I should desire immediately to alter my plan of study, and prepare myself a little, who need so much preparation.

If my purpose of beginning the studies of divinity be proper and practicable, could you give me

the outline of what you conceive to be best worthy my attention *in primordio?* Mr. S. I know, will also be glad to lend me every assistance.

A new desire of preaching the gospel has certainly sprung up in my heart, accompanied by ideas I do not recollect to have had before. I hope it is no delusion. As yet it has produced noble effects on my heart and views. But in a month's time I shall be better able to say whether it be of God or no.

LETTER CVIII.

REV. HENRY MARTYN to DR. CORRIE.—His labours on the Hindoostanee Testament.

It is a real refreshment to me to take up my pen to write to you.(1)—Such a week for labour I believe I never passed, not excepting even the last week before going into the Senate-house. I have read and corrected the manuscript copies of my Hindoostanee Testament so often, that my eyes ache. The heat is terrible, often at 98°: the nights insupportable.

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HENRY MARTYN.

(1) Mr. Martyn wrote this to Mr. Corrie, just at the moment of sending off the first page of the Testament to Calcutta, in the beginning of April.

LETTER CIX.

REV. HENRY MARTYN to DR. CORRIE.—"His righteous soul was vexed."

Bankipore, June 23, 1808.

. . . . . .

I groan at the wickedness and infidelity of men, and seem to stretch my neck every way to espy a righteous man. All at Dinapore treat the gospel with contempt: here there is nothing but infidelity. I am but just arrived, and am grieved to find in my old friend * * * less proofs of real acquaintance with the gospel than I used to hope.

. . . . . .

A young civilian, who some time ago came to me, desiring satisfaction on the evidences of Christianity, and to whom I spoke very freely, and with some regard, as I could not doubt his sincerity, now holds me up to ridicule. Thus, through evil report, we go on. O, my brother! how happy I feel, that all have not forsaken Christ; that I am not left alone, even in India. "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee," is the text I carry about with me, and I can recommend it to any body as an infallible preservative from the fever of anxiety.

HENRY MARTYN.

LETTER CX.

REV. HENRY MARTYN to the REV. D. BROWN.—Missionary toils and pleasures.

July 2, 1808.

My work is very delightful in itself, but it is doubly so by securing me so much of your correspondence. My eyes seize your beloved handwriting with more eagerness than if the letter were from Europe. I rejoice with you, and praise God for one Gospel in Persian. With elegance enough to attract the careless and please the fastidious, it contains enough of eternal life to save the reader's soul; therefore, if we do no more, we may be happy that something is done. We are safe with the Hindoostanee: it wants but little correction, and in case of my death, could be easily prepared by any one. I am anxious to hear of the new plans you are about to propose to me: let them not be in the way of *recreation:* my only exertion, and that through indolence is small, is to keep my heart rightly disposed to minister to my congregation at night. I shrink from the idea of Sanscrit; the two or three months I spent in striving to penetrate its unwieldly grammar were more painful to me than any since the sorrowful days when I first began to learn Greek.

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HENRY MARTYN.

LETTER CXI.

REV. HENRY MARTYN to his SISTER.

October, 1808.

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I deserve your reproof for not having written to you oftener, and am pained at the anxiety I have thoughtlessly occasioned you. I console myself, however, with reflecting that a letter must have reached you a few weeks after you sent your last. I am sorry that I have not good accounts to give of my health; yet no danger is to be apprehended. My services on the Lord's day leave me always with a pain in the breast, and such a great degree of general relaxation that I seldom recover it till Tuesday. A few days ago I was attacked with a fever, which, by the mercy of God, lasted but two days. I am now well, but must be more careful for the future. In this debilitating climate the mortal tabernacle is frail indeed. My mind seems as vigorous as ever, but my delicate frame calls soon for relaxation, and I must give it, though unwillingly; for such glorious fields for exertion open all around, that I could with pleasure be employed from morning to night. It seems a providential circumstance, that the work assigned me for the present is that of translation; for had I gone through the villages preaching, as my inclination led me to do, I fear by this time I should have been in a deep decline. In my last I gave you a general idea of my em-

ployments. The society still meet every night at my quarters; and though we have lost many by death, others are raised up in their room. One officer, a lieutenant, is also given to me, and he is not only a "brother beloved," but a constant companion and nurse; so you must feel no apprehension that I should be left alone in sickness; neither on any other account should you be uneasy. You know that we must meet no more in this life: therefore since, as I trust, we are both the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus, it becomes a matter of less consequence when we leave this earth. Of the spread of the gospel in India I can say little, because I hear nothing. Adieu, my dearest sister: let us live in constant prayer for ourselves and the church.

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY MARTYN.

LETTER CXII.

REV. ANDREW FULLER to MRS. FULLER. Stage-coach conversation. A hint to Christian travellers.

Liverpool, Sept. 25th 1802.

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Being disappointed of a place in the mail, I ordered a post-chaise, and advertised for a partner to Liverpool. A Jew wanted to go thither, and we took a post-chaise together. He proved an intelligent, but rather profane man. We had much

talk on Christianity, and sometimes I thought him somewhat impressed. We had scarcely got out of Glasgow, before he observed something of the dissatisfaction we found in all our enjoyments. I acquiesced, and suggested that there must be some defect in the object, and thence inferred a future state. He did not seem free to pursue the subject; but said, "I am a Jew, and I consider you as a Christian divine: I wish to do every thing to accommodate you during the journey." I thanked him, and said I wished to do the same towards him in return. I presently found, however, that he was a Sadducee, holding with only the five books of Moses, and those very loosely; suggesting of Moses, that though he was a great and good man in his day, yet it was his opinion there had been much more learned men since. He also began "accommodating" me with curses and oaths on the most trifling occasions. Finding I had a compound of infidelity and profligacy to contend with, and about a fifty-hours' journey before me, in which I should be cooped up with him night and day, I did not oppose him much at first; but let him go on, waiting for fit occasions. I asked for a proof of Moses's ignorance. *Jew.* "He spoke of the earth as stationary, and the sun as rising and setting." *F.* "And do not those that you call learned men speak the same, in their ordinary conversation?" *J.* "To be sure they do." *F.* "They could not be understood, nor understand themselves, could they, if they were to speak of the earth's rising and setting?" *J.* "True." After

awhile he praised the Ten Commandments. I acquiesced, and added, "I have been not a little hurt, sir, in observing, since we have been together, how lightly you treat one of them, *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.*" *J.* "I must own that is a bad habit. I have been told of it before." We had no more swearing.

He talked after this of the merit of good works; and told me, at my request, much about their worship and ceremonies; particularly their *great day of atonement,* which he said was very impressive. *F.* "Do you offer sacrifices?" *J.* "No: not since the destruction of the temple; except it be a fowl or so, just as a representation of what has been." *F.* "And do you really think that the blood of any animal, or any of those ceremonies, can take away sin?" *J.* "If you deny that, you deny the laws of Moses." *F.* "No: the sacrifices of Moses were not designed to take away sin, but to prefigure a greater sacrifice." He paused. I added, "Sir, you are a sinner, and I am a sinner: we must both shortly appear before God. I know not upon what you rest your hopes. You have talked of human merit. I have nothing of the kind on which to place my trust. I believe we have all merited the displeasure of our Creator, and if dealt with according to our deserts, must perish for ever. Sir, if our sins be not atoned for by a greater sacrifice than any that were offered under the law of Moses, we are undone." He seemed impressed by this, and owned that, according to their law and confessions on the day of atonement, they were all sinners, and that

their good works could not save them. I then endeavoured to point him to Christ as the only hope; but he began to make objections to his conception by the power of the Holy Spirit. *F.* "That was no more impossible than God's making the first man and woman." *J.* "True; but God having made these, the rest are born by ordinary generation." *F.* "You might as well say, that God, having given the sea its laws, it moves in future according to them; and therefore the Red Sea could not have been divided. Your argument goes to deny all miracles." *J.* "We think charitably of you, but you do not of us." *F.* "How can you think well of us, when you consider us deluded by an impostor?" *J.* "We think well of all that do good." *F.* "So do we.—But what a singular impostor must Jesus have been, if he was one! Did you ever know or read of such a one, either as to doctrine or manners?" *J.* "Who wrote the life of Jesus?" *F.* "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John." *J.* "Very well: were not they his disciples, and therefore partial to him?" *F.* "You might as well object to all the books of the Old Testament: they were not written by adversaries."———*J.* "Ah, he should have come down from the cross, and then all would have believed on him!" *F.* "If evidence had been the thing that was wanted, why did not the resurrection of Lazarus satisfy them?" *J.* "That was a doubtful matter. I reckon Jesus was a learned man: Lazarus might not be dead, but only apparently so; and he might make an experiment upon him, as many have done since

and restored suspended animation." *F.* "Did you ever read the New Testament?" *J.* "Yes, I read it when a boy of eight years old." *F.* "Not since?" *J.* "No." *F.* "What then can you know about it? You only take up the objections of your rabbies; (whom he had a little before acknowledged to be, many of them, no better than learned knaves;) if you had read and considered the history of the resurrection of Lazarus, you could not object as you do."

After this, I asked him what he thought of prophecy? "Prophecy! (said he:) I have often, when a boy, looked at the clouds, and seen in them horses and chariots, and I know not what!" *F.* "I understand you: but it is strange that imagination should find in the prophecies the substance of all succeeding history. Were not all the great empires that have been in the world, from the times of Daniel to this day; namely, the Babylonian, the Persian, Grecian, and Roman, with their various subdivisions, clearly foretold by him?" He would make no answer to this, but treated it all as fable. "They talk (said he) of our being restored to the promised land. I will tell you the whole mystery of it. Those of us who have plenty, wish for no other promised land; but those who are poor would be glad enough to better their condition."

He complained of the *persecutions* that the Jews had undergone from Christians. I disavowed all such treatment as the conduct of wicked men. "But (said he) you have been, even in this war,

fighting for your religion." I answered, "Those who profess to fight for religion, fight for the want of it; and Christianity employs none but spiritual weapons." I also assured him, that real Christians felt a tender regard towards them, and loved them for their fathers' sake. "Yes, (said he, sneeringly,) the good people at Glasgow pray every Sunday for our conversion!" I answered, "Very likely: it is what I have often done myself."

When we got to Liverpool, he requested that when I came to London I would call and see him. I told him I would on one condition, which was, that he would permit me to present him with a New Testament, and promise to read it carefully. He consented; but that he might put far from him the evil day, proposed, that if, when I called to see him, I would bring one with me, he would read it. I saw no more of him: but meeting with a "*Gospel its own Witness,*" in Liverpool, in which is an *address to the Jews,* I wrapt it up in paper, and sent it to him at his inn; having written withinside as follows:—"A small token of respect from the author, to Mr. D. L. A. for his friendly attentions to him, on a journey from Glasgow to Liverpool, September 23d, 24th, 25th, 1802."

After all, in reflecting upon it, I felt guilty in having said so little to purpose; and was persuaded, that if I had been more spiritually minded, I should have recommended my Lord and Saviour better than I did.

LETTER CXIII.

MISS HANNAH MORE to MR. WILBERFORCE.—An account of the establishment of her schools.

MY DEAR SIR, 1791.

Perhaps it is the best answer to your question, to describe the origin and progress of one of our schools as detached from the rest. And I select Cheddar, which you were the immediate cause of our taking up. After the discoveries made of the deplorable state of that place, my sister and I went and took a lodging at a little public-house there, to see what we could do, for we were utterly at a loss how to begin. We found more than two thousand people in the parish, almost all very poor: no gentry; a dozen wealthy farmers, hard, brutal, and ignorant. We visited them all, picking up at one house (like fortune-tellers) the name and character of the next. We told them we intended to set up a school for their poor. They did not like it. We assured them we did not desire a shilling from them, but wished for their concurrence, as we knew they could influence their workmen. One of the farmers seemed pleased and civil: he was rich, but covetous, a hard drinker, and his wife a woman of loose morals, but good natural sense: she became our friend sooner than some of the decent and the formal, and let us a house, the only one in the parish that was vacant, at £7 per annum, with a good garden. Adjoining was a large ox-house;

this we roofed and floored; and by putting in a couple of windows, it made a good school-room. While this was doing, we went to every house in the place, and found each a scene of the greatest ignorance and vice. We saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot! No clergyman had resided in it for forty years. One rode over from Wells, three miles, to preach once on a Sunday, but no weekly duty was done, or sick persons visited: and children were often buried without any funeral service. Eight people in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon, was thought a good congregation. We spent our whole time in getting at the characters of all the people, the employment, wages, and number of every family; and this we have done in our other nine parishes. On a fixed day, of which we gave notice in the church, all the women, with all their children above six years old, met us. We took an exact list from their account, and engaged one hundred and twenty to attend on the following Sunday. A great many refused to send their children, unless we would pay them for it! and not a few refused, because they were not sure of my intentions, being apprehensive that at the end of seven years, if they attended so long, I should acquire a power over them, and send them beyond sea. I must have heard this myself in order to have believed that so much ignorance existed out of Africa. While this was going on, we had set every engine to work to find proper teachers. On this every thing depended. I had the happiness to find a

woman of excellent natural sense, great knowledge of the human heart, activity, zeal, and uncommon piety. She had had a good fortune for one in middling life, but a wicked son had much reduced it. She had, however, still an estate of £40 a-year, or very nearly. She brought with her a daughter, twenty-five years old, quite equal to herself in all other points; in capacity superior.

It was winter, and we all met at the school on Sunday morning at nine o'clock, having invited many parents to be present at the opening. We had drawn up some rules, which were read; then some suitable portions of Scripture; part of the thirty-fourth Psalm; then a hymn was sung; and then a prayer read, composed for the occasion.

For the first year, these excellent women had to struggle with every kind of opposition, so that they were frequently tempted to give up their laborious employ. They well entitled themselves to £30 per annum salary, and some little presents. We established a weekly school of thirty girls, to learn reading, sewing, knitting, and spinning. The latter, though I tried three sorts, and went myself to almost every clothing-town in the county, did not answer,—partly from the exactions of the manufacturer, and partly from its not suiting the genius of the place. They preferred knitting after the school-hours on week-days. The mother or daughter visited the sick, chiefly with a view to their spiritual concerns; but we concealed the true motive at first; and in order to procure them access to the houses and hearts of the people, they were

furnished, not only with medicine, but with a little money, which they administered with great prudence. They soon gained their confidence; read and prayed with them, and in all respects did just what a good clergyman does in other parishes.

At the end of a year we perceived that much ground had been gained among the poor; but the success was attended with no small persecution from the rich, though some of them grew more favourable. I now ventured to have a sermon read after school on a Sunday evening, inviting a few of the parents, and keeping the grown-up children; the sermons were of the most awakening sort, and soon produced a sensible effect. It was at first thought a very methodistical measure, and we got a few broken windows; but quiet perseverance, and the great prudence with which the zeal of our good mistresses was regulated, carried us through. Many reprobates were, by the blessing of God, awakened, and many swearers and sabbath-breakers reclaimed. The numbers both of young and old scholars increased, and the daily life and conversation of many seemed to keep pace with their religious profession on the Sunday.

SECTION VI.

STRIKING EXAMPLES OF PIETY AND DEVOTION.

LETTER CXIV.

DR. DONNE, shortly before his death, to a FRIEND.

Sept. 7.

. . . . . .

I have often suspected myself to be overtaken *with an over-earnest desire* of the next life; and, though I know it is not merely a weariness of this, (because I had the same desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than I now do;) yet I doubt worldly troubles have increased it. It is now spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me: every other tree blossoms, and I wither; I grow older, and not better; my strength diminisheth, and my load grows heavier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness; for to choose is to do; but to be no part of any body, is as to be nothing; and so I am, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world, as by business to con-

tribute some sustentation to the whole. This I made account; I began early, (when I understood the study of our laws;) but was diverted by leaving that, and embracing the worst voluptuousness—*an hydroptic, immoderate desire of human learning and languages:* beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes, but mine was grown so low as to need an occupation; which I thought I entered well into, when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought might exercise my poor abilities: and there I stumbled, and fell too; and now I am become so little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters.——Sir, I fear my present discontent does not proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be nothing—that is, dead. But, sir, though my fortune hath made me such, as that I am rather a sickness or disease of the world, than any part of it, and therefore neither love it, nor life; yet I would gladly live to become some such thing as you should not repent loving me. Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous for your good, than I am; and God, who loves that zeal in me, will not suffer you to doubt it. You would pity me now, if you saw me write; for my pain hath drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive you into my prayers with my own weary soul, and commend myself to yours. I doubt not but next week will bring you good news, for I have either mending or dying on my side: but, if I do continue longer thus, I shall have

comfort in this, that my blessed Saviour, in exercising his justice upon my two worldly parts, *my fortune* and *my body*, reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it, *my soul!* which is, I doubt, too like a porter, that is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. Sir, I profess to you truly, that my loathness to give over writing now seems to myself a sign that I shall write no more.

Your poor friend, and *God's poor patient*,

JOHN DONNE.

LETTER CXV.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON to a FRIEND. A soul ripe for heaven.

DEAR SIR, Dumblane, April 19th.

I was strangely surprised to see the bearer here. What could occasion it I do not yet understand. At parting he earnestly desired a line to you, which without his desire my own affection would have carried me to, if I knew what to say, but what I trust you do:—and it is, that our joint business is to die daily to this world and self, that what little remains of our life we may live to Him that died for us. For myself, to what purpose is it to tell you, what the bearer can, that I grow old and sickly; and though I have here great retirement, as great and possibly greater than I could readily find anywhere else, yet I am still panting after a

retreat from this place and all public charge, and next, to rest in the grave? It is the pressingest desire I have of any thing in this world; and if it might be, with you or near you. But our heavenly Father, (we quietly resigning all to Him,) both knows and will do what is best. Remember my kindest affection to your son and daughter, and to Mr. Siderfin, and pray for

Your poor weary brother,

R. L.

LETTER CXVI.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON to a FRIEND. Aspirations after perfect holiness.

SIR,

Oh! what a weariness is it to live *amongst* men, and find so few men; and *amongst* Christians, and find so few Christians! so much talk and so little action; religion turned almost to a tune and air of words; and amidst all our pretty discourses, pusillanimous and base, and so easily dragged into the mire, self and flesh, and pride and passion domineering, while we speak of being in Christ and clothed with Him, and believe it, because we speak it so often and so confidently. Well, I know you are not willing to be thus gulled; and having some glances of the beauty of holiness, aim no lower than perfection, which, in the end, we hope to at-

tain; and in the meanwhile the smallest advances towards it are more worth than crowns and sceptres. I believe it—you often think on those words of the blessed champion Paul. (1) There is a noble guest within us. Oh! let all our happiness be to entertain him honourably, and to live in celestial love within; that will make all things without be very contemptible in our eyes. I should rove on did I not stop myself; it falling out well too for that, to be hard upon the post-hours ere I thought of writing. Therefore "good night," is all I add; for whatever hour it comes to your hand, I believe you are as sensible as I that it is still night: but the comfort is, it draws nigh towards that bright morning that shall make amends.

Your weary fellow-pilgrim,

R. L.

LETTER CXVII.

DR. DODDRIDGE to MRS. DODDRIDGE, who was at Bath for the recovery of her health. A beautiful picture of his happy state of mind.

MY DEAREST, Northampton, Oct. 31, 1742.

I dispatched all the other letters which I had to write last night, but designedly reserved that which I intended for you till this morning, because I knew I might take the liberty of writing in a strain not

(1) 1 Cor. ix. 24.

ill becoming a sabbath, and a sacrament day; nay, because I was sure my letter would be so much the more agreeable to you, in proportion to the degree in which it was suited to such a season. The comfortable news which Miss Rappit's letter brought me on Friday night proved very sweet, and, as I hope, put me in better spirits for the work of the day.

I question not, my dear, but that you and she are both wishing yourselves with us, and we should greatly rejoice in your being so; and yet I hope it will be some comfort to you to think that we shall remember you at the Lord's table, and recommend you to the Divine support during your absence. And I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want any thing. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or indeed about any thing else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to him, and converse with

him, speak to him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or, perhaps, weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week-day to think how near another sabbath is; — but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.

I cannot forbear, in these circumstances, pausing a little, and considering whence this happy scene just at this time arises, and whither it tends. Whether God is about to bring upon me any peculiar trial, for which this is to prepare me; whether he is shortly about to remove me from the earth, and so is giving me more sensible prelibations of heaven, to prepare me for it; or whether he intends to do some peculiar services by me just at this time, which many other circumstances lead me sometimes to hope; or whether it be that, in answer to your prayers, and in compassion to that distress which I must otherwise have felt in the absence and illness of her who has been so exceedingly dear to

me, and was never more sensibly dear to me than now he is pleased to favour me with this teaching experience; in consequence of which, I freely own, I am less afraid than ever, of any event that can possibly arise, consistent with his nearness to my heart, and the tokens of his paternal and covenant love. I will muse no further on the cause. It is enough, the effect is so blessed.

Since I began this letter I have attended family prayer. I wish I could communicate to you and dear Miss Rappit the pleasure I found in reading the promises in Mr. Clark's Collection, (p. 106, 107,) and singing the eighty-ninth Psalm.

But the post calls, and I must therefore conclude, wishing you all the happiness I feel, and more if your heart could contain it.

My dearest, your ever affectionate friend,

Who hopes to love you for ever,

P. DODDRIDGE.

LETTER CXVIII.

DR. HOUGH, (Bishop of Worcester,) in his ninety-fourth year, a few days before his death, to LORD DIGBY.—A truly serene, happy old age. The Christian "ready to depart."

[Transmitted by Mr. Cotes, his lordship's nephew, who had been to wait upon the Bishop to be ordained.]

MY LORD, April, 1743.

I think myself obliged to your nephew for his kind visit, whereby I have a more authentic account of your lordship's health than is usually brought to

me by report, and an opportunity of informing myself in many particulars relating to your noble house, and the good family at Woodcote; which I hear with the uncommon pleasure of one who has been no stranger to them. Mr. Cotes is remarkably blessed in his children, all whose sons are not only deserving, but prosperous; and I am glad to see one of them devoted to the service of God. He may not, perhaps, have chosen the most likely employment to thrive by, but he depends upon a master who never fails to recompense those who trust in Him, above their hopes. The young gentleman will account to you for Hartlebury; but I fancy you will expect me to say somewhat of myself; and therefore I presume to tell you that my hearing has long failed; I am weak and forgetful, having as little inclination to business as ability to perform it. In other respects I have ease, to a degree beyond what I durst have thought on, when years began to multiply upon me. I wait contented for a deliverance out of this life into a better, in humble confidence that, by the mercy of God, through the merits of his Son, I shall stand at the resurrection at his right hand. And when you, my good lord, have ended those days that are to come, which I pray may be many and comfortable, as innocently and exemplarily as those that are passed, I doubt not of our meeting in that state where joys are unspeakable, and will always endure. I am, my Lord, your lordship's most obedient and ever affectionate servant,

J. WORCESTER.

LETTER CXIX.

W. COWPER, Esq. to MAJOR COWPER.—A contented and happy mind.

MY DEAR MAJOR, Huntingdon, Oct. 18, 1765.

I have neither lost the use of my fingers nor my memory, though my unaccountable silence might incline you to suspect that I had lost both. The history of those things which have, from time to time, prevented my scribbling, would not only be insipid but extremely voluminous; for which reasons they will not make their appearance at present, nor probably at any time hereafter. If my neglecting to write to you were a proof that I had never thought of you, and that had been really the case, five shillings apiece would have been much too little to give for the sight of such a monster! but I am no such monster, nor do I perceive in myself the least tendency to such a transformation. You may recollect that I had but very uncomfortable expectations of the accommodation I should meet with at Huntingdon. How much better is it to take our lot, where it shall please Providence to cast it, without anxiety! Had I chosen for myself, it is impossible I could have fixed upon a place so agreeable to me in all respects. I so much dreaded the thought of having a new acquaintance to make, with no other recommendation than that of being a perfect stranger, that I heartily wished no creature here might take the least notice of me. Instead of

which, in about two months after my arrival, I became known to all the visitable people here, and do verily think it the most agreeable neighbourhood I ever saw.

Here are three families who have received me with the utmost civility; and two in particular have treated me with as much cordiality, as if their pedigrees and mine had grown upon the same sheepskin. Besides these, there are three or four single men who suit my temper to a hair. The town is one of the neatest in England; the country is fine, for several miles about it; and the roads, which are all turnpike, and strike out four or five different ways, are perfectly good all the year round. I mention this latter circumstance chiefly because my distance from Cambridge has made a horseman of me at last, or at least is likely to do so. My brother and I meet every week, by an alternate reciprocation of intercourse, as Sam Johnson would express it; sometimes I get a lift in a neighbour's chaise, but generally ride. As to my own personal condition, I am much happier than the day is long; and sun-shine and candle-light see me perfectly contented. I get books in abundance, as much company as I choose, a deal of *comfortable leisure*, and enjoy better health, I think, than for many years past. What is there wanting to make me happy? Nothing, if I can but be as thankful as I ought; and I trust that He who has bestowed so many blessings upon me, will give me gratitude to crown them all. I beg you will give my love to my dear cousin Maria, and to every body at the park. If Mrs.

Maitland is with you, as I suspect by a passage in Lady Hesketh's letter to me, pray remember me to her very affectionately. And believe me, my dear friend, ever yours.

LETTER CXX.

REV. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN to REV. JOHN NEWTON.—"The excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord."

1794.

. . . . . .

Your aged domestics will wonder why I stay so long at Cambridge, when I have so much work to do in the ministry. I wish they could impart to me somewhat of their experience, self-knowledge, and humility; and in exchange I promise to give them on my return from college, all my mathematics, pure and mixed, geometry, algebra, fluxions, containing the nature of pneumatics, hydraulics, hydrostatics, the doctrine of incommensurables, indivisibles, and infinites, parabolic and hyperbolic logarithms, summation of series, solution of quadratics containing impossible roots, together with the properties of parallelopipeds and dodecahedrons, not forgetting Sir Isaac Newton, his celebrated corollaries to the paradoxical lemma respecting *curvilinear straight* lines! together with other particulars, too many to be here enumerated.

What a mercy, you will say, that Phœbe (1) has not to learn all this in order to get to heaven!

(1) Alluding to an old and highly-valued domestic of Mr. Newton.

I thank you for your dissertation on Cambridge learning. I hope I have passed the ordeal now, and that I shall be led to the study of those things by which I may be best able to promote the glory of God. I sigh for the sublime grace of self-denial. It is the preservative of the youthful Christian from snares innumerable.

LETTER CXXI.

MISS H. MORE to a FRIEND.—The transforming power and divine support of Christianity. Account of the death-bed of Miss H——.

1792.

I cannot forbear remarking to you and Mrs. ——, what has lately so forcibly struck myself, I mean the transforming power of the Christian religion.

Miss H——, shy, reserved, cold, and so hesitating in her natural manner, that few ever discovered, what a great intimacy enabled me to discover, a most accomplished mind, hid behind a thick veil of humility,—acquired in the near views of death and eternity, a sort of righteous courage, an animated manner, and a ready eloquence, which were all used as means for awakening and striking others. This extraordinary change was manifested in various ways during the eighteen days in which she was given over, but shone out with complete lustre the last night of her life.

It may be more profitable to consider the behaviour exhibited in her last hours, as the structure

of her mind particularly exempted her from the charge of enthusiasm. There was little ardour in her temper: her affections were rather languid; and there was not an atom of fever in her complaint; so that her head was never more clear, nor her judgment more sound. When I expressed my concern that her sufferings were prolonged, she said she saw clearly the wisdom of that dispensation; for that if she had been taken away in the beginning of her illness, she should have wanted much of that purification she now felt, and of those clear and strong views which now supported her. She once observed, that it was a strange situation to be an inhabitant of no world; for that she had done with this, and was not yet permitted to enter upon a better. In the night on which she died, she called us all about her, and with an energy and spirit quite unlike herself, she cried out with an animated tone,—"Be witnesses, all of you, that I bear my dying testimony to my Christian profession. I am divinely supported, and have almost a foretaste of heaven. Oh! this is not pain but pleasure!" After this, she sunk into so profound a calm, that we thought her insensible. We were mistaken, however; for she had still speech enough to finish every favourite text I began: and, to show how clear her intellects still were, when I mis-quoted, she set me right, though with a voice now scarcely intelligible. To perfect *her* faith, and to exercise *ours*, it pleased her heavenly Father to try her after this with one hour of suffering, as exquisite as ever human nature sustained; and I

hope I shall never forget that when, in order to save myself the pang of seeing her unutterable agonies, I wrapped my face in the curtain, I heard her broken inarticulate voice repeatedly crying, "Let patience have its perfect work.—Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.—Thy will be done." This, with a fervent ejaculation to be kept from temptation, and the powers of darkness, she repeated till her strength failed. Her prayer was heard; and her last hour was so peaceful, that we knew not when she sunk to her everlasting rest.

LETTER CXXII.

MRS. SUSAN HUNTINGTON (shortly after the death of her husband) to her SISTER-IN-LAW at N—— L——.

MY DEAR SISTER, Boston, Oct. 13, 1819.

My health continues comfortable. My spirits are better than could have been expected. Should I live, I think of spending next summer in the country, perhaps at A. Where God may then call me, I know not. I wish to feel myself entirely at his disposal; to live one day at a time; and to believe that, when the period comes for determining in what place I shall pass the remnant of my days, my kind Parent will direct me. That place may be Boston; it may be in Connecticut; or it may be somewhere else. God knows, and with him I leave it. My expenses would be less in some

other place than in Boston. But my children have other interests besides pecuniary ones; interests which the parent on earth and the Parent in heaven view as most important. Where, upon the whole, I judge *these* interests will be most promoted, there I shall go.

LETTER CXXIII.

MRS. HUNTINGTON to a FRIEND at A——, on the death of her father.

Killingworth, August 2, 1834.

You have been informed of my unexpected journey to Connecticut. I came to take my last farewell of a parent, a father, dear to my heart, whom God has taken to a better world. How little did I anticipate such an event when I left home! But I can now see the kind interposition of Providence in so disposing my concerns as to make such a journey necessary, notwithstanding the strong reluctance I felt to undertake it; so necessary indeed, that I was compelled to surmount every obstacle which interfered with its accomplishment. I came; and had the satisfaction of being with my excellent father a few weeks, of enjoying his society, and, I hope, of contributing to his happiness. I came to behold him struggle, for nearly five days, in an unequal and distressing conflict with a fatal sickness, and then, at last, yield his

spirit into the hands of Him who will have all his children to be with him, where he is, that they may behold and participate in his glory.

And now, my dear E., if you have thought me negligent in delaying to write, you will think me so no longer. You have lost a parent; and I need say no more. But I have, as you had, precious consolations under this solemn rebuke, which have, in a great measure, sweetened the bitterness of the affliction. I believe that one reason why the loss of friends, of Christian friends at least, is sometimes so insupportable to survivors, is, that we are too selfish in our feelings. We are apt to derive nourishment for sorrows which enervate the mind, from two sources; one the recollection of what we have lost, the other the remembrance of what our friend suffered. But immoderate grief on these accounts is sinful, for it savours too much of the spirit of that idolatrous declaration, "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?"

My dear father fell a victim to the distressing fever which has swept away, within the last two years, so many of our most valuable citizens and faithful ministers. He preached, as usual, the sabbath before his death. His last text was, "And his rest shall be glorious." The next Friday he was, I have no doubt, admitted into the regions of the blessed, and made an everlasting partaker of the joys he had so recently described. Happy spirit!

> Safe art thou lodged above these rolling spheres,
> The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
> Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath!

And who could wish thee again imprisoned in this dark world, far removed from God and heaven, and again subjected to the conflicts, the sufferings, and the sins of this mortal state?

By my father's death was a general loss. His family mourn not alone. Many feel the wound to be grievous; many mingle their tears with those of his afflicted relatives, over the remains of the man, the friend, the spiritual guide, whose fervent prayers, whose wise and benevolent counsels, have ceased for ever. Glory be to God, for the precious promises of immortality which the gospel unfolds! Glory be to God, that this light of life has smiled upon the darkness of the tomb, and taught the believer that, because Christ lives, he shall live also. This consideration whispers, "Peace, be still," and turns the terrors of the last enemy into light, and hope, and joy. Pray for me, my dear friend, that this afflictive, but righteous providence may be sanctified; that I may be made by it a partaker of God's holiness. A partaker of God's holiness! Glorious thought! What a wonderful view it affords of the love of God, that he should afflict us to make us partakers of his holiness! Blessed end!

PART II.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

PART II.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE,

AND OF THE VARIOUS

METHODS OF DIVINE GRACE BY WHICH THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER IS DEVELOPED AND MATURED.

LETTER CXXIV.

JOHN KNOX to his mother-in-law, MISTRESS BOWES, containing his confessions of sin and unworthiness.

At London, June 23, 1553.

RIGHT DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST,

When I call to mind and revolve with myself, the troubles and afflictions of God's elect from the beginning, (in which I do not forget you,) there are within my heart two extreme contraries; a dolour almost unspeakable, and a joy and comfort, which by man's senses cannot be comprehended or understood. The chief causes of dolour are two: the one is the remembrance of sin which I daily feel remaining in this corrupt nature; which was and is so odious and detestable in the presence of our heavenly Father, that by no other sacrifice could or might the same be cleansed, except by the blood and death of the only inno-

cent Son of God. When I deeply consider the cause of Christ's death to have been sin, and that sin yet dwells in all flesh, with Paul I am compelled to sob and groan as a man under a heavy burden; yea, and sometimes to cry, "Oh! wretched and miserable man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin!"

The other cause of my dolour is, that such as most gladly would remain together for mutual comfort one of another, cannot be suffered so to do. Since the first day that it pleased the providence of God to bring you and me into familiarity, I have always delighted in your company, and when labours would permit, you know I have not spared hours to talk and commune with you, the fruit whereof I did not then fully understand or perceive. But now absent, and so absent that by bodily presence neither of us can receive comfort of the other, I call to mind how that ofttimes, when with dolorous hearts we have begun our talking, God hath sent great comfort unto both; which now for my own part, I commonly want. The exposition of your troubles, and acknowledging of your infirmity were first unto me a very mirror and glass wherein I beheld myself so rightly painted forth that nothing could be more evident to my own eyes. And then the searching of the Scriptures for God's sweet promises, and for his mercies freely given unto miserable offenders, (for his nature delighteth to show mercy where most misery reigns,) the collection and applying of God's mercies, I say, was unto me as the breaking and

handling with my own hands of the most sweet and delectable ointments, whereof I could not but receive some comfort by their natural sweet odours.

But now, although I never lack the presence and plain image of my own wretched infirmity, yet seeing sin so manifestly abounds in all estates, I am compelled to thunder out the threatenings of God against the obstinate rebels; in doing whereof, albeit, as God knoweth, I am no malicious or obstinate sinner, I sometimes am wounded, knowing myself to be criminal and guilty in many, yea, in all things, (malicious obstinacy laid aside,) that I reprehend in others. Judge not, mother, that I write these things, debasing myself otherwise than I am: no, I am worse than my pen can express. In body you think I am no adulterer, let so be; but the heart is infected with foul lusts, and it will lust, although I lament ever so much. Externally I commit no idolatry; but my wicked heart loveth itself, and cannot be refrained from vain imaginations, yea, not from such as were the fountain of all idolatry. I am no man-killer with my hands; but I help not my needy brother so liberally as I may and ought. I steal not horse, money, or clothes from my neighbour; but that small portion of worldly substance I bestow not as rightly as his holy law requires. I bear no false witness against my neighbour in judgment, or otherwise before men; but I speak not the truth of God so boldly as it becomes his true messenger to do. And thus, in conclusion, there

is no vice repugning to God's holy will expressed in his law wherewith my heart is not infected.

This much was written and indited before the receipt of your letters, which I received the 21st June. They were unto my heart some comfort, for divers causes not necessary to be rehearsed; but most, as God knoweth, for that I find a congruence betwixt us in spirit, being so far distant in body. For when, that digestedly I advised with (1) your letter, I considered that I myself was complaining even the self-same things at that very instant I received your letter. By my pen, from a sorrowful heart, I could not but burst forth and say, "O Lord, how wonderful are thy works!" How thou dost try and prove thy chosen children as gold by the fire! How thou canst, in a manner, hide thy face from thine own spouse, that thy presence afterwards may be more delectable! How thou canst bring thy sainsts low, that thou mayest carry them to glory everlasting! How thou canst suffer thy strong, faithful messengers in many things yet to wrestle with wretched infirmity and feeble weakness, yea, and sometimes permit them horribly to fall, partly that no flesh shall have whereof it may glory before thee; and partly that others of smaller estate and meaner gifts in thy church, might receive some consolation, although they find in themselves wicked motions which they are not able to expel! . . .

Your son, unfeigned,

JOHN KNOX.

(1) Considered.

LETTER CXXV.

From Rev. J. OWEN to CHARLES FLEETWOOD, Esq.—His "desire to depart."

DEAR SIR,

The bearer has stayed long enough with us to save you the trouble of reading an account of me in my own scribbling: a longer stay I could not prevail with him for, though his company was a great refreshment to me. Both you and your whole family, in all their occasions and circumstances, are daily in my thoughts; and when I am enabled to pray, I make mention of you all without ceasing. I find you and I are much in complaining: for my part I must say, "and is there not a cause?" so much deadness, so much inspirituality, so much weakness in faith, coldness in love, instability in holy meditations, as I find in myself, is cause sufficient of complaints; but is there not cause also of thanksgiving, and joy in the Lord? Are there not reasons for them? When I begin to think of them, I am overwhelmed; they are great, they are glorious, they are inexpressible. Shall I now invite you to this great duty of rejoicing more in the Lord? Pray for me that I may do so; for the near approach of my dissolution calls for it earnestly: my heart has done with this world, even in the best, and most desirable of its refreshments: if the joy of the Lord be not now strength unto it, it will fail. But I must have done. Unless God be pleased to affect some person or persons, with a deep sense of our de-

clining condition, of the temptations and dangers of the day, filling them with compassion for the souls of men, making them fervent in spirit in their work, it will go but ill with us. It may be these thoughts spring from causeless fears; it may be none amongst us has an evil, a barren heart but myself: but bear with me in this my folly; I cannot lay down these thoughts until I die; nor do I mention them at present, as though I should not esteem it a great mercy to have so able a supply as Mr. C., but I am groaning after deliverance; and being near the centre, do hope I feel the drawing of the love of Christ with more earnestness than formerly: but my naughty heart is backward in these compliances. My affectionate service to Sir John Hartopp, and his lady, and to the rest of your family, when God shall return them unto you.

I am, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately, in everlasting bonds,

J. OWEN.

LETTER CXXVI.

REV. JOHN HOWE to his Brother-in-law, the REV. OBADIAH HUGHES. The lessons taught in the school of adversity.

Blessed be God, that we can have, and hear of each other's occasions of thanksgiving; that we may join praises as well as prayers, which I hope is done daily for one another. Nearer approaches, and constant adherence to God, with the improve-

ment of our interest in each other's heart, must compensate (and I hope will abundantly) the unkindness and instability of a surly treacherous world, that we see still retains its wayward temper, and grows more peevish as it grows older, and more ingenious in inventing ways to torment whom it disaffects. It was, it seems, not enough to kill by one single death, but when that was almost done, to give leave and time to respire, to live again, (at least in hope,) that it might have the renewed pleasure of putting us to a further pain and torture in dying once more. Spite is natural to her. All her kindness is an artificial disguise: a device to promote and serve the design of the former, with the more efficacious and piercing malignity. But patience will elude the design, and blunt its sharpest edge. It is perfectly defeated when nothing is expected from it but mischief; for then the worst it can threaten finds us provided, and the best it can promise incredulous, and not apt to be imposed upon. This will make it at last despair and grow hopeless, when it finds that the more it goes about to mock and vex us, the more it teaches and instructs us; and that, as it is wickeder, we are wiser. If we cannot, God will outwit it, and carry us, I trust, safe through, to a better world, upon which we may terminate hopes that will never make us ashamed, &c.

LETTER CXXVII.

LADY RUSSELL to DR. FITZWILLIAM.

You cannot make so great a mistake, good doctor, I know, as not to be assured I accept most kindly every method you take for the disposing my sad heart to be submissively content with my portion here; and then to revive it to some thankful temper by various reflections. I do not resist so foolishly as to say they are not proper ones. I can discern so justly as to know you do not err, doctor, in the manner of magnifying your charitable respect, nor in the design nor prosecution of it; the virtue you chiefly recommend to practice is so beautifully set forth, it is as a burning, shining light, and one is willing to live with that light. But my languishing weary spirit rises up slowly to all good; yet I hope, by God's abundant grace, in time, your labours will work the same effect in my spirit; they will indeed in less time on others, better disposed and prepared than I am, who in the day of affliction seem to have no remembrance, with due thankfulness, of prosperity. Your papers sure, sir, are rarely fitted for the use of all struggling under the burden of sin or sorrow, though by a singular and particular charity composed for my lamentable calamity, and as seasonably is this new supply come as is possible, for its first perusal by me. Since I unsealed your packet this very morning, the 21st July, a day of bitterness

indeed; I seasoned the first minutes of retirement, I allotted on this day for prayer and mourning, with reading them, and made a stop for some time on those lines—"We may securely depend on the truth of God's promises, to this purpose, that a seed-time of tears shall be followed by a plenteous harvest of joys." It is a sound I must hereafter be a stranger to, in my pilgrimage here, but that it shall one day belong to me is a contemplation of great comfort, and I bless God it is so. I must not in lowliness of mind deny the grace I sometimes feel, though faint are my best thoughts and performances, as I am sensible.

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LETTER CXXVIII.

LADY RUSSELL to DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Now I know where to find you, good doctor, (which I do by your letter writ at my cousin Spencer's) you must be sure to hear from her who is still not ashamed to be on the receiving hand with you. God has given you the abilities, and opportunity for it, and not to me; and what am I, that I should say, Why is it not otherwise?—No, I do not, nor do I grudge or envy you the pious and ingenious pleasure you have in it; my part in this world is of another nature, and I thank you, (but God must give you the recompense,) you

instruct me admirably how to overcome, that I may once make application of the text,(1) and raise such hopes as cannot miscarry. The great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart to the good pleasure of God, who will prove us by the ways and dispensations he sees best, and when he will break us to pieces, we must be broken. Who can tell his works from the beginning to the end? But who can praise his mercies more than wretched I, that he has not cut me off in anger, who have taken his chastisements so heavily, not weighing his mercies in the midst of judgments! The stroke was of the fiercest sure; but had I not then a reasonable ground to hope, that what I loved as I did my own soul, was raised from a prison to a throne? Was I not enabled to shut up my own sorrows, that I increased not his sufferings by seeing mine? How were my sinking spirits supported by the early compassions of excellent and wise Christians, without ceasing, admonishing me of my duty, instructing, reproving, comforting me! You know, doctor, I was not destitute; and I must acknowledge that many others like yourself, with devout zeal, and great charity, contributed to the gathering together my scattered spirits, and then subjecting them by reason to such a submission as I could obtain under so astonishing a calamity: and further, he has spared me hitherto the children of so excellent a friend, giving them hopeful understandings, and yet very tractable and

(1) Rev. iii. 12.

sweet dispositions; spared my life in usefulness I trust to them: and seeing I am to linger in a world I can no more delight in, has given me a freedom from bodily pain to a degree I almost never knew; not so much as a strong fit of the head-ach have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently. This calls for praises my dead heart is not exercised in; but I hope this is my infirmity; I bewail it. He that took our nature, and felt our infirmities, knows the weakness of my person, and the sharpness of my sorrows.

LETTER CXXIX.

LADY RUSSELL to LADY —— RUSSELL.

If ever I could retaliate with my sister Russell, it would be now, on the subject of death, when I have all this my saddest month been reflecting on what I saw and felt; and yet what can I say more, than to acquiesce with you, that it is a solemn thing to think of the consequences of death to believers and unbelievers! That it is a contemplation ought to be of force to make us diligent for the approaching change, I must own; yet I doubt it does so but on a few. That you are one of those happy ones, I conclude, if I knew no more reason for it than the bare conclusion of yours, that the bare meditation is sufficient to pro-

voke to care; for when a heart is so well touched, it will act; and who has, perhaps, by an absolute surrender of herself, so knit her soul to God, as will make her dear in his sight. We lie under innumerable obligations to be his entirely; and nothing should be so attracting to us as his miraculous love in sending his Son: but my still smart sorrow for earthly losses makes me know I loved inordinately; and my profit in the school of adversity has been small, or I should have long since turned my mourning into rejoicing thankfulness, that I had such a friend to lose; that I saw him I loved as my own soul take such a prospect of death, as made him, when brought to it, walk through the dark and shaded valley (notwithstanding the natural aversion of separation) without fearing evil: for if we, in our limited degrees of goodness, will not forsake those that depend on us, much less can God cast us from him, when we seek to him in our calamity. And though he denied my earnest and repeated prayers, yet he has not denied me the support of his Holy Spirit, in this my long day of calamity, but enabled me in some measure to rejoice in him as my portion for ever: who has provided a remedy for all our griefs, by his sure promises of another life, where there is no death, nor any pain or trouble, but a fulness of joy in the presence of God, who made us, and loves us for ever.

LETTER CXXX.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON to a FRIEND.

. . . . . .

I find daily more and more reason without me, and within me much more, to pant and long to be gone. I am grown exceeding uneasy in writing and speaking, yea almost in thinking, when I reflect how cloudy our clearest thoughts are: but I think again, what other can we do, till the day break, and the shadows flee away,—as one that lieth awake in the night must be thinking; and one thought that will likely oftenest return, when, by all other thoughts he finds little relief, is—*when will it be day?*

LETTER CXXXI.

REV. DAVID BRAINERD to his brother JOHN, then a student at Yale College, Newhaven.—His spiritual perplexities.

DEAR BROTHER, Kaunaumeek, April 30, 1743.

. . . . . .

I live in the most lonely melancholy *desert*, about eighteen miles from Albany; for it was not thought best that I should go to Delaware river, as I believe I hinted to you in a letter from New York. I board with a poor Scotchman: his wife can talk scarce any English. My diet consists mostly of

hasty-pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes, and sometimes a little meat and butter. My lodging is a little heap of straw laid upon some boards, a little way from the ground, for it is a log-room, without any floor, that I lodge in. My work is exceeding hard and difficult: I travel on foot a mile and a half, the worst of ways, almost daily and back again; for I live so far from the Indians. I have not seen an English person this month. These, and many other circumstances, as uncomfortable attend me; and yet my spiritual conflicts and distresses so far exceed all these, that I scarce think of them, or hardly mind but that I am entertained in the most sumptuous manner. The Lord grant that I may learn to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

. . . . . .

But however, I see, *I needed all this chastisement*, already: "it is good for me" that I have endured these trials, and have hitherto little or no apparent success. Do not be discouraged by my distresses. I was under great distress at Mr. Pomroy's, when I saw you last; but God has been with me of a truth, since that: he helped me sometimes sweetly at Long-Island, and elsewhere. But let us always remember, that we must through much tribulation enter into God's eternal kingdom of rest and peace. The righteous are scarcely saved: it is an infinite wonder that we have well-grounded hopes of being saved at all. For my part, I feel the most vile of any creature living; and I am sure sometimes there is not such another existing on this side hell. Now

all you can do for me is, to pray incessantly, that God would make me humble, holy, resigned, and heavenly-minded, by all my trials. "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Let us run, wrestle, and fight, that we may win the prize, and obtain that complete happiness to be "holy, as God is holy." So wishing and praying that you may advance in learning and grace, and be fit for special service for God,

I remain,

Your affectionate brother,

DAVID BRAINERD.

LETTER CXXXII.

REV. DAVID BRAINERD to a FRIEND.

The Forks of Delaware, Dec. 24, 1744.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,

I have little to say to you about spiritual joys, and those blessed refreshments and divine consolations with which I have been much favoured in times past: but this I can tell you, that if I gain experience in no other point, yet I am sure I do in this —that the present world has nothing in it to satisfy an immortal soul: and hence, that it is not to be desired for itself, but only because God may be seen and served in it. And I wish I could be more patient and willing to live in it for *this end*, than I can usually find myself to be. It is

no virtue, I know, to desire death, only to be freed from the miseries of life: but I want that divine hope which you observed, when I saw you last, was the very sinews of vital religion. Earth can do us no good, and if there can be no hope of our doing good on earth, how can we desire to live in it? And yet we ought to desire, or at least to be resigned to tarry in it; because it is the will of our all-wise Sovereign. But perhaps these thoughts will appear melancholy and gloomy, and consequently will be very undesirable to you; and therefore I forbear to add. I wish you may not read them in the same circumstances in which I write them. I have a little more to do and suffer in a dark disconsolate world; and then I hope to be as happy as you are. I should ask you to pray for me, were I worth your concern. May the Lord enable us both to "endure hardships as good soldiers of Jesus Christ;" and may we "obtain mercy of God to be faithful to the death," in the discharge of our respective trusts.

I am, your unworthy brother,
and humble servant,
DAVID BRAINERD.

LETTER CXXXIII.

REV. JAMES HERVEY to LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY.

MADAM, Miles's Lane, March 31, 1752.

Yesterday, in the evening, I received your ladyship's letter; and the first thing I do this morning is to return my thanks for the honour it did me, and the pleasure it gave me.

You may depend upon it, I always appear, in my letters to your ladyship, with one of my best frames of mind: just as I should appear in person, was I able to wait upon your ladyship with my sprucest suit of clothes. But it is not always sunshine and serenity in my breast; neither is it always purity and harmony in my temper. I have so much vanity and so many follies; such stupid inattention, and odious ingratitude; such stubborn irresignation and unconquerable pride; such frequent sallies of foolish desire, and workings of evil affection; above all, such unreasonable unbelief in the merits of my Saviour, and the promises of my God; that I should not bear to have any one acquainted with the transactions of my heart;—any, but that tender, indulgent, gracious God, who considers "whereof we are made; who remembers that we are but dust;" and whose mercy is as his majesty, exceedingly great and infinite. At his adorable feet I would lie very, very low; and make, from the bottom of my depraved soul, the poor leper's confession, *unclean! unclean!* God Almighty

is pleased, of his singular goodness, to preserve me from any very scandalous out-breakings of corruption; but I am often exercised with inward trials; have often reason to complain, "when I would do good evil is present with me."

This, my lady, I believe the wise and gracious God permits—that He may show us, what is in our heart: that *it is deceitful and desperately wicked;* and may bring us off from all self-admiration, to *abhor ourselves in dust and ashes;*—that He may teach us to prize our glorious advocate and surety more highly; to renounce our wretchedly imperfect selves more thoroughly; and place our whole affiance on his Son's precious blood, and immaculate righteousness;—that He may quicken our desires after brighter and more transforming manifestations of Christ; after richer and more efficacious communications of his Spirit; that He may wean our affections more and more from this disordered state, and render us less unwilling to be dissolved;—to be dissolved, and enter into that happy world, where all ignorance will be dispelled; all corruption destroyed; and we shall love the Lord Jesus Christ, not only in sincerity, but with everlasting ardour.

. . . . . .

We have, doubtless, many enemies, and probably shall not cease to be assaulted with temptations, so long as we continue in this wilderness. But let us not fear, my lady. We have a captain and a guide, who is as gracious as we could wish: far more gracious than we can think. Hear his

own words; and may His own Spirit write them upon your ladyship's heart: "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire around about, and will be the glory in the midst of her." (1) Only let us look unto Him, walk closely with Him, and, like good Hezekiah, (of whom I have just been reading,) cleave unto Him.

I assure you, my lady, I should lose a signal satisfaction, as well as offend highly against gratitude, if I should cease to pray for your increase in faith, in holiness, and in joy.

Your ladyship's most obliged and dutiful servant,

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CXXXIV.

The REV. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY to MRS. A. G——. Flattery distasteful to a spirit that knows itself

Knightsbridge, Lord's day evening,

MADAM, Nov. 2, 1777.

Your letter quite distresses me, because it places excellencies to my account which I feel myself to be totally unpossessed of. Among all the weak and unworthy servants of Christ, I am the unworthiest and the weakest. If you knew me, as well as I know myself, you would be entirely of my mind.

For the Lord's sake, let us look to Jesus only,

(1) Zech. ii. 5.

and learn to cease from man. Christ is all in all. Every other person and thing are vile, and wretched, and hateful, but so far as he deigns to smile and bless. "Less than nothing and vanity," is the only motto that belongs to me. If he vouchsafe to wash me in his blood, and to save me by his infinitely free and glorious redemption, a more worthless and helpless sinner will never sing his praises in the land of glory.

Instead of commending me, pray for me; that I may be kept from evil, and devote my few days (in humble and earnest attempt at least) to the honour of his name.

If I wished you to retain your exalted opinion of me, I should, in my own defence, waive the honour of your acquaintance, which you so politely offer me. But, as I desire to undeceive you, and to appear just what I am, I shall be extremely happy to see you here any day, in the forenoon, after the present week is elapsed; which latter, namely, the remainder of the present week, I am to pass at the house of a friend, who lives nine miles from hence.

God have you in his keeping, and make you a partaker of the graces and consolations of his Spirit.

I am, with much respect,
Madam,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER CXXXV.

REV. JOHN NEWTON to a Nobleman.—The depravity of the heart. The rapid changes of religious feeling.—Reasons why they are permitted.

MY LORD, April, 1766.

I shall embrace your permission to fill my paper. —As to subject, that which has been a frequent theme of my heart of late, I shall venture to lay before your lordship:—I mean the remarkable and humbling difference which I suppose all who know themselves may observe, between their acquired and their experimental knowledge, or, in other words, between their judgment and their practice. To hear a believer speak his apprehensions of the evil of sin, the vanity of the world, the love of Christ, the beauty of holiness, or the importance of eternity, who would not suppose him proof against temptation? To hear with what strong arguments he can recommend watchfulness, prayer, forbearance, and submission, when he is teaching or advising others, who would not suppose but he could also teach himself, and influence his own conduct? Yet, alas! *Quam dispar sibi!* The person who rose from his knees, before he left his chamber, a poor, indigent, fallible, dependent creature, who saw and acknowledged that he was unworthy to breathe the air or to see the light, may meet with many occasions, before the day is closed, to discover the corruptions of his heart, and to show how weak and

faint his best principles and clearest convictions are in their actual exercise. And in this view, how vain is man! what a contradiction is a believer to himself! He is called a *believer* emphatically, because he cordially assents to the word of God; but, alas! how often unworthy of the name! If I was to describe him from the Scripture-character, I should say, he is one whose heart is athirst for God, for his glory, his image, his presence: his affections are fixed upon an unseen Saviour: his treasures, and consequently his thoughts, are on high, beyond the bounds of sense. Having experienced much forgiveness, he is full of bowels of mercy to all around; and having been often deceived by his own heart, he dares trust it no more, but lives by faith in the Son of God, for wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification, and derives from him grace for grace; sensible that without him he has not sufficiency even to think a good thought. In short, he is dead to the world, to sin, to self, but alive to God, and lively in his service. Prayer is his breath, the word of God his food, and the ordinances more precious to him than the light of the sun. Such is a believer—in his judgment and prevailing desires.

But was I to describe him from experience, especially at some times, how different would the picture be? Though he knows that communion with God is his highest privilege, he too seldom finds it so; on the contrary, if duty, conscience, and necessity did not compel, he would leave the throne of grace unvisited from day to day. He

takes up the Bible, conscious that it is the fountain of life and true comfort; yet perhaps while he is making the reflection, he feels a secret distaste, which prompts him to lay it down, and give his preference to a newspaper. He needs not to be told of the vanity and uncertainty of all beneath the sun; and yet is almost as much elated or cast down by a trifle, as those who have their portion in this world. He believes that all things shall work together for his good, and that the most high God appoints, adjusts, and overrules all his concerns; yet he feels the risings of fear, anxiety, and displeasure, as though the contrary was true. He owns himself ignorant, and liable to be deceived by a thousand fallacies; yet is easily betrayed into positiveness and self-conceit. He feels himself an unprofitable, unfaithful, unthankful servant, and therefore blushes to harbour a thought of desiring the esteem and commendations of men, yet he cannot suppress it. Finally, (for I must observe some bounds,) on account of these and many other inconsistencies, he is struck dumb before the Lord, stripped of every hope and plea, but what is provided in the free grace of God, and yet his heart is continually leaning and returning to a covenant of works.

Two questions naturally arise from such a view of ourselves. First, How can these things be, or why are they permitted? Since the Lord hates sin, teaches his people to hate it and cry against it, and has promised to hear their prayers, how is it that they go thus burdened? Surely if he could not or

would not overrule evil for good, he would not permit it to continue. By these exercises he teaches us more truly to know and feel the utter depravity and corruption of our whole nature, that we are indeed defiled in every part. His method of salvation is likewise hereby exceedingly endeared to us; we see that it is and must be of grace, wholly of grace; and that the Lord Jesus Christ, and his perfect righteousness, is and must be our all in all. His power likewise in maintaining his own work, notwithstanding our infirmities, temptations, and enemies, is hereby displayed in the clearest light, his strength is manifested in our weakness. Satan likewise is more remarkably disappointed and put to shame, when he finds bounds set to his rage and policy, beyond which he cannot pass; and that those in whom he finds so much to work upon, and over whom he so often prevails for a season, escape at last out of his hands. He casts them down, but they are raised again; he wounds them, but they are healed: he obtains his desire to sift them as wheat, but the prayer of their great Advocate prevails for the maintenance of their faith. Further, by what believers feel in themselves they learn by degrees how to warn, pity, and bear with others. A soft, patient, and compassionate spirit, and a readiness and skill in comforting those who are cast down, is not perhaps attainable in any other way. And lastly, I believe nothing more habitually reconciles a child of God to the thought of death, than the wearisomeness of this warfare. Death is unwelcome to nature;—but then, and

not till then, the conflict will cease. Then we shall sin no more. The flesh, with all its attendant evils, will be laid in the grave;—then the soul, which has been partaker of a new and heavenly birth, shall be freed from every incumbrance, and stand perfect in the Redeemer's righteousness before God in glory.

But though these evils cannot be wholly removed, it is worth while to enquire, Secondly, How they may be mitigated? This we are encouraged to hope for. The word of God directs and animates to a growth in grace. And though we can do nothing spiritually of ourselves, yet there is a part assigned us. We cannot conquer the obstacles in our way by our own strength; yet we can give way to them; and if we do, it is our sin, and will be our sorrow. The disputes concerning inherent power in the creature, have been carried to inconvenient lengths; for my own part, I think it safe to use scriptural language.—The apostles exhort us, to give all diligence to resist the devil, to purge ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, to give ourselves to reading, meditation, and prayer, to watch, to put on the whole armour of God, and to abstain from all appearance of evil. Faithfulness to light received, and a sincere endeavour to conform to the means prescribed in the word of God, with an humble application to the blood of sprinkling, and the promised Spirit, will undoubtedly be answered by increasing measures of light, faith, strength, and comfort; and "we shall know, if we follow on to know the Lord."

I need not tell your lordship that I am an extempore writer. I dropt the consideration of whom I was addressing from the first paragraph; but I now return, and subscribe myself, with the greatest deference, &c.

LETTER CXXXVI.

REV. JOHN NEWTON to MR. B——. What trials are greatest. The methods of divine grace.

MY DEAREST SIR, October, 15, 1774.

I think the greatness of trials is to be estimated, rather by the impression they make upon our spirits, than by their outward appearance. The smallest will be too heavy for us, if we are left to grapple with it in our own strength, or rather weakness; and if the Lord is pleased to put forth his power in us, he can make the heaviest light. A lively impression of his love, or of his sufferings for us, or of the glories within the veil, accompanied with a due sense of the misery from which we are redeemed; these thoughts will enable us to be not only submissive, but even joyful in tribulations. When faith is in exercise, though the flesh will have its feelings, the spirit will triumph over them. But it is needful we should know that we have no sufficiency in ourselves, and in order to know it we must feel it; and therefore the Lord sometimes withdraws his sensible influence, and then the buz-

zing of a fly will be an overmatch for our patience: at other times he will show us what he can do in us and for us; then we can adopt the apostle's words, and say, I can do and suffer all things through Christ strengthening me. He has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." It is observable, that the children of God seldom disappoint our expectations under great trials; if they show a wrongness of spirit, it is usually in such little incidents that we are ready to wonder at them: for which, two reasons may be principally assigned. When great trials are in view, we run simply and immediately to our all-sufficient Friend, feel our dependence, and cry in good earnest for help; but if the occasion seems small, we are too apt secretly to lean to our own wisdom and strength, as if in such slight matters we could make shift without him. Therefore in these we often fail. Again, the Lord deals with us as we sometimes see mothers with their children. When a child begins to walk, he is often very self-important; he thinks he needs no help, and can hardly bear to be supported by the finger of another. Now, in such a case, if there is no danger of harm from a fall, (as if he is on a plain carpet,) the mother will let him alone to try how he *can* walk. He is pleased at first, but presently down he comes; and a few experiments of this kind convince him he is not so strong and able as he thought, and make him willing to be led. But was he upon the brink of a river or a precipice, from whence a fall might be fatal, the tender mother would not trust him to himself, no, not for a moment. I have not room

to make the application, nor is it needful. It requires the same grace to bear with a right spirit a cross word, as a cross injury; or the breaking of a china-plate, as the death of an only son.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXVII.

REV. JOHN NEWTON to MRS. W——. Variety of God's methods in the economy of grace.

VERY DEAR MADAM, July 24, 1766.

I am truly glad that Mr. —— and you go on comfortably. For so I trust you do upon the whole, notwithstanding the incidental workings of unbelief and temptation. These, like fits of the tooth-ach, though troublesome, are not mortal; and only give us painful but necessary conviction of the need we have of a compassionate and almighty Physician. They are like winds to the trees, which threaten to blow them quite down, but in reality, by bowing them every way, loosen the ground about them, circulate the sap, and cause them to strike their roots to a greater depth, and thereby secure their standing. If a tree were to grow all upwards, and the roots not to enlarge in proportion to the branches, it would be laid flat upon the ground by the first storm. It is equally unsafe for a believer to be top-heavy; and therefore the Lord suits and changes his dispensations, that, as they increase in

gifts, knowledge, judgment, and usefulness, they may grow downwards likewise, and increase in humility. Since we have been enabled to put ourselves in his hands, let us stand to our surrender, and leave him to carry on his work in his own way. It is a commonly received maxim, that if short-sighted, feeble man were to have the distribution of the weather, we should have but poor harvests. But, indeed, we are as well qualified to direct and manage the seasons of the year, as we are to prescribe what dispensations are most proper to promote the growth of grace in our souls. Rejoice therefore, my dear friends, that "ye are God's husbandry." The early and the latter rain, and the cheerful beams of the Sun of Righteousness, are surely promised to ripen your souls for glory; but storms and frosts likewise are useful and seasonable in their places, though we perhaps may think we could do better without them. In our bright and lively frames, we learn what God can do for us; in our dark and dull hours, we feel how little we can do without him; and both are needful to perfect our experience and to establish our faith. At one time we are enabled to rejoice in God; at another we are seeking after him sorrowing: these different seasons are equally good in their turns, though not equally comfortable; and there is nothing we need fear but security, carelessness, and presumption. To think ourselves rich and increased with goods, or to suppose we are safe a moment longer than while depending upon Jesus, would be dangerous. Let us pray the Lord to keep us from such a mis-

take; and, as to the rest, we shall do well. Let us be faithful and diligent in the use of all appointed means, especially in secret exercises, and then leave him to lead us as he pleaseth; and, though our path should lie through the fire or through the water, we may trust his power and love to bring us safely through, and at last to fix us in a wealthy place, where our warfare and tears shall cease for ever.

I am, dear Madam,
Your very affectionate and obliged servant.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

REV. JOHN NEWTON to REV. MR. B——. Practical experience of religion. The Christian character slowly matured.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 21, 1766.

Your letters give me the sincerest pleasure. Let us believe that we are daily thinking of and praying for each other, and write when opportunity offers without apologies. I praise the Lord that he has led you so soon to a settled judgment in the leading truths of the gospel. For want of this, many have been necessitated with their own hands to pull down what, in the first warm emotions of their zeal, they had laboured hard to build. It is a mercy likewise to be enabled to acknowledge what is excellent in the writings or conduct of others, without adopting their singularities, or dis-

carding the whole on account of a few blemishes. We should be glad to receive instruction from all, and avoid being led by the *ipse dixit* of any. *Nullius jurare in verbum*, is a fit motto for those who have one Master, even Christ. We may grow wise apace in opinions, by books and men; but vital experimental knowledge can only be received from the Holy Spirit, the great instructor and comforter of his people. And there are two things observable in his teaching: 1. That he honours the means of his own appointment, so that we cannot expect to make any great progress without diligence on our parts. 2. That he does not teach all at once, but by degrees. Experience is his school: and by this I mean the observation and improvement of what passes within us and around us in the course of every day. The word of God affords a history in miniature of the heart of man, the devices of Satan, the state of the world, and the method of grace. And the most instructing and affecting commentary on it to an enlightened mind, may be gathered from what we see, feel, and hear, from day to day. *Res, ætas, usus, semper aliquid apportent novi:* and no knowledge in spiritual things but what we acquire in this way is properly our own, or will abide the time of trial. This is not always sufficiently considered: we are ready to expect that others should receive upon our word, in half an hour's time, those views of things which have cost us years to attain. But none can be brought forward faster than the Lord is pleased to communicate inward light. Upon this ground

controversies have been multiplied among Christians to little purpose, for plants of different standings will be (*cæteris paribus*) in different degrees of forwardness. A young Christian is like a green fruit; it has perhaps a disagreeable austerity, which cannot be corrected out of its proper course; it wants time and growth: wait a while, and by the nourishment it receives from the root, together with the action of the sun, wind, and rain, in succession from without, it will insensibly acquire that flavour and maturity, for the want of which an unskilful judge would be ready to reject it as nothing worth.

I could wish for larger sheets and longer leisure; but I am constrained to say adieu, in our dear Lord and Saviour.

Yours, &c.
J. NEWTON

LETTER CXXXIX.

REV. JOHN NEWTON to MISS P——. The divine wisdom and patience exhibited in the discipline of the Christian.

August 17, 1766.

It is indeed natural to us to wish and to plan, and it is merciful in the Lord to disappoint our plans, and to cross our wishes. For we cannot be safe, much less happy, but in proportion as we are weaned from our own wills, and made simply desirous of being directed by his guidance. This truth (when we are enlightened by his word) is

sufficiently familiar to the judgment; but we seldom learn to reduce it into practice, without being trained awhile in the school of disappointment. The schemes we form look so plausible and convenient, that when they are broken we are ready to say, What a pity! We try again, and with no better success; we are grieved, and perhaps angry, and plan out another, and so on: at length, in a course of time, experience and observation begin to convince us, that we are not more able than we are worthy to choose aright for ourselves. Then the Lord's invitation to cast our cares upon him, and his promise to take care of us, appear valuable; and when we have done planning, his plan in our favour gradually opens, and he does more and better for us than we could either ask or think. I can hardly recollect a single plan of mine, of which I have not since seen reason to be satisfied, that had it taken place in season and circumstance just as I proposed, it would, humanly speaking, have proved my ruin; or at least it would have deprived me of the greater good the Lord had designed for me. We judge of things by their present appearances, but the Lord sees them in their consequences; if we could do so likewise, we should be perfectly of his mind; but as we cannot, it is an unspeakable mercy that he will manage for us, whether we are pleased with his management or not; and it is spoken of as one of the heaviest judgments, when he gives any person or people up to the way of their own hearts, and to walk after their own counsels.

Indeed, we may admire his patience towards us. If we were blind, and reduced to desire a person to lead us, and should yet pretend to dispute with him, and direct him at every step, we should probably soon weary him, and provoke him to leave us to find the way by ourselves if we could. But our gracious Lord is long-suffering and full of compassion; he bears with our frowardness, yet he will take methods both to shame and to humble us, and to bring us to a confession that he is wiser than we. The great and unexpected benefit he intends us, by all the discipline we meet with, is to tread down our wills, and bring them into subjection to his. So far as we attain to this, we are out of the reach of disappointment; for when the will of God can please us, we shall be pleased every day, and from morning to night; I mean with respect to his dispensations. O the happiness of such a life! I have an idea of it; I hope I am aiming at it, but surely I have not attained it. Self is active in my heart, if it does not absolutely reign there. I profess to believe that one thing is needful and sufficient, and yet my thoughts are prone to wander after a hundred more. If it be true, that the light of his countenance is better than life, why am I solicitous about any thing else? If he be all-sufficient, and gives me liberty to call him mine, why do I go a begging to creatures for help? If he be about my path and bed; if the smallest, as well as the greatest events in which I am concerned are under his immediate direction; if the very hairs of my head are numbered: then my care (any further

than a care to walk in the paths of his precepts, and to follow the openings of his providence) must be useless and needless, yea, indeed sinful and heathenish, burdensome to myself, and dishonourable to my profession. Let us cast down the load we are unable to carry, and if the Lord be our shepherd, refer all and trust all to him. Let us endeavour to live to him and for him to-day, and be glad that to-morrow, with all that is behind it, is in his hands.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXL.

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq. to LADY HESKETH.—Benefits of affliction.

Huntingdon, July, 4, 1765.

Being just emerged from the Ouse, I sit down to thank you, my dear cousin, for your friendly and comfortable letter. What could you think of my unaccountable behaviour to you in that visit I mentioned in my last? I remember I neither spoke to you, nor looked at you. The solution of the mystery indeed followed soon after, but at the time it must have been inexplicable. The uproar within was even then begun, and my silence was only the sulkiness of a thunderstorm before it opens. I am glad, however, that the only instance in which I knew not how to value your company was, when I was not in my senses. It was the

first of the kind, and I trust in God it will be the last.

How naturally does affliction make us Christians! and how impossible is it, when all human help is vain and the whole earth too poor and trifling to furnish us with one moment's peace, how impossible is it then to avoid looking at the Gospel! It gives me some concern, though at the same time it increases my gratitude, to reflect that a convert made in Bedlam is more likely to be a stumbling-block to others, than to advance their faith. But if it has that effect upon any, it is owing to their reasoning amiss, and drawing their conclusions from false premises. He who can ascribe an amendment of life and manners, and a reformation of the heart itself, to madness, is guilty of an absurdity that in any other case would fasten the imputation of madness upon himself; for by so doing he ascribes a reasonable effect to an unreasonable cause, and a positive effect to a negative. But when Christianity only is to be sacrificed, he that stabs deepest is always the wisest man. You, my dear cousin, yourself will be apt to think I carry the matter too far, and that in the present warmth of my heart I make too ample a concession in saying, that I am *only now* a convert. You think I always believed, and I thought so, too; but you were deceived, and so was I. I called myself indeed a Christian, but He who knows my heart knows that I never did a right thing, nor abstained from a wrong one, because I was so. But if I did either, it was under the influence of some other

motive. And it is such seeming Christians, such pretending believers, that do most mischief to the cause, and furnish the strongest arguments to support the infidelity of its enemies: unless profession and conduct go together, the man's life is a lie, and the validity of what he professes itself is called in question. The difference between a Christian and an unbeliever would be so striking, if the treacherous allies of the church would go over at once to the other side, that I am satisfied religion would be no loser by the bargain.

I reckon it one instance of the providence that has attended me throughout this whole event, that instead of being delivered into the hands of one of the London physicians, who were so much nearer that I wonder I was not, I was carried to Doctor Cotton. I was not only treated by him with the greatest tenderness while I was ill, and attended with the utmost diligence, but when my reason was restored to me, and I had so much need of a religious friend to converse with, to whom I could open my mind upon the subject without reserve, I could hardly have found a fitter person for the purpose. My eagerness and anxiety to settle my opinions upon that long-neglected point made it necessary that, while my mind was yet weak, and my spirits uncertain, I should have some assistance. The doctor was as ready to administer relief to me in this article likewise, and as well qualified to do it, as in that which was more immediately his province. How many physicians would have thought this an irregular appetite, and

a symptom of remaining madness! But if it were so, my friend was as mad as myself, and it is well for me that he was so.

My dear cousin, you know not half the deliverances I have received; my brother is the only one in the family who does. My recovery is indeed a signal one, but a greater if possible went before it. My future life must express my thankfulness, for by words I cannot do it.

I pray God to bless you and my friend Sir Thomas.

Yours, ever W. C.

LETTER CXLI.

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. to LADY HESKETH.—The methods of divine Providence as subservient to the economy of grace.

Sept. 4, 1765.

Though I have some very agreeable acquaintance at Huntingdon, my dear cousin, none of their visits are so agreeable as the arrival of your letters. I thank you for that which I have just received from Droxford; and particularly for that part of it where you give me an unlimited liberty upon the subject I have already so often written upon. Whatever interests us deeply as naturally flows into the pen as it does from the lips, when every restraint is taken away, and we meet with a friend indulgent enough to attend to us. How many, in

all that variety of characters with whom I am acquainted, could I find after the strictest search, to whom I could write as I do to you? I hope the number will increase. I am sure it cannot easily be diminished. Poor * * *! I have heard the whole of his history, and can only lament what I am sure I can make no apology for. Two of my friends have been cut off during my illness, in the midst of such a life as it is frightful to reflect upon: and here am I, in better health and spirits than I can almost remember to have enjoyed before, after having spent months in the apprehension of instant death. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Why did I receive grace and mercy? Why was I preserved, afflicted for my good, received, as I trust, into favour, and blessed with the greatest happiness I can ever know or hope for in this life, while these were overtaken by the great arrest, unawakened, unrepenting, and every way unprepared for it? His infinite wisdom, to whose infinite mercy I owe it all, can solve these questions, and none beside him. If a free-thinker, as many a man miscalls himself, could be brought to give a serious answer to them, he would certainly say—"Without doubt, sir, you were in great danger, you had a narrow escape, a most fortunate one indeed." How excessively foolish as well as shocking! As if life depended upon luck; and all that we are or can be, all that we have or hope for, could possibly be referred to accident. Yet to this freedom of thought it is owing that he, who, as our Saviour tells us, is thoroughly

apprized of the death of the meanest of his creatures, is supposed to leave those, whom he has made in his own image to the mercy of chance; and to this therefore it is likewise owing that the correction which our heavenly Father bestows upon us, that we may be fitted to receive his blessing, is so often disappointed of its benevolent intention, and that men despise the chastening of the Almighty. Fevers and all diseases are accidents; and long life, recovery at least from sickness, is the gift of the Physician. No man can be a greater friend to the use of means upon these occasions than myself, for it were presumption and enthusiasm to neglect them. God has endued them with salutary properties on purpose that we might avail ourselves of them, otherwise that part of his creation were in vain. But to impute our recovery to the medicine, and to carry our views no further, is to rob God of his honour, and is saying in effect that he has parted with the keys of life and death; and, by giving to a drug the power to heal us, has placed our lives out of his own reach. He that thinks thus may as well fall upon his knees at once, and return thanks to the medicine that cured him, for it was certainly more immediately instrumental in his recovery than either the apothecary or the doctor. My dear cousin, a firm persuasion of the superintendence of Providence over all our concerns is absolutely necessary to our happiness. Without it, we cannot be said to believe in the Scripture, or practise any thing like resignation to his will. If I am convinced that no affliction can

befal me without the permission of God, I am convinced likewise that he sees and knows that I am afflicted: believing this, I must in the same degree believe that, if I pray to him for deliverance, he hears me; I must needs know likewise with equal assurance that if he hears, he will also deliver me, if that will upon the whole be most conducive to my happiness; and if he does not deliver me, I may be well assured that he has none but the most benevolent intention in declining it. He made us, not because we could add to his happiness, which was always perfect, but that we might be happy ourselves; and will he not in all his dispensations towards us, even in the minutest, consult that end for which he made us? To suppose the contrary, is (which we are not always aware of) affronting every one of his attributes; and at the same time the certain consequence of disbelieving his care for us is, that we renounce utterly our dependence upon him. In this view it will appear plainly that the line of duty is not stretched too tight, when we are told that we ought to accept every thing at his hand as a blessing, and to be thankful even while we smart under the rod of iron with which he sometimes rules us. Without this persuasion, every blessing, however we may think ourselves happy in it, loses its greatest recommendation, and every affliction is intolerable. Death itself must be welcome to him who has this faith, and he who has it not must aim at it, if he is not a madman. You cannot think how glad I am to hear you are going to commence lady and mis-

tress of Freemantle.(1) I know it well, and could go to it from Southampton blindfold. You are kind to invite me to it, and I shall be so kind to myself as to accept the invitation, though I should not for a slight consideration be prevailed upon to quit my beloved retirement at Huntingdon.

Yours ever, W. C.

LETTER CXLIII.

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. to LADY HESKETH.—Variations in religious feeling.

MY DEAR COUSIN, Huntingdon, Oct. 10, 1765.

I should grumble at your long silence, if I did not know that one may love one's friends very well, though one is not always in the humour to write to them. Besides, I have the satisfaction of being perfectly sure that you have at least twenty times recollected the debt you owe me, and as often resolved to pay it: and perhaps while you remain indebted to me, you think of me twice as often as you would do, if the account was clear. These are the reflections with which I comfort myself, under the affliction of not hearing from you: my temper does not incline me to jealousy, and if it did, I should set all right, by having recourse to what I have already received from you.

I thank God for your friendship, and for every

(1) A village near Southampton.

friend I have; for all the pleasing circumstances of my situation here, for my health of body, and perfect serenity of mind. To recollect the past, and compare it with the present, is all I have need of to fill me with gratitude; and to be grateful is to be happy. Not that I think myself sufficiently thankful, or that I shall ever be so in this life. The warmest heart perhaps only feels by fits, and is often as insensible as the coldest. This at least is frequently the case with mine, and oftener than it should be. But the mercy that can forgive iniquity will never be severe to mark our frailties to that mercy, my dear cousin, I commend you, with earnest wishes for your welfare, and remain your ever affectionate

W. C.

LETTER CXLIV.

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. to MRS. COWPER.—Account of his conversion.

MY DEAR COUSIN, April 4, 1766.

I agree with you that letters are not essential to friendship; but they seem to be a natural fruit of it, when they are the only intercourse that can be had. And a friendship producing no sensible effects is so like indifference, that the appearance may easily deceive even an acute discerner. I retract however all that I said in my last upon this

subject, having reason to suspect that it proceeded from a principle which I would discourage in myself upon all occasions, even a pride that felt itself hurt upon a mere suspicion of neglect. I have so much cause for humility, and so much need of it too, and every little sneaking resentment is such an enemy to it, that I hope I shall never give quarter to any thing that appears in the shape of sullenness, or self-consequence, hereafter. Alas! if my best Friend, who laid down his life for me, were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected him, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide my guilty head in the day of recompense? I will pray therefore for blessings upon my friends even though they cease to be so, and upon my enemies, though they continue such. The deceitfulness of the natural heart is inconceivable. I know well that I passed upon my friends for a person at least religiously inclined, if not actually religious; and what is more wonderful, I thought myself a Christian, when I had no faith in Christ, when I saw no beauty in him that I should desire him; in short, when I had neither faith nor love, nor any Christian grace whatever, but a thousand seeds of rebellion instead, evermore springing up in enmity against him. But, blessed be God, even the God who is become my salvation, the hail of affliction, and rebuke for sin has swept away the refuge of lies. It pleased the Almighty in great mercy to set all my misdeeds before me. At length, the storm being past, a quiet and peaceful serenity of soul suc-

ceeded, such as ever attends the gift of lively faith in the all-sufficient atonement, and the sweet sense of mercy and pardon purchased by the blood of Christ. Thus did he break me and bind me up; thus did he wound me, and his hands made me whole. My dear cousin, I make no apology for entertaining you with the history of my conversion, because I know you to be a Christian in the sterling import of the appellation. This is, however, but a very summary account of the matter, neither would a letter contain the astonishing particulars of it. If we ever meet again in this world, I will relate them to you by word of mouth; if not, they will serve for the subject of a conference in the next, where I doubt not I shall remember and record them with a gratitude better suited to the subject.

Yours, my dear cousin, affectionately,

W. C.

LETTER CXLV.

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. to MRS. COWPER.—Account of his brother's conversion and death.

MY DEAR COUSIN, Olney, June 7, 1770.

I am obliged to you for sometimes thinking of an unseen friend, and bestowing a letter upon me. It gives me pleasure to hear from you, especially to find that our gracious Lord enables you to weather

out the storms you meet with, and to cast anchor within the veil.

You judge rightly of the manner in which I have been affected by the Lord's late dispensation towards my brother. I found in it cause of sorrow, that I had lost so near a relation, and one so deservedly dear to me, and that he left me just when our sentiments upon the most interesting subject became the same; but much more cause of joy, that it pleased God to give me clear and evident proof that he had changed his heart, and adopted him into the number of his children. For this I hold myself peculiarly bound to thank him, because he might have done all that he was pleased to do for him, and yet have afforded him neither strength nor opportunity to declare it. I doubt not that he enlightens the understandings, and works a gracious change in the hearts of many in their last moments, whose surrounding friends are not made acquainted with it.

He told me that from the time he was first ordained he began to be dissatisfied with his religious opinions, and to suspect that there were greater things concealed in the Bible than were generally believed or allowed to be there. From the time when I first visited him after my release from St. Alban's, he began to read upon the subject. It was at that time I informed him of the views of divine truth which I had received in that school of affliction. He laid what I said to heart, and began to furnish himself with the best writers upon the controverted points, whose works he read with

great diligence and attention, comparing them all the while with the Scripture. None ever truly and ingenuously sought the truth but they found it. A spirit of earnest inquiry is the gift of God who never says to any, "Seek ye my face in vain." Accordingly, about ten days before his death it pleased the Lord to dispel all his doubts, and to reveal in his heart the knowledge of the Saviour, and to give him firm and unshaken peace in the belief of his ability and willingness to save.—As to the affair of the fortune-teller, he never mentioned it to me, nor was there any such paper found as you mention. I looked over all his papers before I left the place, and had there been such a one, must have discovered it. I have heard the report from other quarters, but no other particulars than that the woman foretold him when he should die. I suppose there may be some truth in the matter, but whatever he might think of it before his knowledge of the truth, and however extraordinary her predictions might really be, I am satisfied that he had then received far other views of the wisdom and majesty of God, than to suppose that he would entrust his secret counsels to a vagrant, who did not mean, I suppose, to be understood to have received her intelligence from the Fountain of Light, but thought herself sufficiently honoured by any who would give her credit for a secret intercourse of this kind with the prince of darkness.

Mrs. Unwin is much obliged to you for your kind inquiry after her. She is well, I thank God, as usual, and sends her respects to you. Her son

is in the ministry, and has the living of Stock, in Essex. We were last week alarmed with an account of his being dangerously ill: Mrs. Unwin went to see him, and in a few days left him out of danger.

W. C.

LETTER CXLVI.

REV. THOMAS SCOTT to the REV. T. RYLAND; his feelings on finishing his Commentary.

June 26, 1792.

. . . . . .

I have had my hands full, and my heart too, by * * *'s means, and am not likely to be soon rescued from a variety of concerns in which my connexion with him in this publication has involved me. But He that hath hitherto helped me will, I trust, extricate me from all remaining difficulties: and it was needful that the whole progress of the work should be stamped with mortification, perplexity, and disappointment, if the Lord meant me to do any good to others by it, and to preserve me from receiving essential injury in my soul. Four years, five months, and one day, were employed in the work, with unknown sorrow and vexation: yet, if I have the best success in the sale of it, I can expect no emolument at all, except the profit on the sets I sell; whereas I may lose considerable sums. But I feel quite satisfied on

that head: and, if any real good be done to a few souls by means of the whole, I am at present disposed to be thankful, even though I should lose both money, credit, and friends by means of it. I never thought I should live to conclude it; and it seems to me as a dream now I have, and I can scarcely think it a reality. Much cause for thankfulness, and much for humiliation, I see, upon the review of the whole transaction. I meant well, but I engaged hastily, and made many egregious blunders: yet I hope, through the Lord's goodness, all will end well. I do not think that my health is injured by my intense application; but my spirits are surprisingly broken: and, whereas I used to rise above difficulties, by a certain alacrity and stoutness of mind, which I took for strong faith and much patience, I am now ready to be alarmed and dejected on every occasion; and have shed more tears since I began this work, than probably I did in all the former years of my life.

LETTER CXLVII.

REV. THOMAS SCOTT to his Son, describing his religious feelings during a very dangerous illness.

During almost sixteen years' continuance in London, though often greatly indisposed, I have never once before been prevented officiating on the Sunday: but I have now done nothing since Wednes-

day se'nnight in the evening. I have not been able even to pray in the family till last night, and then with great difficulty. In the former part of life, I had many more violent and long-continued fevers: but I have not been so ill, since I had a nervous fever in Shropshire, in 1783; and, as far as I can recollect, I never had so violent an attack of the asthma before. For many hours of two successive nights, it was all but absolute suffocation; and the sense and dread of that were continually present to my mind. Yet, bless the Lord, I was not left either to murmur or despond. I had very serious apprehensions of immediate death; though I said nothing to those around me: and all my cares, plans, hopes, (as to this world,) and every thing, except my wife and children, seemed quite out of sight. I had not any sensible comfort; yet I thought of dying, without emotion; though the idea of dying by suffocation seemed formidable. I felt the grand concern to be safe; and was willing to leave all below, to have done with suffering, sin, and temptation. I did not feel much of what the apostle mentions, of "desiring to be with Christ;" and I was convinced, for that very reason, that my Chisrtianity was of a small growth: yet I trusted that it was genuine. I tried to commit all I loved, and all ,I had laboured to effect, into the Lord's hands: and I thought of recovering, as a sailor, just about to enter harbour, would of being ordered out to sea again. Yet I was willing, if the Lord saw good.—This was about the state of my mind. I could confusedly

recollect very many things to be humbled for, and ashamed of; but nothing that impeached the sincerity of my professed faith in Christ, and love to him: and, though conscious of very many faults and imperfections in my ministry, I was also conscious, that I had honestly sought to glorify God, and save souls, in preference to all worldly interests. My hope was that of a sinner, throughout saved by grace: yet I was satisfied, that the aim of my heart, and the tenour of my conduct, since I professed the gospel, evidenced that I had built on the sole foundation by a living faith.—When I die, it is not be expected that I should be able to declare my views and experiences; and therefore I commit these things to paper, as what passed in my mind, when I had serious apprehensions of dying.

I am, however, advancing in years; and this attack will probably have some effect upon my plans, so far as to make me backward to undertake all that labour which I had some thoughts of. But wherever, or how long, or in whatever way, I may be employed, I never felt so deeply convinced in my life, that being employed, as a minister, is the only thing worth living for. The vanity of all worldly possessions, distinctions, connexions, and enjoyments, never so forcibly impressed my mind as on this occasion. The folly of shrinking from that hardship or suffering, which the frown or scorn of men can inflict on us, for faithfulness, appeared extreme, when I felt how easily God could inflict far sharper sufferings, if

he saw good. The reality and importance of eternal things shone on the scenes around me; so that the crowds of noble and affluent sinners, following the steps of the rich man in the gospel, appeared the most miserable of wretches. Transient pain taught me emphatically the value of deliverance from eternal misery; and endeared the love of the Deliverer, who voluntarily endured such pain and agony for us vile sinners. The evil of sin, the happiness of the poorest true Christian, and the little consequence of the smoothness or ruggedness of the path, provided we come to heaven at last: these things, and others connected with them, have not, for many years at least, so impressed my mind.—The Friday evening before I was taken ill, I preached on the text, "Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." But I did not properly dwell on the Lord's method of making us partakers of his holiness: so he has since preached to me on the subject. And, as I now think little of the distress and pain attending the remedies used for my body, (the pain is all past,) because I hope I shall have the subsequent benefit of better health; how little should I think of the sharpest sufferings I can here go through, if the health of my soul be forwarded, and, at length, perfected, by means of them: or rather, how ought I to bless and thank God for them all.—Pray for me, that I may not lose these impressions; but, if spared, may live, and preach, and pray, and write in a manner somewhat less unsuitable to the vastly important services I am engaged in: for "who

can be sufficient for these things ?"—I rejoiced, and blessed God, when I recollected that he had put me into this high office of the ministry: O may he preserve you from the snares, and smiles, and frowns of the world; from the fascinations and delusions, from the lukewarmness, and evangelical formality, and attachment to secular interests which are sanctioned too much in the church! May you be a wiser, holier, more faithful, and more useful minister than ever I have been!—O keep the concluding scene in view every step of the way; and judge of every thing by it. The evils I have protested against in health appeared to me far, far more pernicious, as I lay gasping for breath, than before: and I seem to rejoice in the hope of entering further protests against them.—But I must stop my pen, or I shall hurt myself. You will excuse the overflowings of my heart at this time: it never was more full of love for you. . . . . My love and blessing to my daughter. God bless and prosper you, in the best sense!

Your truly affectionate father,

THOMAS SCOTT.

LETTER CXLVIII.

REV. THOMAS SCOTT to his Sister, MRS. WEBSTER. State of his religious feelings at this time.

I find, in my own case, though in many respects surrounded with uncommon mercies, that I have great need of patience, amidst infirmities, and

pains, and worse than all, temptations, and conflicts with the remainder (I hope only the remainder) of indwelling sin: so that I am often disposed to dejection, and consequently to impatience and unthankfulness, and sometimes peevishness. Yet, on the whole, I think my trials and conflicts quicken me in prayer; endear the Saviour and salvation to me; render me more tender and compassionate to others, when suffering and tempted; bring me more acquainted with the promises and engagements of the new covenant; and lead me to rely on them more simply and unreservedly, notwithstanding difficulties and discouragements. As Mr. Newton once said to an inquirer, "I think I am somewhat poorer than I was." And, while I encourage myself, in this way, in the Lord my God, and hope, in opposition to my feelings, (as if all were against me,) that "all is working together for my good;" what can I say more appropriate to animate, counsel, and solace you? You have trials, indeed, which I have not: but "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." However, without determining any thing in that respect, nay, supposing yours ten times the greater, the difference is nothing to the Almighty Saviour, whose "strength is perfected in our weakness." Trust in him: submit: call upon him: wait for him. Persevere in endeavouring to win over all around you, to say, "We will go with you, for God is with you." I hope I do not forget you daily in my prayers, or any of yours. Pray for me and mine.

LETTER CXLIX.

REV. JOHN SCOTT to REV. D. WILSON; describing the death-bed of his father, Rev. Thomas Scott.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, April 5, Thursday.

I have now been here a week, watching over the dying bed of my dear, honoured father, and daily expecting his dissolution. It is a deeply affecting and edifying scene; and what passed before I could come, was, I suppose, more interesting still. In every thing but comfort his state may be said to be even sublimely Christian. Such an awful sense of eternal things, of the evil of sin, and of the holiness of God—such profound self-abasement—such cleaving unto Christ alone—such patience, resignation, and unlimited submission to the will of God—such a constant spirit of fervent prayer—such pouring forth of blessings on all around him—with such minute and tender attention to all their feelings—it is truly admirable to behold. His state is bright in every one's view but his own. To his own apprehension, he in great measure walks in darkness. I have myself scarcely witnessed a gleam of joy. His habitual temper is rather that which the words of Job describe, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."—This is often painful, sometimes it is discouraging to our feelings: yet, we are sensible that there is a call upon us for unbounded gratitude and praise.

Indeed, it cannot be wondered at, that my dear

father should have much to contend with, considering how his mind has been absolutely worn down by labour, without intermission or recreation —the extraordinary fact of his pulse having been now for ten days at one hundred and seventy— and his deafness, which almost entirely shuts him up, and leaves him to his own resources. We cannot pray with him, to make him hear. Thrice, indeed he has received the sacrament, with edifying and most affecting solemnity; and then, from his knowledge of the words, aided by painful vociferation on the part of the person officiating, he could follow the service. One of these occasions was succeeded with blessed relief and comfort to his mind: but, as he says, "the clouds return after the rain."—I am very shy of addressing one, to whom I so much look up: but occasionally the attempt to convey to his ear some sentence of God's word has succeeded; and it is so kindly and thankfully received as is very affecting. But we are obliged to keep, on these occasions, almost entirely to first principles—such as the coming of the sinner to the Saviour. . . . . A great part of his time he has prayed and thought aloud, as insensible of the presence of any fellow-creature; and the train of his thoughts, thus discovered, has been striking, and often highly elevated. Thus: "Posthumous reputation! the veriest bubble with which the devil ever deluded a wretched mortal. But posthumous usefulness,—in that there is indeed something. That was what Moses desired, and Joshua, and David, and the prophets; the apos-

tles also, Peter, and Paul, and John; and most of all the Lord Jesus Christ."—Again: "O Lord, abhor me not—though I be indeed abhorrible, and abhor myself! Say not, Thou filthy soul, continue filthy still: but rather say, I will, be thou clean."

LETTER CL.

REV. RICHARD CECIL to his WIFE. Written during a journey from home, for the benefit of his health.

MY DEAR LOVE,

As I told you I should write but once a week, I do not know whether you expect a letter so soon, but I always wish to be better than your expectations.

You know I am a very bad out-of-doors man; and therefore have always wanted to come back the first day; and, after that, counted the number of days till I expect to return. It is exactly so now: for, though I have had fine weather, and nothing unpleasant has occurred, and I have spent this day in new and most pleasant company, and we have been seeing fine sights; yet I tell you, my dispensation is so far from being at an end, that I still view every thing under a melancholy aspect, and read nothing but a *sentence of death* written on every thing, because deeply impressed on my mind. But nobody here, I am sure, discovers it; yet I feel it some relief to say it to you.

This *sentence of death*, I am compelled to say, works well; it works with me, as the apostle tells us it did with him, "That we should not trust in ourselves, but in God." I perceive clearly, that the *refiner* sits watching his gold during the process, and makes the fire merely purifying. I am only sorry, that, while I see no end to this process, I should so much wish to see the end. I do not yet take *pleasure* in infirmities and distresses, as St. Paul did; but I am trying to learn.

. . . . . .

Tell brother ***, whom you will see in a few days, I have read the letter. It is a flagrant attack that has been made upon him: it will disturb him: but labour, want, and pain, are the beaten roads to greatness. The Lord said to Abraham, "Get out—get out, to a land that I will show thee!"

. . . . . .

RICHARD CECIL.

LETTER CLI.

DR. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN to the REV. JOHN NEWTON.

. . . . . .

I hope Miss C—— and the rest of your house are happy. They have great advantages, which I trust they improve. They live in the house of peace and instruction; and they, with you, will, I hope, shortly inherit your mansion in the skies.

It is with me, as I expected; I feel little differ-

ence in mind, whether navigating the ocean, or sitting quietly in Coleman-street. It would appear as if I had lost all relish for earthly pleasure. No novelty excites my attention. My countenance is acquiring a grave settled cast. I feel as if nothing could give joy to my soul, but freedom from the body. And yet being sensible that I may remain long on duty here, I often inquire of myself how I am to pass the heavy hours. Perhaps a closer walk with God, greater activity in his service, and some species of affliction hitherto unfelt, may at length unloose my bonds, and give me that enjoyment of life to which I have so long been a stranger. I have great hopes indeed from enterprising a little in my Master's service, and fighting with courage for his honour. I shall write to you from time to time, and acquaint you how it is with me.

It will be a remarkable day when you and I meet in heaven. I dare not say *serò redeas;* because I trust that you are "ready." I fear you will have learnt many a song in heaven before I come. But let me not despond. What saith the Scripture? *Ut dies, sic robur.*

May you be preserved in your old age, so that your Lord may be glorified in the ending, as in the beginning of your Christian life!

Forgive me all my faults, and believe me to be,

My dear Sir,

Your affectionate Son,

C. BUCHANAN.

LETTER CLII.

REV. HENRY MARTYN to his SISTER, just after his college examination, 1800.

. . . . . .

What a blessing it is for me that I have such a sister as you, my dear * * *, who have been so instrumental in keeping me in the right way. When I consider how little human assistance you have had, and the great knowledge to which you have attained on the subject of religion,—especially observing the extreme ignorance of the most wise and learned of this world,—I think this is itself a mark of the wonderful influence of the Holy Ghost in the mind of well-disposed persons. It is certainly by the Spirit alone that we can have the will or power, or knowledge, or confidence to pray; and by him alone we come unto the Father through Jesus Christ. "Through him we both have access by one spirit unto the Father." How I rejoice to find that we disagreed only about words! I did not doubt, as you suppose, at all about that joy which true believers feel. Can there be any one subject, any one source of cheerfulness and joy, at all to be compared with the heavenly serenity and comfort which such a person must find, in holding communion with his God and Saviour in prayer—in addressing God as his Father—and more than all, in the transporting hope, of being preserved unto everlasting life, and of singing praises to his

Redeemer when time shall be no more. O, I do indeed feel this state of mind at times; but, at other times, I feel quite humbled at finding myself so cold and hard-hearted. That reluctance to prayer, that unwillingness to come unto God, who is the fountain of all good, when reason and experience tell us, that with him only true pleasure is to be found, seem to be owing to Satanic influence. Though I think my employment in life gives me peculiar advantages in some respects, with regard to religious knowledge, yet with regard to having a practical sense of things on the mind, it is by far the worst of any. For the labourer, as he drives on his plough, and the weaver who works at his loom, may have their thoughts entirely disengaged from their work; and may think with advantage upon any religious subject. But the nature of *our* studies requires such a deep abstraction of the mind from all things, as completely to render it incapable of any thing else during many hours of the day. With respect to the dealings of the Almighty with me, you have heard in general the chief of my account: as I am brought to a sense of things gradually, there is nothing peculiarly striking in it to particularize. After the death of our father you know I was extremely low spirited; and, like most other people, began to consider seriously, without any particular determination, that invisible world to which he was gone, and to which I must one day go. Yet, still I read the Bible unenlightened, and said a prayer or two, rather through terror of a superior power, than from any

other cause. Soon, however, I began to attend more diligently to the words of our Saviour in the New Testament, and to devour them with delight: when the offers of mercy and forgiveness were made so freely, I supplicated to be made partaker of the covenant of grace, with eagerness and hope; and thanks be to the ever-blessed Trinity, for not leaving me without comfort. Throughout the whole, however, even when the light of divine truth was beginning to dawn on my mind, I was not under that great terror of future punishment, which I now see plainly I had every reason to feel. I look back now upon that course of wickedness, which, like a gulf of destruction, yawned to swallow me up, with a trembling delight mixed with shame, at having lived so long in ignorance, and error, and blindness. I could say much more, my dear * * *, but I have no more room. I have only to express my acquiescence in *most* of your opinions, and to join with you in gratitude to God, for his mercies to us. May he preserve you and me, and all of us, to the day of the Lord.

HENRY MARTYN.

LETTER CLIII.

REV. ROBERT HALL (on his recovery from the second attack of his mental affliction) to WILLIAM HOLLICK, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Feb. 1, 1806.

Accept my sincere thanks for your kind letter. Every assurance of respect from old friends, and

especially from one whose friendship has been so long tried, and evinced on so many occasions, must afford much satisfaction to a person in any situation. Though Providence has produced a separation, which will probably be of long continuance, and, in one sense, final; nothing, I am certain, can efface from my mind those impressions of gratitude and esteem with which I shall ever look back on my connexions at Cambridge and its vicinity. With the deepest submission I wish to bow to the mandate of that awful, yet, I trust, paternal power, which, when it pleases, confounds all human hopes, and lays us prostrate in the dust. It is for him to dispose of his creatures as he pleases; and, if they be willing and obedient, to work out their happiness, though by methods the most painful and afflictive. His plans are infinitely extended, and his measures determined by views of that ultimate issue, that final result, which transcends our comprehension. It is with the sincerest gratitude I would acknowledge the goodness of God in restoring me. I am, as far as I can judge, as remote from any thing wild and irregular in the state of my mind as I ever was in my life; though I think, owing probably to the former increased excitation, I feel some abatement of vigour. My mind seems inert. During my affliction, I have not been entirely forsaken of God, nor left destitute of that calm trust in his providence, which was requisite to support me; yet I have not been favoured with that intimate communion, and that delightful sense of his love which I have enjoyed on former occa-

sions. I have seldom been without a degree of composure, though I have had little consolation or joy. Such, with little variation, has been my mental state, very nearly from the time of my coming to the Fish-ponds; for I had not been here more than a fortnight, before I found myself perfectly recovered, though my pulse continued too high. It has long subsided, and exhibits, the doctor assures me, every indication of confirmed health.

. . . . . .

Please to remember me affectionately and respectfully to your cousin, and all inquiring friends, as if named.

I am, my dear Sir,
Your affectionate and obliged friend,
ROBERT HALL.

LETTER CLIV.

REV. ROBERT HALL to MRS. ANGAS, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

DEAR MADAM,

Though I have nothing particular to communicate, I knew not how to let Mrs. O—— proceed to Newcastle without dropping a line to acknowledge your kind letter, and present my gratitude for the interest you are pleased to take in my welfare. The esteem of the pious and excellent of the earth, I always consider as a very distinguished privi-

lege: though the possession of it is not unmingled with mortification at the consideration of my deserving it so little, and my perfect conviction, that did they know me more, they would esteem me less. It ought to humble most persons to reflect, that for a large portion of the respect in which they are held, they are indebted to ignorance; to the necessary unacquaintance with each other's hearts. The Great Supreme is the only being from whom nothing is to be feared on this head; the only one who may be safely trusted with the worst secrets of our hearts: "His mercy endureth for ever." He also is able, and only he, to correct the obliquities he discovers.

. . . . . .

LETTER CLV.

ALEXANDER KNOX, Esq. to REV. J. JEBB.

. . . . The mind of the sincerest, I will not venture to say of the maturest, for that I am not competent to speak of, will be sometimes, to a certain degree, less luminous, it may be, beclouded; the question will be then, what is the path to comfort? I say, and say with all my soul,—prayer. Prayer, persevered in, until the mind is sensibly reinstated, and the former light renewed. They who live in this experimental way, will not need

speculative appliances; when the δυναμεῖς μελλοντος αιωνος are actually felt, dubious, inexplicable consolations, need not be resorted to: but if there be not a competency of the one, and religion still thought of and adhered to, there must be the other. This is the simple truth. If feeling decline, religion must be abandoned, or speculation must supply the place of that which feeling has lost.

I do not know how I could make myself more plain, than in this last paragraph. I have no quarrel with any thing, which does not abate the intensity of prayer, for the graces, or degrees of graces, yet wanted. I know, by experience, that this intensity is essential to the "peace of God which passeth all understanding." I am therefore jealous of all that could chill it; and, if I think the first names on earth, are, however unconsciously and unintentionally, instruments in this bad cause, I must, when called to it, withstand them, as Saint Paul withstood Saint Peter, were they "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." In truth, there is a much nearer tie; and this tie has existed, and I trust will exist, between you and me.

Adieu! May God bless, direct, and make you happy, and if it be his holy will, keep your heart and mind, ever in close union with the mind and heart of

Yours, more than language can express,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CLVI.

ALEXANDER KNOX, Esq. to the REV. J. JEBB.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bellevue, Delganney, July 4, 1819.

Your kind note, received yesterday, ought not to remain one day unacknowledged, when a post-office is at hand, and when I can, I hope, venture to give you a somewhat more comfortable account of myself than that which has reached you, and which occasioned your kind endeavour to cheer me. The fact is, that my general health is not worse, but I trust a good deal better. I certainly feel it so for the present, and am still dubious, only because disagreeable symptoms have not wholly gone off. At all events, the will of Providence must be right; therefore, whether I continue an invalid, as I have been now for a length of time, more or less, or have a more comfortable afternoon (rather evening) of life, than I have been looking forward to, I hope God will bless the one state, or enable me to make some good use of the other. I should be unreasonable and ungrateful in the extreme, if I were inclined to distrust that Providence, which has so mercifully guarded, guided, and sustained me, through the part of life already passed; I am anxious only that my all-wise and all-gracious Benefactor may keep me pliant as wax to his moulding; and enable me to retain every impression, which he is pleased to give me. Then, all will be well, let the course be that of continued restraint,

or of increased liberty and corporal comfort. I know, from experience, that it is easier to bear the one, than to improve the other: but the strength which was made perfect in St. Paul's weakness, continually taught him to be full, as well as to be hungry,—to abound, as effectually, as to suffer need.

I certainly have had trying moments, during the last three months; not really from my actual state, but from my false reckoning of the symptoms which occurred. I have thought my uneasiness implied a fatal organic derangement. I have feared that what I felt in my head, would destroy my power of thinking. This was all pure misconception; but, for the time, it required inward support; and of this, I thank God, I never remained wholly in want. I know little, except in a very few now remote instances,—I might say, nothing at all, of illapsive communication; and I hope I am not in error, when I say, that I have no desire for this. I prize incomparably more, an intelligible power (such, however, as divine animation and attraction could alone give) of fixing the mind and heart upon Him, who is, at once, the parent of spirits, and the fountain of comfort. To be able, not only to aim at this, but so to do it as to find rest and satisfaction in doing it, and to feel all the faculties of the soul rectified and tranquillized, by this central action of the inner man, this vital union of the human spirit with its God and Father, as, on the most rational principles, it is, at happier moments of the kind to which I refer, consciously

felt to be,—this, I confess, is the species of consolation, in bodily distress, which I should be most anxious to obtain; and a dawning I trust of which was my only relief, when I thought I had nothing else to fly to.

What, however, I am presuming not to desire for myself, I am far from regarding as spurious, in the case of minds cast in a different mould. I believe God is infinitely condescending, and therefore minutely discriminating. His ways I conceive to be as various as the subjects on which he acts. I consequently can read the substance of what I find, in the accounts of Puritans, Methodists, Roman-catholic spiritualists, without ceasing to think that there is a "more excellent way;" a way differing from what those various classes experienced, in some measure as the spiritual intercourse with our Lord, through the Comforter, differed from the sensible intercourse during his abode on earth.

The adverting to God's discriminating conduct, leads me to mention, what probably you have already considered, the beautiful illustration, in Isaiah xxviii. 23, &c., of the minute attention to time and circumstance, observed by divine Providence in its corrective dispensations. The argument evidently is, has God *so* instructed the husbandman, and will he himself be less exquisite in his own special operations? The full close in the 29th verse, brings us to this delightful conclusion. I need not point out to you the consummate fitness of the two-fold expression, "wonderful in

Others may glory in [illegible] but I will glory in nothing else [illegible] crucified. Should I pre[illegible] virtue, I must soon des[illegible] wish to obey God, and [illegible] Saviour; though I will [illegible] the grace of God, to [illegible] sin; yet, in all this, ther[illegible] perfection, so that I dare [illegible] a ground. But to win [illegible] him, in life, in death, in [illegible] St. Paul's wish, has been [illegible] Christians, and shall be [illegible] This was not a peculiar [illegible] No he admonishes all [illegible] This close adherence to [illegible] indolent in our obedien[illegible] strengthen, and cheer us [illegible] Christian holiness.

As this may very poss[illegible] you, I cannot but earnes[illegible] St. Paul, that excellent [illegible] By doing so, you will [illegible] come the temptations of [illegible] and die in peace; and at [illegible]

We have known one ano[illegible] May we know one anot[illegible] where sin and sorrow sha[illegible] and pray, that ye "may [illegible] stand before the Son of [illegible]

I am, my dear friends, [illegible]

counsel, and excellent in working." I dare say you have observed the resemblance, to the former part of this passage, in the beginning of Aratus's poem, Ὁ δ' ηπιος ανθρωποισι δεξια σημαινει, &c.

LETTER CLVII.

CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ to his FRIENDS.

. . . . . .

I praise God for his mercy, which he has bestowed upon me. Though I am now in the sixty-ninth year of my age, I still am able to perform the ordinary functions of my office. Of sickness I know little or nothing. How long I am to stay, my Creator and Preserver knows. My only comfort is in the redemption made by Jesus Christ. He is, and shall be my wisdom: by him I have received the salutary knowledge which leads me to the favour of God. He is my righteousness: by his atonement I have pardon of my sins: being clothed in his righteousness, my sins will not appear in judgment against me. He is likewise my sanctification: in his holy life, I best learn the will of God; and, by his Spirit, I shall be daily encouraged and strengthened to hate every sin. and to walk in the way of the commandments of God. He is, and I hope he will be, my redemption: by him I shall be delivered from all evil, and made eternally happy.

Others may glory in what they please: I will glory in nothing else but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Should I presume to rely on my own virtue, I must soon despair. Though I heartily wish to obey God, and follow the example of my Saviour; though I will steadfastly endeavour, by the grace of God, to subdue my inclination to sin; yet, in all this, there is and ever will be imperfection, so that I dare not stand upon so rotten a ground. But to win Christ, and to be found in him, in life, in death, in the day of judgment, was St. Paul's wish, has been the wish of all genuine Christians, and shall be mine as long as I breathe. This was not a peculiarity in St. Paul's character. No he admonishes all to follow him in this point. This close adherence to Christ will not make us indolent in our obedience. It will rather impel, strengthen, and cheer us in the pursuit of true and Christian holiness.

As this may very possibly be my last letter to you, I cannot but earnestly entreat you to follow St. Paul, that excellent pattern of true goodness. By doing so, you will easily withstand and overcome the temptations of a vain world; you will live and die in peace; and at last be received into glory.

We have known one another a long time on earth. May we know one another in a blessed eternity, where sin and sorrow shall never disturb us. Watch and pray, that ye "may be accounted worthy to stand before the Son of man," your Redeemer.

I am, my dear friends, your affectionate friend,

C. F. SWARTZ.

LETTER CLVIII.

REV. JOB ORTON to the REV. THOMAS STEDMAN.—Encouragement for the spiritual hypochondriac. Hope and joy often eclipsed even in the advanced Christian.

DEAR SIR, August 19, 1772.

I should have written to you long ago, had not my great weakness prevented me, owing to which I was obliged to drop all correspondence, but what I could carry on in short-hand.

I thank you for your very kind and friendly letter, and all the encouragement and consolation it suggests. It is not only a proof of your friendship to me, but an evidence that "the Lord hath given you the tongue of the learned, to speak a word in season to them that are weary:"(1) and in that view it gave me peculiar pleasure. The long continued dry and hot weather we have had, though so favourable to the earth, was injurious to me; weakened my little strength, and quite took away my spirits. I have been in a very languishing state, since the end of June. Within a week past I have considerably revived; though I have, and shall have, returns of my disorder, and my nerves continue in a most shattered condition: nor can I expect they will be much better, till we have cooler weather. My mind hath indeed been in a gloomy state, which I doubt not, as your very kind letter suggests, is much owing to my corporal

(1) Isaiah l. 4.

disorder; but when eternity seems just in view, conscience awakens and alarms; youthful sins, which have been deeply and daily mourned over before God, appear yet exceeding sinful; and the sins of a professor and a *minister*, appear peculiarly heinous. A thousand defects and negligences in ministerial work, and especially in the *pastoral care*, appear then *great* sins. You read my writings, and see my outside only; but know not "the plague of my heart," (1) the sad remains of corruptions and sensual affections, distracted, cold devotions, and little, languid love and zeal. Yet it hath been the main business of my life to do good, and I think my governing principle, to serve the Lord Christ. Worldly wealth, honour, pleasure and applause I never sought. I have been endeavouring to serve my fellow-creatures while I had ability, and have been attempting it in my present state of silence, weakness, and obscurity; and though conscious of innumerable imperfections, this affords me some comfort. I have sometimes a cheerful hope; at other times it is weak and wavering; and those fears which have torment prevail.(2) But in the darkest seasons I keep looking and crying to God for his pardon and help; that he would discover to me any latent hypocrisy or sin; and if he seeth it good, dart a ray of light and peace into my soul. I place no dependence upon any works or worthiness of my own, but lie at the foot of the cross, as a humble penitent believer, and fix all my

(1) 1 Kings viii. 38. (2) 1 John iv. 18.

dependence there. I write these things partly for your warning, partly for your encouragement; but chiefly that you may the better know how to pray for me. I wish to *know* more clearly (and God can, if he sees good, show me) how far the body darkens the prospects of the soul, or how far remaining corruptions and failings occasion anxious fears. I daily pray, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me."(1) And I hope God will not deny a request, which his word and spirit dictate. I rejoice that your bow abides in strength, and that you have any encouragement in your labours. May the Lord increase it!

This is the longest letter I have written for some time: and indeed writing at any time, especially now, is fatiguing to me.

I am, dear Sir,
Your faithful friend, and humble servant,
JOB ORTON.

LETTER CLIX.

REV. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN to the REV. D. BROWNE.

MY DEAR SIR, Barrackpore, June 9, 1797.

. . . . . .

It is not probable that you or I shall live long. What seek we then? There is no fame for us

(1) Job x. 2.

here. There is some reproach, whether we be *faithful* or not. So that we lose nothing by being faithful. I am so young in these things, that I do not know any thing about them. I have only entered the wilderness. But I apprehend *much*. I would gladly enter Canaan, without encountering "the greatness of the way." Were it the will of God, and were he to give me faith and strength for it, I would *to-morrow*, with great joy, leave this world, and all it offers. Were I sure it would not entangle and destroy me at last, I would rather stay and endeavour to do something for God; but I am not sure of that.

I often compare myself, in my present exile, to John, in the island of Patmos. Would that, like him, I had finished my course, and had only to contemplate "the new heavens!" But I am a stranger to suffering "for the word of God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ."

I sigh much for that singleness of mind and purity of heart, and love to God, which distinguish the disciple of Christ. And I often wonder whether it is to be effected by keen affliction in body and spirit, or by the "power of the word of God, dividing asunder like a two-edged sword," or by long fighting and sorrowful experience slowly teaching, and ending with a doubt whether I am taught.

Amidst the multitude of my thoughts "the Lamb that was slain" is my only hope.

How frequent is the character of a semi-serious Christian. There is a state in which some have been held for many years: a state, whose nature

was never rightly understood by those around them, nor by themselves; sometimes looking to the word of God, and sometimes to the world; sometimes animated by a zeal to live holily, and sometimes sinking under a particular sin. From such a state they have at length emerged; and shone, in the evening of life, with a splendour which has dazzled all around.

I hope that Mrs. Brown is in good health and spirits.

Buxtorf came safe up the river. I am sorry to find that that silent critic, the white ant, has perused almost every page.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very affectionately,

C. BUCHANAN.

LETTER CLX.

REV. ANDREW FULLER to MR. JOHN THOMAS, a missionary in deep spiritual distress.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER, May 16, 1796.

I have read yours to brother Pearce. O what feelings does it excite! How could I weep on your account! Nay, before I write any more, I will go aside, and weep, and pray for you, to him who alone can deliver your soul from death, and keep your feet from falling.

My dear brother, it has afforded me some consolation, while pleading with God on your behalf,

that his help could fly swifter than this letter. O that before this arrives you may be delivered from the horrible pit!

Shall I tell you a little of my own experience? At one period of my life I had a severe domestic trial. My heart melted under it like wax. I cried much to the Lord, and he delivered me out of my affliction. At first I thought I could never forget his goodness. I erected, as it were, a memorial to it, and charged my soul to live to him all my future life. But within a few months after my troubles had subsided, I sunk insensibly into a kind of lassitude, and neglected to watch and pray. I became careless and indolent, and my work became less interesting to me than heretofore. In this state of mind I was accosted with temptations, which, though they did not draw me into open sin, will cause deep self-abasement to the end of my life. My hands hung down like a bulrush, and I had no pleasure in myself. I used to preach, and resolved to preach the truth, though it should rise up in judgment at the last day to condemn me: and often have I gone into the pulpit with the idea, that possibly it might be only heightening my condemnation. I seldom was without hope; though I sometimes feared that I did not refrain from sin because I loved God, but because I was afraid of the consequences; which I could not but consider a mark of a wicked character. Though I had nearly lost the enjoyments of religion, I was almost equally unacquainted with its sorrows. My heart refused to melt. A tear, though shed in anguish, was to

me a real enjoyment. A deep dejection seized me, which, though I strove to throw it off in company, would be sure to return as soon as I retired. I did not neglect private prayer, but had no enjoyment in it. I used to cast myself prostrate before the Lord, depressed under the load of a hard heart. Now and then I groaned out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I never, till then, understood the thirty-second and thirty-eighth Psalms, in which the psalmist appears to describe the state of his mind after his sin, and previous to his restoration. (1) O, thought I, blessed indeed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, and in whose spirit is no guile! But it is not so with *me!*—I had used to make memorandums in a kind of diary; but now I left it off. I used now and then, however, to write a little; and I will give you an extract.

"Oct. 3, 1789.—I feel at times some longings after the *lost joys* of salvation, but cannot recover them. I have departed from God; and yet I may rather be said to be habitually dejected on account of it, than earnestly to repent for it. I find much hardness of heart, and a spirit of inactivity has laid hold of me. I feel that to be carnally minded is death. O that it were with me as in months past!"

About this time I read Dr. Owen on "Mortification of Sin" with great advantage, which I will send you. It will be accompanied with my prayers, that it may be of as much use to you as it was to me.

(1) Psalm xxxii. 3, 4; xxxviii. 1, 10.

Within these few years, my soul has not only recovered its former tone; but, blessed be God! a greater degree of spiritual strength than at any former period; and I think my engagement in the work of the mission has more than any thing contributed to it. Before this I did little but pore over my misery; but since I have betaken myself to greater activity for God, my strength has been recovered, and my soul replenished. I have not been contented with ransacking for past evidences of love to God, but have been enabled to love and serve him afresh; looking for mercy to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. But I still look back to the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me. Should this recital of the Lord's dealings with me be of use to you, how thankful shall I be! The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit.

Affectionately yours,
A FULLER.

LETTER CLXI.

MISS H. MORE to the REV. JOHN NEWTON.

MY DEAR SIR, Cowslip Green, July 23, 1788.

I rejoice that you and Mrs. Newton are in possession of the pure delight of retirement, rural scenery, health, and friendly society, the best

natural blessings of human life. "God made the country, and man made the town," says the delightfully enthusiastic bard you are so near—a sentence to which my heart always makes an involuntary, warm response. I have been now some weeks in the quiet enjoyment of my beloved solitude, and the world is wiped out of my memory, as with the sponge of oblivion. But as I have observed to you before, so much do my gardening cares and pleasures occupy me, that the world is not half so formidable a rival to heaven in my heart, as my garden.

I trifle away more time than I ought, under pretence, (for I must have a creditable motive to impose even upon myself,) that it is good for my health; but in reality, because it promises a sort of indolent pleasure, and keeps me from thinking and finding out what is amiss in myself. The world, though I live in the gay part of it, I do not actually much love; yet friendship and kindness have contributed to fix me there, and I dearly love many individuals in it. When I am in the great world, I consider myself as in an enemy's country, and as beset with snares, and this puts me upon my guard. I know that many people whom I hear say a thousand brilliant and agreeable things, disbelieve or at least disregard those truths on which I found my everlasting hopes. This sets me upon a more diligent inquiry into those truths; and "upon the arch of Christianity, the more I press, the stronger I find it." Fears and snares seem necessary to excite my circumspection; for it is certain that my mind

has more langour, and my faith less energy here, where I have no temptations from without, and where I live in the full enjoyment and constant perusal of the most beautiful objects of inanimate nature,—the lovely wonders of the munificence and bounty of God. Yet, in the midst of his blessings I should be still more tempted to forget him, were it not for the frequent nervous headaches and low fevers, which I find to be wonderfully wholesome for my moral health. I feel grateful, dear sir, for your kind anxiety for my best interests. My situation is, as you rightly apprehend, full of danger; yet less from the pleasures than from the deceitful favour and the insinuating applause of the world. The goodness of God will, I humbly trust, preserve me from taking up with so poor a portion: nay, I hope that what he has given me, is to show that all is nothing, short of himself; yet there are times when I am apt to think it a great deal, and to forget him who has promised to be my portion for ever.

I am delighted, as you rightly conjectured, with the "Pilgrim's Progress." I forget my dislike to allegory, while I read the spiritual vagaries of his fruitful imagination,

Yours, dear sir,

Most faithfully,

H. More.

LETTER CLXII.

ALEXANDER KNOX, ESQ. to the REV. JOHN JEBB.

. . . . . .

Yesterday, as I was walking in the streets, I asked myself, "What is Christianity?" It is, answered my mind, a divine system of spiritual attractions, by which, whosoever gives himself honestly to them, is effectually drawn out of the otherwise invincible entanglements, and inextricable intricacies, of this dark, miserable, polluting, heart-lacerating world, (the αιων του κοσμου τουτου—the εξουσια των κοσμοκρατερων, του σκοτους, του αιωνος τουτου); and led forth into what David has described as "*green pastures, beside the still waters*"; or what Saint Paul has emphatically called ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΕΙΡΗΝΗ, LIFE AND PEACE. The truth is, to a person of any sensibility, this world is a wretched place. There is not a step in life, where we can be sure of not meeting some latent, lurking thorn; and when we fall in with those various adventurers, described by Lucretius —if they are in pursuit, they rudely shove us by; if they are in possession of their prize, they despise us in their hearts, and tell us by their looks and manner that they do so. A hard, selfish, thorough-paced mind, goes on, and cares not; but the sensible, delicate, feeling spirit is ever pushed to the wall. To such a spirit, then, what a gentle, blessed relief is afforded, by a heart-knowledge of Christianity! There is no abatement of feeling:

the vivid perception is as great as ever. But the heart and mind are so occupied, so filled, so richly compensated, and so deeply traquillized, by the pursuit, the contemplation, the confident, affectionate, filial apprehension of God; the scripturally revealed God, Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; the incarnate God, touched with the feeling of our infirmities; and all this infinitely harmonizing, or rather identifying, with the philosophic view of the *first good, first perfect, and first fair,* while it is practically and experimentally evinced, by undeniable, invaluable, never-failing influences and effects within; all this together forms such a set-off against, and such a refuge from, the common pains and penalties of mortality, as often makes the naturally vulnerable mind rejoice in its quickness of feeling, because this serves to enhance the preciousness of the blessing.

Perhaps this view may appear to you too highly coloured. It would be so, were it to be taken as the hourly state of a Christian's mind: but all this, to its extent, is the cloudless meridian state. Many partial obscurations occur, to diminish this clearness. But they only diminish it; the substance still remains. A kind of mental rain and storm may, also, be often experienced; and the weather-beaten pilgrim may tremble to find himself driven, as he thinks, to the very edge of some dangerous precipice. But he does not fall over. He recovers his footing, and his confidence; and, in a little time the sky is cleared; and the air becomes calm and genial. Amid all this however there is sensible progress. And this variety

has its great use. In order that the mind may maintain its victory over sin, it must be kept on the alert by temptation. In order that it may continually look to heaven for strength, it must be made to feel its own entire imbecility. And it is, on the whole, necessary, that nothing here should be perfect, in order to the eternal sabbatism being rightly pursued, and habitually anticipated.

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END OF VOL. I.

Joseph Rickerby, Printer, Sherbourn Lane.